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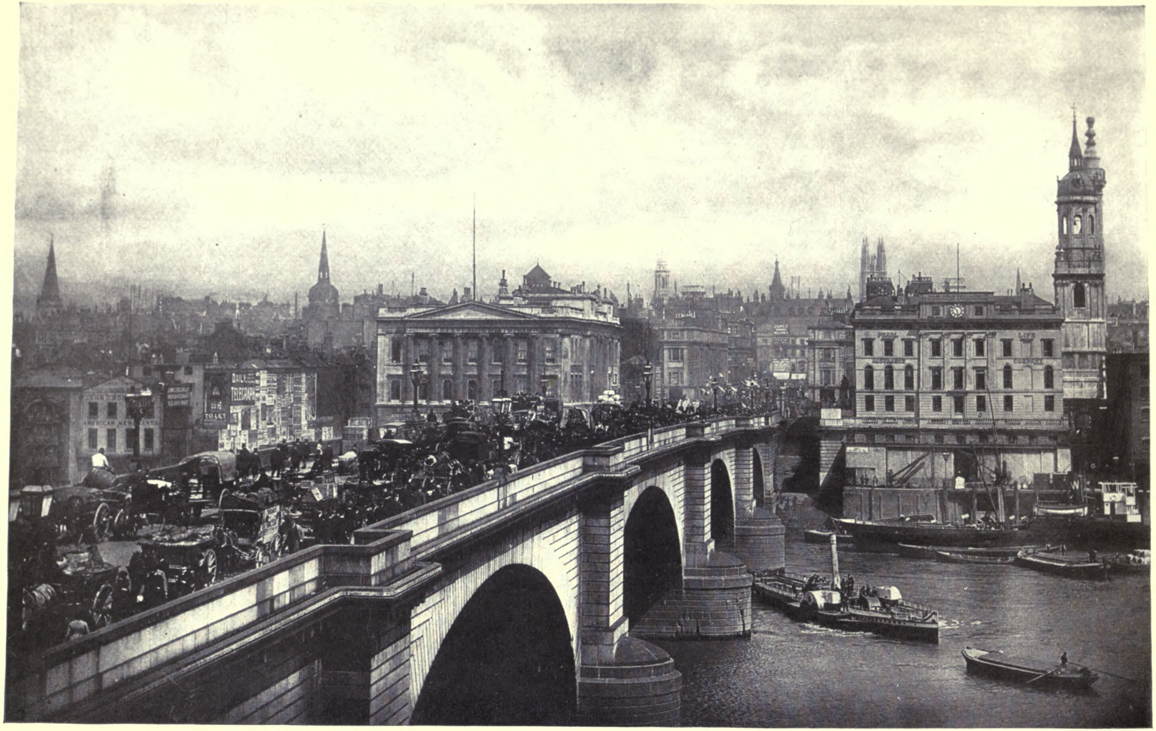
LONDON

DESCRIBED BY GREAT WRITERS

ESTHER SINGLETON

London


DAILY TELEGRAPH
TO LET
AMERICAN MERCHANTS

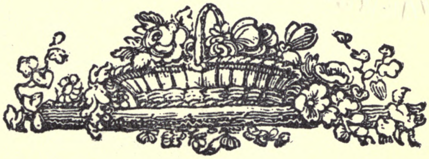
LONDON BRIDGE.

LONDON

As *Seen* and *Described* by Famous Writers

Edited and Translated by
ESTHER SINGLETON
Author of "Turrets, Towers and Temples," "Great Pictures," and "A Guide to the Opera," and *translator of* "The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner."

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



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Preface

IN this work, which is a compilation of views and impressions of the British metropolis, I have followed, in some measure, the plan of my former book on Paris in selecting from a vast number of works descriptions of such external characteristics of the city as are recorded by travellers and famous native and foreign writers. In *Paris*, the selections, as a rule, are devoted to special monuments, while in this book they deal largely with general impressions of various sections of the great city. However, there will be found descriptions of many of the chief monuments, the streets, the squares, the parks, the old churches and civic buildings with associations, besides much interesting historical matter; but I have almost entirely neglected including articles on the London of the past and have restricted myself to the London of the Nineteenth Century.

Comparatively few of those who are ready to admit the greatness of London and to whom the name alone suggests a wealth of romantic and historical interest, realize that the marvellous city on the Thames has special charms beneath its canopy of smoke and fog for the artist and lover of the picturesque. This quality has been insisted upon in the following pages, wherein much space has been given to the river, the docks and out-of-the-way nooks and corners that have aroused the enthusiastic admiration of many writers. The London fog, which is so much abused, as a rule, has its apologist and eulogist here. The immensity of the city is fully brought out in the brilliant essays of Mr. G. W.

Steevens and Sir Walter Besant, and the character of the various districts is revealed in many of the articles. Various types of Londoners are sketched in the extracts from the writings of Dickens, Gautier, Steevens and others.

It may be asked why more citations from Dickens and some from Thackeray are not included, but these great novelists who have described their London with such power and charm, have used their descriptions as backgrounds for their stories, and one cannot separate their pictures from their scenes with any degree of success.

The general plan I have followed is to begin in the East and follow the Thames westwards, stopping on the way to describe the most famous streets and monuments. The work will thus serve the purpose of an artistic and literary guide-book, which I hope will give a fairly comprehensive view of the city to those who know London by personal experience; to those who are planning a visit there; and to those who enjoy studying in their homes the great cities of the world from various points of view,—a study at once attractive and broadening, as it brings the student into relation with the art, the history and the contemporary life of other nations. While this work does not pretend to enter into competition with the enormous number of works upon London, its value consists in the collection of well-written essays, which I hope will prove useful and entertaining to the traveller and general reader.

My thanks are offered to the Century Company for kind permission to print extracts from Sir Walter Besant's *East London.*

New York, February, 1902.

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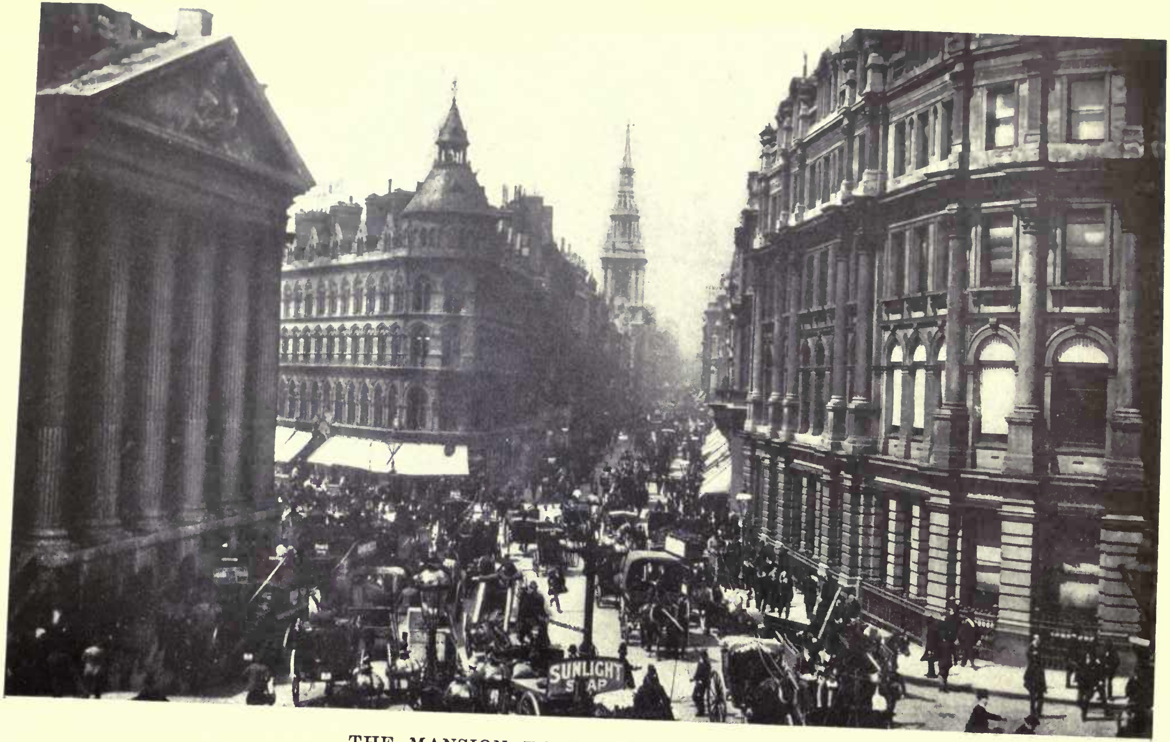
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

—*Wordsworth.*


SUNLIGHT SOAP

THE MANSION HOUSE AND CHEAPSIDE,

GREATNESS OF LONDON

G. W. STEEVENS

"YOU know London?" asked the taskmaster.

"London," I answered; "why, of course I do. I've lived in London ——"

"Then, can you tell me—what nobody else seems to be able to do—why London is so enormous, and always increasing?"

"You see," I answered idiotically, "I've been away in India. No, I'm hanged if I can. What do they all do?"

"Yes, what do they do? I went out on my bicycle into the country the other day, and I counted over a hundred people bicycling—on a week-day."

"I see scores every day, too, riding and bicycling and golfing, and some even trying to patch up broken automobiles."

"And then at Lord's or the Crystal Palace ——"

"Or at Hampton Court, or at concerts, or at Earl's Court ——"

"Do you know," said he solemnly, "there must be at least a hundred thousand people holiday-making in London every day."

"And nobody knows who they are, or where they come from, or why they have nothing to do."

"What a place London is! And we know nothing at all about it."

With that I perceived the drift of the taskmaster's conversation. He was luring me into professing an interest in

London, and the next step would be a request for articles. Well, why not? Why not travel in London?

"You talk about the contrasts of Bombay," he cried, dissembling his enthusiasm no longer. "What can compare with the contrasts of London? Lascars in Stepney and French in Soho, lodging-houses in Bloomsbury, where nobody goes but Spaniards or New Zealanders——"

"Or Babus."

"Indian princes," he corrected. "But never mind about the foreigners; think of London itself. Think of the kinds of life. There's the lodging-house life—do you ever notice the language of the advertisements: 'Bed sitting, partial board, h. and c.'?—we know something about that. But what do we know about the riverside life, the suburban life—or lives?—Brixton isn't a bit like West Ham—the night life, the underground life? Think: in one day you can be at Plumstead and see them firing the big guns, at Epsom and see them training a horse, at St. Paul's for a service, at the Oval for a cricket-match, and wind up with a dinner-party in Mayfair."

He was going too fast for me. "I don't think you could get from Plumstead to Epsom in one day," I said, "unless you walked."

"Well, there you are again," he cried with renewed enthusiasm. "The communications of London! Do you know that London is the most backward white man's city in the world?"

"It's certainly behind Colombo or Madras, or Cairo, or Leadville, Colo.," I admitted.

"The most backward white man's city in the world," he repeated with a kind of boastful shame. "Did you ever travel by omnibus? Think of it—a mediæval box on wheels, drawn by two obsolete horses, going an antediluvian six miles an hour, blocking up the street. And that's the vehicle of London. Haven't you noticed that they've actually increased of late years? Do you know"—he spoke slowly, as if fearing to be unjustly severe—"I believe London people like travelling by omnibus."

"I know they'll walk miles out of their way to find one," I said.

"Wonderful! Really, London is by far the most wonderful of all capitals. Then the little bits of progress you find tucked away in corners as if they were ashamed of themselves. Cable-cars in Brixton and Highgate ——"

"Oh! Is that running again?"

"That running? Of course: how little you know of London, after all! But those are the only mechanical tramways in all London."

"Unless you count the City and South London."

"The what?"

"City and South London—electric Underground Railway from Stockwell to the Monument."

"Good gracious! I've never heard of it."

"Never heard of it! Why, it's been running ten years: how little you know of ——"

"Ah, but that's just what I was saying. London knows nothing of itself. Did you ever hear of Mr. Baxter's steam omnibus? That was about 1830, and all London was excited about it. Now you might start a steam omnibus or a petroleum perambulator anywhere you like in London, and the rest of London would never hear of it. Kensington knows nothing of West Ham."

"And West Ham doesn't know where Ham is."

"How should it? Then what do we know about the history of London? A little from Pepys and Horace Walpole—but before that? Tudor London; monastic

London. Did you ever see that monument in Hyde Park that says the spring beneath it was granted to the monks for a perpetual water-supply?"

"Never heard of it. But do you know that Oliver Cromwell tried to drive a four-in-hand in Hyde Park? The horses bolted, and Cromwell was thrown off the box on to the pole, slipped off that and caught his foot in the harness, and was dragged along; a pistol went off in his pocket, and after all he got off unhurt."

"You don't say so: I never heard of that. But I know that in James the First's reign some men were hung for deer-stealing in the Park. Well—then think of the villages in London. You don't know them? Well, there's that street—High Street, I think it's called—from Shaftesbury Avenue into Oxford Street. Did you ever see such a typical village street? High Street you see—the village street overtaken and swallowed by London. It was the village of St. Giles's. If you had been hanged at Tyburn you would have been dragged on a hurdle along High Holborn, and at St. Giles's they'd have given you a bowl of ale at the leper hospital that used to be there. Then you went on and were hanged in Connaught Square. Or take Marylebone High Street. It's hardly a hundred years since people lived there in the country, and drove up to town in their coaches. Well, then, another thing—the small trades—the small parasitic trades of London. Do you know—I met an old man the other day who makes his living by selling favours to cabmen to put on their horses' heads. That by day—and at night he sells sweets to cabmen and railway porters. What do you think of that for a trade? And he said he made a very good living."

"Well, I knew the wife of a man who made his living by drilling worm-holes in sham old furniture. His wife came to me and said her man was out of work, sick. 'What's his trade?' I asked. 'Oh, 'e's a worm-eater,' she said. 'No wonder he's ill,' said I, and then she explained what a worm-eater is."

"It's simply endless. The trades of London, the cries of London, the languages of London, the beauties of London——"

"The sewers of London——"

"The food of London——"

"The vices of London——"

"The charities of London——"

"The follies of London——"

"The amusements of London——"

"The loneliness of London—yes, it's simply——"

"Endless. And we know——"

"Nothing——"

"At all about it."

"I shall begin," I said resolutely, "to explore London to-morrow."

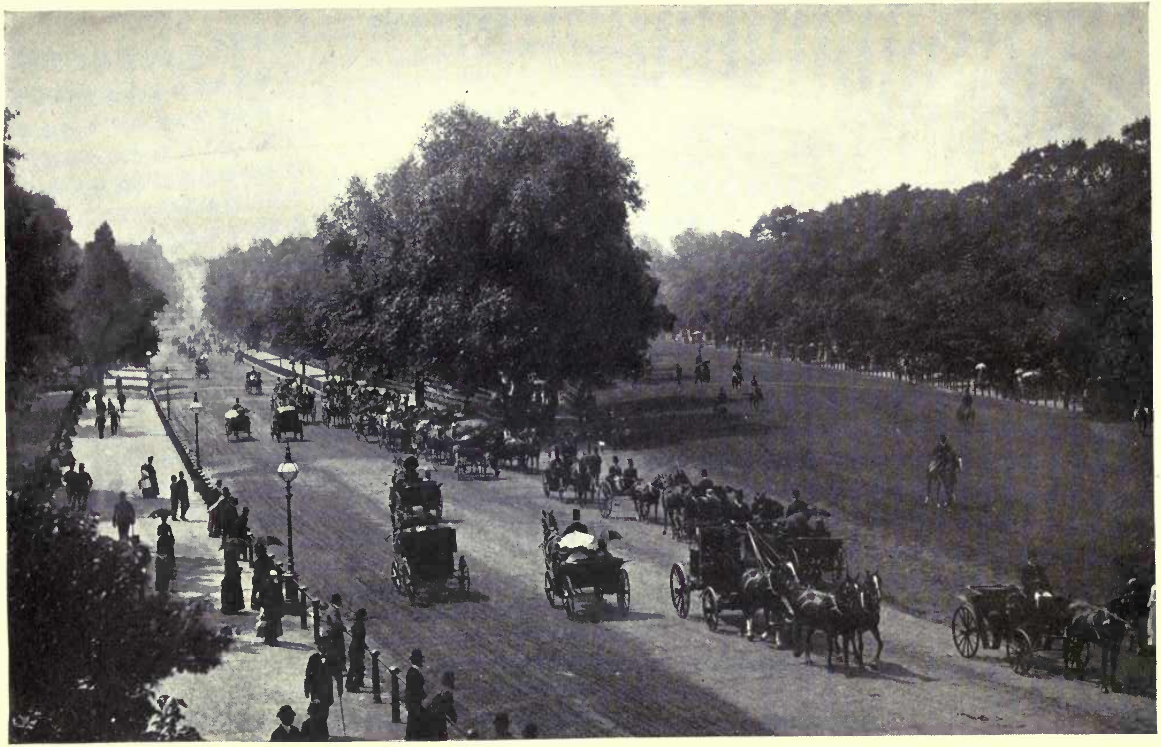
GREATNESS OF LONDON

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

"SIR, the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit than in all the rest of the kingdom." Such was the dictum of Dr. Johnson when he was seated with Boswell in the Mitre Tavern near Temple Bar, and how many thousands of people before and since have felt the same cat-like attachment as the old philosopher to the vast town of multitudinous life and ever-changing aspects? As Cowper says,—

> "Where has Pleasure such a field,
> So rich, so thronged, so drained, so well supplied,
> As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
> Increasing London."

Macaulay had the reputation of having walked through every street in London, but if we consider the ever-growing size of the town we cannot believe that anyone else will ever do so: for more people live in London already than in the whole of Denmark or Switzerland, more than twice as many as in Saxony or Norway, and nearly as many as in Scotland. And, if we trust to old prophecies, London has still to be doubled in circumference, for Mother Shipton says that the day will come when Highgate Hill shall be in the middle of the town. Few indeed are the Londoners who see more than a small circuit around their homes, the



ROTTEN ROW.

main arteries of mercantile life, and some of the principal sights. It is very easy to live with eyes open, but it is more usual, and a great deal more fashionable, to live with eyes shut. Scarcely any man in what is usually called "society" has the slightest idea of what there is to be seen in his own great metropolis, because he never looks, or still more perhaps, because he never inquires, and the architectural and historical treasures of the city are almost as unknown to the West End as the buried cities of Bashan or the lost tombs of Etruria. Strangers also, especially foreigners, who come perhaps with the very object of seeing London, are inclined to judge it by its general aspects, and do not stay long enough to find out its more hidden resources. They never find out that the London of Brook Street and Grosvenor Street, still more the odious London of Tyburnia, Belgravia, and South Kensington, is as different to the London of our great-grandfathers as modernized Paris is to the oldest town in Brittany, and dwellers in the West End do not know that they might experience almost the refreshment and tonic of going abroad in the transition from straight streets and featureless houses to the crooked thoroughfares half-an-hour off, where every street has a reminiscence, and every turn is a picture. There is a passage in Heinrich Heine which says, "You may send a philosopher to London, but by no means a poet. The bare earnestness of everything, the colossal sameness, the machine-like movement, oppresses the imagination and rends the heart in twain." But those who know London well will think that Heine must have stayed at an hotel in Wimpole Street, and that his researches can never have taken him much beyond Oxford Street and its surroundings; and that a poet might find plenty of inspiration, if he would do what is so easy, and break the ice of custom, and see London as it really is—in its strange varieties of society, in its lights and shadows of working life, in its endless old buildings which must ever have a hold on the inmost sympathies of those who look upon them, and who, while learning the story they tell of many generations, seem to realize that they are "in the presence of their fame and feel their influence."

An artist, after a time, will find London more interesting than any other place, for nowhere are there such atmospheric effects on fine days, and nowhere is the enormous power of blue more felt in the picture; while the soot, which puts all the stones into mourning, makes everything look old. The detractors of the charms of London always lay their strongest emphasis upon its fogs —

> "More like a distillation of mud than anything else; the ghost of mud,—the spiritualized medium of departed mud, through which the dead citizens of London probably tread, in the Hades whither they are translated."—*Hawthorne. Note-books.*

But if the fogs are not too thick an artist will find an additional charm in them, and will remember with pleasure the beautiful effects upon the river, when only the grand features remain, and the ignominious details are blotted out; or when "the eternal mist around St. Paul's is turned to a glittering haze." In fact, if the capitals of Europe are considered, London is one of the most picturesque—far more so than Paris or Vienna; incomparably more so than St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Brussels, or Madrid.

No town in Europe is better supplied with greenery than London: even in the City almost every street has its tree. And pity often is ill bestowed upon Londoners by dwellers in the country, for the fact is all the best attributes of the country are to be found in the town. The squares of the West End, with their high railings, and ill-kept gardens, are certainly ugly enough, but the parks are full of beauty, and there are walks in Kensington Gardens which in early spring present a maze of loveliness. Lately too, since window gardening has become the fashion, each house has its boxes of radiant flowers, enlivening the dusty stonework or smoke-blackened bricks, and seeming all the more cheerful from their contrast. Through the markets too all that is the best in country produce flows into the town: the strawberries, the cherries, the vegetables, are always finer there than at the places where they are grown. Milton, who changed his house oftener than anyone else, and knew more parts of the metropolis intimately, thus apostrophizes it —

"Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realms commands,
Too blest abode! no loveliness we see,
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee."

There is a certain class of minds, and a large one, which stagnates in the country, and which finds the most luxurious stimulant in the ceaseless variety of London, where there is always so much to be seen and so much to be heard, and these make so much to be thought of.

> "I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and as intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchman, drunken scenes, rattles;—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the

impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. . . . I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm, are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city."—*Charles Lamb to Wordsworth,* Jan. 30, 1801.

"Many derivations are given for the name London. Some derive it from Lhwn-dinas, the "City in the Wood;" others from Llongdinas, the "City of Ships;" others from Llyndùn, the "Hill Fortress by the Lake." Geoffrey of Monmouth says that Brute "builded this citie" about B. C. 1008. From the time at which it is reported to have been founded by Brute, says Brayley, "even fable itself is silent in regard to its history, until the century immediately preceding the Roman invasion."[1] Then King Lud is said to have encircled it with walls, and adorned it "with fayre buildings and towers." The remains found certainly prove the existence of a British city on the site before the Londinium, or Colonia Augusta, spoken of by Tacitus and Ammianus Marcellinus, which must have been founded by the Roman expedition under Aulus Plautius in

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[1] Londiniana.

A. D. 43. Tacitus mentions that it was already the great "mart of trade and commerce" and the "chief residents of merchants," when the revolt of the Iceni occurred under Boadicea in A. D. 61, in which it was laid waste with fire and sword. It had however risen from its ashes in the time of Severus (A. D. 193–211), when Tacitus describes it as "illustrious for the vast number of merchants who resorted to it, for its extensive commerce, and for the abundance of every kind of commodity which it could supply."[1]

Stow says that the walls of London were built by Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, "about the year of Christ 306," at any rate there is little doubt that they were erected in the Fourth Century. They were rather more than two miles in circumference, defended by towers, and marked at the principal points by the great gates, Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, and Ludgate. The best fragments of the old wall remaining are to be seen opposite Sion College, and in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate: there is also a fragment in St. Martin's Court on Ludgate Hill. Quantities of Roman antiquities, tessellated pavements, urns, vases, etc., have been found from time to time within this circuit, especially in digging the foundations of the Goldsmiths' Hall, and of the Hall of Commerce in Threadneedle Street. For a long time these remains were carelessly kept or not kept at all, but latterly some of them have been collected in the admirable little museum under the Guildhall. Several Roman cemeteries have been discovered, one of them by Sir Christopher Wren when he was laying the foundation of the new St. Paul's. All the excavations show that modern London is at least fifteen feet higher than the inexplicable process which entombed the Roman Forum, and covered many of its temples with earth up to the capitals of the columns.

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[1] Annali. Lib. xiv. c. 33.

Very little is known of London in Saxon times except that St. Paul's Cathedral was founded by Ethelbert, in 610, in the time of King Sebert. Bede, who mentions this, describes London as an "emporium of many nations who arrived thither by land and sea." London was the stronghold of the Danes, but was successfully besieged by Alfred, and Athelstan had a palace here. His successor Ethelred the Unready was driven out again by the Danes under Sweyn. On the death of Sweyn, Ethelred returned, and his son Edmund Ironside was the first monarch crowned in the capital. London grew greatly in importance under Edward the Confessor, who built the Palace and Abbey of Westminster, and it made a resistance to the Conqueror which was for some time effectual, though, on the submission of the clergy, he was presented with the keys of the City and crowned at the Confessor's tomb. He immediately tried to conciliate the citizens, by granting them the charter, which, written in the Saxon language, on a strip of vellum, is still preserved amongst the City archives.

> "William the King greeteth William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreeve, and all the burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you all to be law-worthy as ye were in King Edward's days. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's days. And I will not suffer that any man do you wrong. God preserve you."

Fuller says that London "is the second city in Christendome for greatnesse, and the first for good government." Its chief officer under the Saxons was called the Portreeve. After the Conquest the French word Maire, from Major, was introduced. We first hear of a *Mayor* of London in the reign of Henry II. His necessary qualifications are, that he shall be free of one of the City Companies, have served as Sheriff, and be an Alderman at the time of his election.[1] The name of *Alderman* is derived from the title of a Saxon noble, *eald* meaning old, *ealder* elder. It is applied to the chief officer of a ward or guild and each Alderman of London takes his name from a ward. The *City Companies* or Merchant Guilds, though branches of the Corporation, have each a distinct government and peculiar liberties and immunities granted in special charters. Each Company has a Master and other officers, and separate *Halls* for their business or banquets. The oldest of the Companies is the Weavers, with a charter of 1164. Then come the Parish Clerks, instituted in 1232, and the Saddlers, in 1280. The Bakers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Grocers, Carpenters, and Fishmongers, all date from the Fourteenth Century. There are ninety-one Companies, but of these twelve are the most important, viz.—

Mercers
Grocers
Drapers
Fishmongers
Goldsmiths
Skinners
Merchant Tailors
Haberdashers
Salters
Ironmongers
Vintners
Clothworkers.

In the second year of Elizabeth the pictorial map of Ralph Aggas was published, which shows how little in those days London had increased beyond its early boundaries. Outside Aldgate, Bishopsgate, and Cripplegate, all was still complete country. "The Spital Fyeld" (Spitalfields) and

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[1] The Lord Mayor is elected on Michaelmas Day, but "Lord Mayor's Day" is November 9.

"Finsburie Fyeld" were archery grounds: Moorfields was a marsh. St. Giles, Cripplegate, was the church of a little hamlet beyond the walls. Farther west a few houses in "Little Britanne" and Cock Lane clustered around the open space of "Schmyt Fyeld," black with the fires of recent martyrdoms. A slender thread of humble dwellings straggled along the road which led by Holbourne Bridge across the Fleet to St. Andrew's Church and Ely Place, but ceased altogether after "Holbourne Hill" till the road reached the desolate village and leper-hospital of St Giles-in-the-Fields. A wide expanse of open pasture-land, only broken by Drury House and the Convent Garden of Westminster, extended southward from St. Giles's to the Strand, where the houses of the great nobles lined the passage of the sovereign from the City to the small royal city and great palace of Westminster. From Charing Cross, St. Martin's Lane and the Haymarket were hedge-girt roads leading into a solitude, and there was scarcely any house westwards except the Hospital of St. James, recently turned into a palace.

After the time of Elizabeth, London began to grow rapidly, though Elizabeth herself and her immediate successors, dreading the power of such multitudes in the neighbourhood of the Court, did all they could to check it. In July, 1580, all persons were prohibited from building houses within three miles of any of the City gates, and, in 1602, a proclamation was made for "restraining the increase of buildings," and the "voyding of inmates" in the cities of London and Westminster, and for three miles round. But in spite of this, in spite of the Plague which destroyed 68,596 people, and the Fire which destroyed 13,200 houses, the great city continued to grow. Latterly it has increased so rapidly westwards, that it is impossible to define the limits of the town. It has been travelling west more or less ever since the time of the Plantagenets; —from the City to the Strand, and to Canonbury and Clerkenwell; then, under the Stuart kings, to the more northern parts of the parish of St. Clement Danes and to Whitehall; then, under William III. and Anne, to Bloomsbury and Soho; under the early Georges, to the Portland and Portman estates, then to the Grosvenor estates, and lastly to South Kensington. By its later increase the town has enormously increased the wealth of nine peers, to whom the greater portion of the soil upon which it has been built belongs—*i. e.*, the Dukes of Portland, Bedford, and Westminster; the Marquises of Exeter, Salisbury, Northampton, and the Marquis Camden; the Earl Craven and Lord Portman. No one can tell where the West End will be next year. It is always moving into the country and never arriving there. Generally Fashion "is only gentility moving away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken by it," but in this case it is also a perpetual flight before the smoke, which still always drives westwards, so that when the atmosphere is thickest in Brompton, the sky is often blue and the air pure in Ratcliff Highway.

In all the changes of generations of men and manners in London, the truth of the proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together," has been attested by the way in which the members of the same nationalities and those who have followed the same occupations have inhabited the same district. Thus, French live in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square and Soho, Italians in Hatton Garden, and Germans in the east of London. Thus, Lawyers live in Lincoln's Inn and the Temple; Surgeons and Dentists in George Street and Burlington Street; Doctors in Harley Street; and retired Indians in Cavendish Square and Portman

Square, with their adjoining streets, which have obtained the name of Little Bengal. Thus, too, you would go to look for Booksellers in Paternoster Row, Clockmakers in Clerkenwell, Butchers in Newgate and Smithfield, Furniture Dealers in Tottenham Court Road, Hatmakers in Southwark, Tanners and Leather-dressers in Bermondsey, Bird and Bird-cage sellers near the Seven Dials, Statuaries in the Euston Road, and Artists at the Boltons.

The poorest parts of London also have always been its eastern and northeastern parishes, and the district about Soho and St. Giles-in-the-Fields. So much has been said and written of the appearance of poverty and crime which these streets present, that those who visit them will be surprised to find at least outward decency and a tolerably thriving population; though of course the words of Cowley are true —

"The monster London,
* * * * *
Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow
A solitude almost."

The great landmarks are the same in London now that they were in the time of the Plantagenets: the Tower is still the great fortress; London Bridge is still the great causeway for traffic across the river; St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are still the great churches; and Westminster Palace is only transferred from the sovereign to the legislature. The City still shows by its hills—Ludgate Hill, Cornhill, and Tower Hill—why it was chosen as the early capital. One feature however of old London is annihilated—all the smaller brooks or rivers which fed the Thames are buried and lost to view. The Eye Bourne, the Old Bourne, and the Wall Brook, though they still burrow beneath the town, seem to have left nothing but their names. Even the Fleet, of which there are so many unflattering descriptions in the poets of the last century, is entirely arched over, and it is difficult to believe that there can ever have been a time when Londoners saw ten or twelve ships at once sailing up to Holborn Bridge, or still more that they can have gone up as high as Baggnigge Wells Road, where the discovery of an anchor seems to testify to their presence. Where the aspect is entirely changed the former character of London sites is often pleasantly recorded for us in the names of the streets. "Hatton Garden," "Baldwin's Gardens," and "Whetstone Park" keep up a reminiscence of the rural nature of a now crowded district as late as the time of the Stuarts, though with "Lincoln's Inn Fields," and "Great and Little Turnstile," they have a satirical effect as applied to the places which now belong to them. In the West End, Brook Street, Green Street, Farm Street, Hill Street, and Hay Hill, commemorate the time, two hundred years ago, when the Eye Bourne was a crystal rivulet running downhill to Westminster through the green hay-fields of Miss Mary Davies.

Few would re-echo Malcolm's exclamation, "Thank God, old London was burnt," even if it were quite true, which it is not. The Fire destroyed the greater part of London, but gave so much work to the builders that the small portion unburnt remained comparatively untouched till the tide of fashion had flowed too far westwards to make any systematic rebuilding worth while. It is over the *City* of London, as the oldest part of the town, that its chief interest still hovers. Those who go there in search of its treasures will be stunned on week-days by the tourbillion of its movement, and the constant eddies at all the great crossings in the whirlpool of its business life, such as no other town in Europe can show. But this also has its charms, and no one has seen London properly who has not watched the excited crowds at the Stock Exchange, threaded the labyrinth of the Bank, wondered at the intricate arrangements of the Post Office, attended a Charity Children's service at St. Paul's, beheld the Lord Mayor drive by in his coach; stood amid the wigged lawyers and whirling pigeons of the Guildhall; and struggled through Cheapside, Cornhill, and Great Tower Street with the full tide of a week-day.

But no one can see the City properly who does not walk in it, and no one can walk in it comfortably except on a Sunday. On that day it is thoroughly enjoyable. The great chimneys have ceased smoking, the sky is blue, the trees look green, but that which is most remarkable is, the streets are empty. What becomes of all the people it is impossible to imagine; there are not only no carriages, there are scarcely any foot-passengers; one may saunter along the pavement with no chance of being jostled, and walk down the middle of the street without any fear of being run over. Then alone can the external features of the City be studied, and there is a great charm in the oddity of having it all to one's self, as well as in the quietude. Then we see how, even in the district which was devastated by the Fire, several important fragments escaped, and how the portion which was unburnt is filled with precious memorials of an earlier time. Scarcely less interesting also, and, though not always beautiful, of a character exceedingly unusual in England, are the numerous buildings erected immediately after the Fire in the reign of Charles II. The treasures which we have to look for are often very obscure —a sculptured gateway, a panelled room, a storm-beaten tower, or an incised stone—and in themselves might scarcely be worth a tour of inspection; but in a city where so many millions of inhabitants have lived and passed away, where so many great events of the world's history have occurred, there is scarcely one of these long-lived remnants which has not some strange story to tell in which it bears the character of the only existing witness. The surroundings, too, are generally picturesque, and only those who study them and dwell upon them can realize the interest of the desolate tombs in the City churches, the loveliness of the plane-trees in their fresh spring green rising amid the smoky houses in those breathing spaces left by the Fire in the old City churchyards where the churches were never rebuilt, or the soft effects of aërial perspective from the wharfs of the Thames or amid the many-masted shipping in the still reaches of "the Pool," where the great White Tower of the Conqueror still frowns at the beautiful church built in honour of a poor ferry-woman.

One hundred and seven churches were destroyed in the Fire, and only twenty-two were preserved. Of these many have since been pulled down, and there are now only thirteen churches in existence which date before the time of Charles II. Those which were built immediately after the Fire, however, are scarcely less interesting, for though Wren had more work than he could possibly attend to properly, he never forgot that the greatest acquirement of architecture is the art of *interesting*, and the inexhaustible power of his imagination displayed in his parish churches is not less astonishing than his genius evinced at St. Paul's. He built fifty-three churches in London, mostly classic; in one or two, as St. Mary Aldermary and St. Alban, Wood Street, he has attempted Gothic, and in these he has failed. Almost all the exteriors depend for ornament upon their towers, which are seldom well seen individually on account of their confined positions, but which are admirable in combination. The best is undoubtedly that of Bow Church; then St. Magnus, St. Bride, St. Vedast, and St. Martin deserve attention. The saints to whom the old City churches are dedicated are generally the old English saints honoured before the Reformation, whose comparative popularity may be gathered from the number of buildings placed under the protection of each. Thus there were four churches dedicated to St. Botolph, four to St. Benet, three to St. Leonard, three to St. Dunstan, and two to St. Giles, while St. Ethelburga, St. Etheldreda, St. Alban, St. Vedast, St. Swithin, St. Edmund, and St. Bridget, had each their single church. Twelve of the City churches have been wantonly destroyed in our own time, and, though perhaps not beautiful in themselves, the thinning of the forest of towers and steeples, which was such a characteristic of ancient London, is greatly to be deplored. The interiors of the churches derive their chief interest from their monuments, but they are also often rich in Renaissance carvings and ironwork. They almost always have high pews, in which those who wish to attend to the service may share the feelings of the little girl who, when taken to church for the first time, complained that she had been shut up in a closet, and made to sit upon a shelf.

Interesting specimens of domestic architecture before the Fire are to be found in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, in Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, and their surroundings. Crosby Hall and Sir Paul Pindar's House in the City; the Water Gate of York House; and Holland House in Kensington, are the most remarkable examples which come within the limits of our excursions.

When the new London arose after the Fire, the persistence of the citizens who jealously clung to their old landmarks caused the configuration of the former city to be observed, to the destruction of the grand designs of renovation proposed by Evelyn and Wren, but to the preservation of many old associations, and the rescuing of much historic interest from oblivion. The domestic buildings which were then erected are no less interesting than the churches, including as they do many of the noble old Halls of the City Companies, and private houses built by Wren. With the landing of William III. the Dutch style of regular windows and flat-topped uniform brick fronts was introduced, which gradually deteriorated from the comfortable quaint houses of Anne's time with the carved wooden porches which may be seen in Queen Anne's Gate, to the hideous monotony of Wimpole Street and Baker Street. Under the brothers Adam and their followers there was a brief revival of good taste, and all their works are deserving of study—masterly alike in proportion and in delicacy of detail. In fact, though the buildings of the British Classical revival were often cold and formal, they were never bad.

Some people maintain that Art is dead in England, others that it lives and grows daily. Certainly street architecture appeared to be in hopeless condition, featureless, colourless, almost formless, till a few years ago, but, since then, there has been an unexpected resurrection. Dorchester House is a noble example of the Florentine style, really grandiose and imposing, and the admirable work of Norman Shaw at Lowther Lodge seems to have given an impulse to brick and terra-cotta decoration, which has been capitally followed out in several new houses in Cheapside, Oxford Street, Bond Street, and South Audley Street, and which is the beginning of a school of architecture for the reign of Victoria, as distinctive as that of Inigo Jones and Wren was for the time of the Stuarts. The more English architects study the brick cities of Northern Italy and learn that the best results are brought about by the simplest means, and that the greatest charm of a street is its irregularity, the more beautiful and picturesque will our London become.

Besides the glorious collection in its National Gallery, London possesses many magnificent pictures in the great houses of its nobles, though few of these are shown to the public with the liberality displayed in continental cities. In the West End, however, people are more worth seeing than pictures, and foreigners and Americans will find endless sources of amusement in Rotten Row—in the Exhibitions—and in the levée at St. James's.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

CHARLES DICKENS

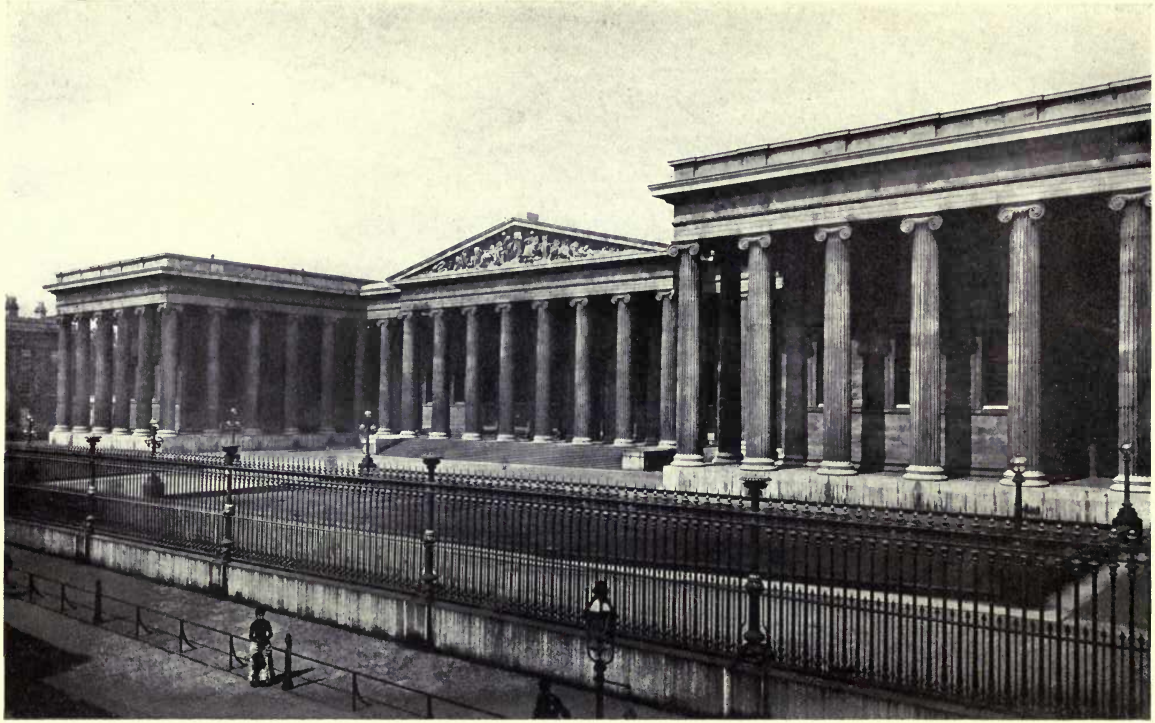
WHEN I think over the past history of this enormous metropolis, I seem to be present at some grand drama, in which the actors are kings, queens, princes, nobles, prelates, wits, poets, philosophers, statesmen, soldiers; the great and the little, the good and the wicked, the happy and the unfortunate, the wise and the foolish; men and women who have really lived and died, enjoyed and suffered, triumphed or fallen, in the very localities where I go about my daily work, or even in some of the actual buildings which I still behold. The early scenes of that drama are in fairy-land. I see fabulous Brutus and his Trojans landing in ancient Britain, conquering giants, winning their way to the fair river which we now call Thames, and founding on its banks a city which, in its name and its traditions, should preserve the memory of vanished Troy. Then, entering the historic period, I find this London of ours a Roman city, stately with temples to all the gods and goddesses of heathendom—a city where the mailed legions of the Cæsars paced sternly on the ramparts, and held the native savages in awe within the walls, or drove them forth into the outer marshes. The scene shifting again, I behold the narrow streets of Saxon London with their relics of Roman splendour lurking among the rude timber houses of the Northmen. That, in its turn, gives place to the mediæval town—a wild, beautiful dream of richly-carved and ornamented houses, looking out between clustering trees; of pinnacled cathedrals and churches; of palaces and mansions; of streets crowded with grave merchants and gay prentices, and flashing with the brightly-coloured processions of chivalry. Passing on into later times, I find myself in the gallant ruffling London of Shakespeare's day, and of the age immediately succeeding, which I watch with my mind's eye until I see it darken under the gloom of Puritanism; spring forth again into the glow and revelry of the Restoration; become ghastly at the livid touch of the Plague; sink, with a crash, and tumult, and toppling of ancient towers, into the red and roaring abyss of the Great Fire; rise once more into power beneath the creative genius of Sir Christopher Wren; take its noble stand for Liberty in the days of 1688; sparkle in the witty levity of the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges; and so pass through various moods into the metropolis of our own times. Such are the chief phases of our London drama —a drama extending over nearly two thousand years; and what a wealth of life, action, and passion fill up the scenes! What tenderness of love, and rage of terror; what beatings of hot blood, long stilled in death; what plots and conspiracies, hatched secretly, or suddenly exploding in wrath and flame; what revolutions, making kings and unmaking them; what crimes, private and public, leaving a stain of blood behind; what wrestling of individual man with overwhelming circumstance; what summer blossoming of genius, often from roots of bitterness, and out of dusky places; what roystering in taverns and dalliance in palaces; what mysteries of death, and dim suggestions of the something after death; what joys, what agonies, what despair!

To the bookish man, this sombre, prosaic London is a territory of romance. For him, the treasured memories of the past remain forever. For him, the Arab maiden who married Thomas à Becket's father still walks through the alien streets, after her weary voyage from the Holy Land, crying "Gilbert, Gilbert!" Jane Shore does penance in the public ways, and Charles the Second talks with Nelly in the Mall. Raleigh sits in the tower a prisoner, writing his History of the World. The fires are alight in Smithfield, and Charles the First steps out of that fatal window at Whitehall upon the scaffold which his own obstinate and untruthful nature had prepared for him. Shakespeare acts again at the Bankside, and the nine-and-twenty pilgrims set out from the Tabard on that April morning. Chaucer beats a friar in Fleet Street: occasion of said beating unknown, but doubtless impertinence on the part of the friar. The poets gather about the throne of Ben, at the Mermaid or the Devil. Rochester dispenses quack medicines as an Italian mountebank in Tower Street. The wits of the succeeding generation flutter in the coffee-houses. Lillie the perfumer sells the Tatler at that corner of Beaufort-buildings and the Strand where once more we find the sale of perfumes but no Tatler. Pope takes the water for Twickenham; Addison writes the forthcoming Spectator, with the help of a bottle of wine placed at each end of the long room at Holland House; Steele jests, writes love-letters to his wife, and drinks, in defiance of the bailiffs; the bucks and bloods and maccaronies sport their velvets and their lace, their flowing wigs and their gold-hilted swords, at Ranelagh and Vauxhall; and Johnson—vast, burly and awful—dominates in Fleet Street, or, clinging to a post by Temple Bar, wakes the echoes of St. Clement Danes with sudden midnight laughter.

LONDON A NATION

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

IF Lancashire has many of the characteristics of an independent nation, is there no other part of England which in recent times has developed characteristics of its own? Yes, there is the great nation of London, more populous than Scotland, Holland, or Switzerland, and destined to surpass Belgium in population before the end of the century. In London the English character has certainly undergone a great and astonishing modification. London is geographically in England, but intellectually one can only say that it is in the world. A provincial coming to London has not quitted the island, yet otherwise he hardly knows where he is. At first he does not belong to the place at all; after some experience of it he finds out whether he belongs to London naturally or not,—that is to say, whether there is the degree of adaptability in him which may enable him to breathe the open intellectual atmosphere of the place. Physically, London may be as big as Loch Lomond; socially and intellectually, it is larger than Russia, and may well form, not only a county by itself, but a state within the State. I have said that in London the English character has undergone a modification. It has become more open, more tolerant, better able to understand variety of opinion, and much more ready to appreciate talent and welcome thought of all kinds. The nation of London is eventually modern and democratic, not caring who your grandmother may have been if only you yourself are to its taste; but at the same time it does not



THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

desire to be a coarse and uneducated democracy; it values culture and taste far too highly to sacrifice them to a low equality. In a word, London clings to its own standard of civilization. If you come up to that standard, if you have refinement and just money enough for housekeeping of unpretending elegance, you may be an infidel and a radical, yet London will not disown you, London will not cast you out into the cold.

Although London happens by chance to be situated on an island, it is not insular. The nation of London is of all nations the most cosmopolitan, the most alive to what is passing everywhere upon the earth. It seems there as if one were not living so much the life of a nation as the world's life. You speak of some outlandish place at a London dinner-table, and are never surprised if somebody present quietly gives a description of it from personal knowledge. There are more people in London who have travelled and are ready to start on travels than in any other place on the whole earth. It is there that all the ocean telegraphs converge and steamers are arriving daily from all parts of the world. Switzerland is London's playground, Cannes and Nice are its winter garden, and so comprehensive do our ideas become in London that these places seem actually nearer to us there than they do in the heart of France.

The railway system is having the effect of making all the English aristocracy Londoners. I am old enough to remember the time when there were still provincial people of rank in the north who spoke sound northern English,—not dialect, but English with vowels and consonants, including the letter *r*. Their successors talk the half-articulate London language. It is said that some young Highland chieftains of the present day speak Southern English only too beautifully.

THE STREETS—MORNING

CHARLES DICKENS

THE appearance presented by the streets of London an hour before sun-rise, on a summer's morning, is most striking even to the few whose unfortunate pursuits of pleasure, or scarcely less unfortunate pursuits of business, cause them to be well acquainted with the scene. There is an air of cold, solitary desolation about the noiseless streets which we are accustomed to see thronged at other times by a busy, eager crowd, and over the quiet, closely-shut buildings, which throughout the day are swarming with life and bustle, that is very impressive.

The last drunken man, who shall find his way home before sun-light, has just staggered heavily along, roaring out the burden of the drinking song of the previous night: the last houseless vagrant whom penury and police have left in the streets, has coiled up his chilly limbs in some paved corner, to dream of food and warmth. The drunken, the dissipated, and the wretched have disappeared; the more sober and orderly part of the population have not yet awakened to the labours of the day, and the stillness of death is over the streets; its very hue seems to be imparted to them, cold and lifeless as they look in the grey, sombre light of daybreak. The coach-stands in the larger thoroughfares are deserted: the night-houses are closed; and the chosen promenades of profligate misery are empty.

An occasional policeman may alone be seen at the street-corners, listlessly gazing on the deserted prospect before him; and now and then a rakish-looking cat runs stealthily across the road and descends his own area with as much caution and slyness—bounding first on the water-butt, then on the dust-hole, and then alighting on the flag-stones—as if he were conscious that his character depended on his gallantry of the preceding night escaping public observation. A partially opened bedroom-window here and there, bespeaks the heat of the weather, and the uneasy slumbers of its occupant; and the dim scanty flicker of the rush-light, through the window-blind, denotes the chamber of watching or sickness. With these few exceptions, the streets present no signs of life, nor the houses of habitation.

An hour wears away; the spires of the churches and roofs of the principal buildings are faintly tinged with the light of the rising sun; and the streets, by almost imperceptible degrees, begin to resume their bustle and animation. Market-carts roll slowly along: the sleepy waggoner impatiently urging on his tired horses, or vainly endeavouring to awaken the boy, who, luxuriously stretched on the top of the fruit-baskets, forgets in happy oblivion, his long-cherished curiosity to behold the wonders of London.

Rough, sleepy-looking animals of strange appearance, something between ostlers and hackney-coachmen, begin to take down the shutters of the early public-houses; and little deal tables, with the ordinary preparations for a street breakfast, make their appearance at the customary stations. Numbers of men and women (principally the latter), carrying upon their heads heavy baskets of fruit, toil down the park side of Piccadilly, on their way to Covent Garden, and, following each other in rapid succession, form a long straggling line from thence to the turn of the road at Knightsbridge.

Here and there, a bricklayer's labourer, with the day's dinner tied up in a handkerchief, walks briskly to his work, and occasionally a little knot of three or four schoolboys on a stolen bathing expedition rattle merrily over the pavement, their boisterous mirth contrasting forcibly with the demeanour of the little sweep, who, having knocked and rung till his arm aches, and being interdicted by a merciful legislature from endangering his lungs by calling out, sits patiently down on the door-step until the housemaid may happen to awake.

Covent Garden market, and the avenues leading to it are thronged with carts of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, from the heavy lumbering waggon, with its four stout horses, to the jingling costermonger's cart with its consumptive donkey. The pavement is already strewed with decayed cabbage-leaves, broken hay-bands, and all the indescribable litter of a vegetable market; men are shouting, carts backing, horses neighing, boys fighting, basket-women talking, piemen expatiating on the excellence of their pastry, and donkeys braying. These and a hundred other sounds form a compound discordant enough to a Londoner's ears, and remarkably disagreeable to those of country gentlemen who are sleeping at the Hummums for the first time.

Another hour passes away, and the day begins in good earnest. The servant of all work, who, under the plea of sleeping very soundly, has utterly disregarded "Missis's" ringing for half an hour previously, is warned by Master (whom Missis has sent up in his drapery to the landing-place for that purpose) that it's half-past six, whereupon she awakes all of a sudden, with well-feigned astonishment, and goes down-stairs very sulkily, wishing, while she strikes a light, that the principle of spontaneous combustion would extend itself to coals and kitchen range. When the fire is lighted, she opens the street-door to take in the milk, when, by the most singular coincidence in the world, she discovers that the servant next door has just taken in her milk, too, and that Mr. Todd's young man over the way is, by an equally extraordinary chance, taking down his master's shutters. The inevitable consequence is, that she just steps, milk-jug in hand, as far as the next door, just to say "good morning," to Betsy Clark, and that Mr. Todd's young man just steps over the way to say "good morning" to both of 'em; and as the aforesaid Mr. Todd's young man is almost as good-looking and fascinating as the baker himself, the conversation quickly becomes very interesting, and probably would become more so, if Betsy Clark's Missis, who always will be a followin' her about, didn't give an angry tap at her bedroom window, on which Mr. Todd's young man tries to whistle coolly, as he goes back to his shop much faster than he came from it; and the two girls run back to their respective places, and shut their street-doors with surprising softness, each of them poking their heads out of the front parlour-window, a minute afterwards, however, ostensibly with the view of looking at the mail which just then passes by, but really for the purpose of catching another glimpse of Mr. Todd's young man, who being fond of mails, but more of females, takes a short look at the mails, and a long look at the girls, much to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

The mail itself goes on to the coach-office in due course, and the passengers who are going out by the early coach, stare with astonishment at the passengers who are coming in by the early coach, who look blue and dismal, and are evidently under the influence of that odd feeling produced by travelling, which makes the events of yesterday morning seem as if they had happened at least six months ago, and induces people to wonder with considerable gravity whether the friends and relations they took leave of a fortnight before, have altered much since they left them. The poach-office is all alive, and the coaches which are just going out are surrounded by the usual crowd of Jews and nondescripts, who seem to consider, Heaven knows why, that it is quite impossible any man can mount a coach without requiring at least six-penny-worth of oranges, a penknife, a pocket-book, a last-year's annual, a pencil-case, a piece of sponge, and a small series of caricatures.

Half an hour more, and the sun darts his bright rays cheerfully down the still half-empty streets, and shines with sufficient force to rouse the dismal laziness of the apprentice, who pauses every other minute from his task of sweeping out the shop and watering the pavement in front of it, to tell another apprentice similarly employed, how hot it will be to-day, or to stand with his right hand shading his eyes, and his left resting on the broom, gazing at the "Wonder," or the "Tally-ho," or the "Nimrod," or some other fast coach, till it is out of sight, when he re-enters the shop, envying the passengers on the outside of the fast coach, and thinking of the old red brick house "down in the country," where he went to school: the miseries of the milk and water, and thick bread and scrapings, fading into nothing before the pleasant recollection of the green field the boys used to play in, and the green pond he was caned for presuming to fall into, and other schoolboy associations.

Cabs, with trunks and band-boxes between the drivers' legs and outside the apron, rattle briskly up and down the streets on their way to the coach-offices or steam-packet wharfs; and the cab-drivers and hackney coachmen who are on the stand polish up the ornamental part of their dingy vehicles—the former wondering how people can prefer "them wild beast cariwans of homnibuses, to a riglar cab with a fast trotter," and the latter admiring how people can trust their necks into one of " them crazy cabs, when they can have a 'spectable 'ackney cotche with a pair of 'orses as von't run away with no vun;" a consolation unquestionably founded on fact, seeing that a hackney coach-horse never was known to run at all, "except," as the smart cabman in front of the rank observes, "except one, and *he* runs back'ards."

The shops are now completely opened, and apprentices and shopmen are busily engaged in cleaning and decking the windows for the day. The bakers' shops in town are filled with servants and children waiting for the drawing of the first batch of rolls—an operation which was performed a full hour ago in the suburbs; for the early clerk population of Somers and Camden towns, Islington, and Pentonville, are fast pouring into the city, or directing their steps towards Chancery-lane and the Inns of Court. Middle-aged men, whose salaries have by no means increased in the same proportion as their families, plod steadily along, apparently with no object in view but the counting-house; knowing by sight almost everybody they meet or overtake, for they have seen them every morning (Sundays excepted) during the last twenty years, but speaking to no one. If they do happen to overtake a personal acquaintance, they just exchange a hurried salutation, and keep walking on either by his side, or in front of him, as his rate of walking may chance to be. As to stopping to shake hands, or to take the friend's arm, they seem to think that as it is not included in their salary, they have no right to do it. Small office lads in large hats, who are made men before they are boys, hurry along in pairs, with their first coat carefully brushed, and the white trousers of last Sunday plentifully besmeared with dust and ink. It evidently requires a considerable mental struggle to avoid investing part of the day's dinner-money in the purchase of the stale tarts so temptingly exposed in dusty tins at the pastry-cook's doors; but a consciousness of their own importance and the receipt of seven shillings a-week, with the prospect of an early rise to eight, comes to their aid, and they accordingly put their hats a little more on one side, and look under the bonnets of all the milliners' and stay-makers' apprentices they meet—poor girls!—the hardest worked, the worst paid, and too often, the worst used class of the community.

Eleven o'clock, and a new set of people fill the streets. The goods in the shop-windows are invitingly arranged; the shopmen in their white neckerchiefs and spruce coats, look as if they couldn't clean a window if their lives depended on it; the carts have disappeared from Covent Garden; the waggoners have returned, and the costermongers repaired to their ordinary "beats" in the suburbs; clerks are at their offices, and gigs, cabs, omnibuses, and saddle-horses, are conveying their masters to the same destination. The streets are thronged with a vast concourse of people, gay and shabby, rich and poor, idle and industrious; and we come to the heat, bustle, and activity of NOON.

THE STREETS—NIGHT.

But the streets of London, to be beheld in the very height of their glory, should be seen on a dark, dull, murky winter's night, when there is just enough damp gently stealing down to make the pavement greasy, without cleansing it of any of its impurities; and when the heavy lazy mist, which hangs over every object, makes the gas-lamps look brighter, and the brilliantly lighted shops more splendid, from the contrast they present to the darkness around. All the people who are at home on such a night as this, seem disposed to make themselves as snug and comfortable as possible; and the passengers in the streets have excellent reason to envy the fortunate individuals who are seated by their own firesides.

In the larger and better kind of streets, dining-parlour curtains are closely drawn, kitchen fires blaze brightly up, and savoury steams of hot dinners salute the nostrils of the hungry wayfarer, as he plods wearily by the area railings. In the suburbs, the muffin-boy rings his way down the little street, much more slowly than he is wont to do; for Mrs. Macklin, of No. 4, has no sooner opened her little street-door, and screamed out "Muffins!" with all her might, than Mrs. Walker, at No. 5, puts her head out of the parlour-window, and screams "Muffins!" too; and Mrs. Walker has scarcely got the words out of her lips, than Mrs. Peplow, over the way, lets loose Master Peplow, who darts down the street, with a velocity which nothing but buttered muffins in perspective could possibly inspire, and drags the boy back by main force, whereupon Mrs. Macklin and Mrs. Walker, just to save the boy trouble, and to say a few neighbourly words to Mrs. Peplow at the same time, run over the way and buy their muffins at Mrs. Peplow's door, when it appears from the voluntary statement of Mrs. Walker, that her "kittle's just a biling, and the cups and sarsers ready laid," and that, as it was such a wretched night out o' doors, she'd made up her mind to have a nice hot comfortable cup o' tea—a determination at which, by the most singular coincidence, the other two ladies had simultaneously arrived.

After a little conversation about the wretchedness of the weather and the merits of tea, with a digression relative to the viciousness of boys as a rule, and the amiability of Master Peplow as an exception, Mrs. Walker sees her husband coming down the street; and as he must want his tea, poor man, after his dirty walk from the Docks, she instantly runs across, muffins in hand, and Mrs. Macklin does the same, and after a few words to Mrs. Walker, they all pop into their little houses, and slam their little street-doors, which are not opened again for the remainder of the evening, except to the nine o'clock "beer," who comes round with a lantern in front of his tray, and says, as he lends Mrs. Walker "Yesterday's 'Tiser," that he's blessed if he can hardly hold the pot, much less feel the paper, for it's one of the bitterest nights he ever felt, 'cept the night when the man was frozen to death in the Brick-field.

After a little prophetic conversation with the policeman at the street-corner, touching a probable change in the weather, and the setting in of a hard frost, the nine o'clock beer returns to his master's house, and employs himself for the remainder of the evening in assiduously stirring the tap-room fire, and deferentially taking part in the conversation of the worthies assembled round it.

The streets in the vicinity of the Marsh-gate and Victoria Theatre present an appearance of dirt and discomfort on such a night, which the groups who lounge about them in no degree tend to diminish. Even the little block-tin temple sacred to baked potatoes, surmounted by a splendid design in variegated lamps, looks less gay than usual; and as to the kidney-pie stand, its glory has quite departed. The candle in the transparent lamp, manufactured of oil-paper, embellished with "characters," has been blown out fifty times, so the kidney-pie merchant, tired with running backwards and forwards to the next wine vaults, to get a light, has given up the idea of illumination in despair, and the only signs of his "whereabout," are the bright sparks, of which a long irregular train is whirled down the street every time he opens his portable oven to hand a hot kidney-pie to a customer.

Flat fish, oyster, and fruit venders linger hopelessly in the kennel, in vain endeavouring to attract customers; and the ragged boys who usually disport themselves about the streets stand crouched in little knots in some projecting doorway, or under the canvas blind of the cheesemonger's, where great flaring gaslights, unshaded by any glass, display huge piles of bright red, and pale yellow cheeses, mingled with little five-penny dabs of dingy bacon, various tubs of weekly Dorset, and cloudy rolls of "best fresh."

Here they amuse themselves with theatrical converse, arising out of their last half-price visit to the Victoria gallery, admire the terrific combat, which is nightly encored, and expatiate on the inimitable manner in which Bill Thompson can "come the double monkey," or go through the mysterious involutions of a sailor's hornpipe.

It is nearly eleven o'clock, and the cold thin rain which has been drizzling so long, is beginning to pour down in good earnest; the baked-potato man has departed—the kidney-pie man has just walked away with his warehouse on his arm—the cheesemonger has drawn in his blind, and the boys have dispersed. The constant clicking of pattens on the slippy and uneven pavement, and the rustling of umbrellas, as the wind blows against the shop-windows, bear testimony to the inclemency of the night; and the policeman, with his oil-skin cape buttoned closely round him, seems as he holds his hat on his head, and turns round to avoid the gust of wind and rain which drives against him at the street-corner, to be very far from congratulating himself on the prospect before him.

The little chandler's shop with the cracked bell behind the door, whose melancholy tinkling has been regulated by the demand for quarterns of sugar and half-ounces of coffee, is shutting up. The crowds which have been passing to and fro during the whole day, are rapidly dwindling away; and the noise of shouting and quarrelling which issues from the public-houses, is almost the only sound that breaks the melancholy stillness of the night.

There was another, but it has ceased. That wretched woman with the infant in her arms, round whose meagre form the remnant of her own scanty shawl is carefully wrapped, has been attempting to sing some popular ballad, in the hope of wringing a few pence from the compassionate passer-by. A brutal laugh at her weak voice is all she has gained. The tears fall thick and fast down her own pale face; the child is cold and hungry, and its low half-stifled wailing adds to the misery of its wretched mother, as she moans aloud, and sinks despairingly down, on a cold damp door-step.

Singing! How few of those who pass such a miserable creature as this, think of the anguish of heart, the sinking of soul and spirit, which the very effort of singing produces. Bitter mockery! Disease, neglect, and starvation, faintly articulating the words of the joyous ditty, that has enlivened your hours of feasting and merriment. God knows how often! It is no subject of jeering. The weak tremulous voice tells a fearful tale of want and famishing; and the feeble singer of this roaring song may turn away, only to die of cold and hunger.

One o'clock! Parties returning from the different theatres foot it through the muddy streets; cabs, hackney-coaches, carriages, and theatre omnibuses, roll swiftly by; watermen with dim dirty lanterns in their hands, and large brass plates upon their breasts, who have been shouting and rushing about for the last two hours, retire to their watering-houses, to solace themselves with the creature comforts of pipes and purl; the half-price pit and box frequenters of the theatres throng to the different houses of refreshment; and chops, kidneys, rabbits, oysters, stout, cigars, and "goes" innumerable, are served up amidst a noise and confusion of smoking, running, knife-clattering, and waiter-chattering, perfectly indescribable.

The more musical portion of the play-going community, betake themselves to some harmonic meeting. As a matter of curiosity let us follow them thither for a few moments.

In a lofty room of spacious dimensions, are seated some eighty or a hundred guests knocking little pewter measures on the tables, and hammering away with the handles of their knives, as if they were so many trunk-makers. They are applauding a glee, which has just been executed by the three "professional gentlemen" at the top of the centre-table, one of whom is in the chair—the little pompous man with the bald head just emerging from the collar of his green coat. The others are seated on either side of him—the stout man with the small voice, and the thin-faced dark man in black. The little man in the chair is a most amusing personage,—*such* condescending grandeur, and *such* a voice!

"Bass!" as the young gentleman near us with the blue stock forcibly remarks to his companion, "bass! I b'lieve you; he can go down lower than any man; so low sometimes that you can't hear him." And so he does. To hear him growling away, gradually lower and lower down, 'til he can't get back again, is the most delightful thing in the world, and it is quite impossible to witness unmoved the impressive solemnity with which he pours forth his soul in "My 'art's in the 'ighlands," or "The brave old Hoak." The stout man is also addicted to sentimentality, and warbles "Fly, fly from the world, my Bessy, with me," or some such song, with lady-like sweetness, and in the most seductive tones imaginable.

"Pray give your orders, gen'lmen—pray give your orders,"—says the pale-faced man with the red head; and demands for "goes" of gin and "goes" of brandy, and pints of stout, and cigars of peculiar mildness, are vociferously made from all parts of the room. The "professional gentlemen" are in the very height of their glory, and bestow condescending nods, or even a word or two of recognition on the better known frequenters of the room, in the most bland and patronizing manner possible.

That little round-faced man, with the small brown surtout, white stockings and shoes, is in the comic line; the mixed air of self-denial, and mental consciousness of his own powers, with which he acknowledges the call of the chair, is particularly gratifying. "Gen'lmen," says the little pompous man, accompanying the word with a knock of the president's hammer on the table—"Gen'lmen, allow me to claim your attention—our friend, Mr. Smuggins will oblige."—"Bravo!" shout the company; and Smuggins, after a considerable quantity of coughing by way of symphony, and a most facetious sniff or two, which afford general delight, sings a comic song, with a fal-de-ral—tol-de-rol chorus at the end of every verse, much longer than the verse itself. It is received with unbounded applause, and after some aspiring genius has volunteered a recitation, and failed dismally therein, the little pompous man gives another knock, and says, "Gen'lmen, we will attempt a glee, if you please." This announcement calls forth tumultuous applause, and the more energetic spirits express the unqualified approbation it affords them, by knocking one or two stout glasses off their legs—a humorous device; but one which frequently occasions some slight altercation when the form of paying the damage is proposed to be gone through by the waiter.

Scenes like these are continued until three or four o'clock in the morning; and even when they close, fresh ones open to the inquisitive novice. But as a description of all of them, however slight, would require a volume, the contents of which, however instructive, would be by no means pleasing, we make our bow, and drop the curtain.

A DAY IN LONDON

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

AFTER leaving Gravesend,—the lower boundary of the Port of London—stores, warehouses and yards crowd together and mass with quite a picturesque irregularity. To the left rise the two cupolas of the Royal Naval Hospital, Greenwich, through the open colonnade of which we catch a glimpse of park depths with great trees, producing a charming effect. Seated on the steps of the peristyle, the invalids watch the departure and arrival of the ships that form the subject of their souvenirs and conversations, and the sharp scent of the sea again delights their nostrils. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of this fine building.

Greenwich faces the Isle of Dogs, which however is not completely an island, but lies in a loop of the Thames of which skilful use has been made. It is here that the West India Company has excavated its docks. The East India Docks, much smaller and less frequented, are to the right a little higher up and at the extremity of the curve made by the river.

The West India Docks are something enormous, gigantic, fabulous and almost beyond human proportions. They are the work of Cyclopes and Titans. Above the tops of the houses, shops, embankments, flights of steps and all the hybrid constructions that line the banks of the river, you see a prodigious forest of ships' masts extending to infinity: an inextricable mass of rigging, spars and

VICTORIA DOCKS.

cordage that by the density of their lacing would shame the most fibrous bind-weeds of an American virgin forest. Here it is that are built, refitted and repaired that innumerable army of vessels that go out in search of the riches of the world in order afterwards to pour them into that bottomless gulf of misery and luxury called London. The West India Docks can hold three hundred vessels. A canal, dug parallel with the docks, cutting through the Isle of Dogs and called the City Canal, shortens the distance it would take to double the point by three or four miles.

The Commercial Docks, on the opposite bank, the London Docks, and the St. Katharine Docks just below the Tower are no less wonderful. In the Commercial Docks are the biggest cellars in the world: the wines of Spain and Portugal are stored there. Besides these, there are private docks and basins. Each instant, amid a group of houses, you see a ship take up position. The yards put out the eyes of the windows, the spars penetrate into the rooms, and the cut-waters seem to be making breaches in the doors of the shops, like ancient battering-rams. The houses and ships live in the most touching and cordial intimacy: at high-tide the yards become basins and receive ships. Flights of steps, slips constructed of stone, granite and brick, mount and descend from the river to the houses. London has her arms plunged into her river up to the elbows: a regular quay would obstruct the familiarity between the river and the city. This is a gain in picturesqueness, for nothing is more horrible than those eternal straight lines prolonged in spite of everything, with which modern civilization is so stupidly infatuated.

England is only a dock-yard: London is only a port. The sea is the natural fatherland of the English; they take such delight in it that many of their great lords spend their lives in making the most dangerous voyages in little vessels equipped and managed by themselves. The yacht-club has no other aim than to encourage and favour this taste. The land is so unpleasing to them that they have a hospital stationed in the middle of the Thames in a great hulk which serves the sailors who are ill in the Port of London.

The fronts of all these houses are turned towards the river, for the Thames is London's great highway, the artery from which the veins branch to carry life and circulation into the body of the city. Therefore what a riot of inscriptions and signs! Letters of all colours and sizes cover the edifices from top to bottom: the characters often reach the height of one story. The houses, thus streaked, placarded, and variegated with lettering, when seen from the middle of the Thames, present the most outlandish appearance.

I was not a little surprised to see the Tower intact. It has lost nothing of its ancient physiognomy; it is still there with its high walls, its sinister altitude and its low arch (the Traitor's Gate) under which a black boat, more sinister than Charon's bark, brought criminals in and came to carry the condemned away to death. The Tower is not, as its name would seem to indicate, a donjon or solitary belfry; it is a regular bastille, a cluster of towers connected by walls, a fortress surrounded by moats supplied by the Thames, with cannons and drawbridges; a fortress of the Middle Ages, at least as serious as our Vincennes, containing a chapel, a treasury, an arsenal and a thousand other curiosities.

We were approaching the end of our voyage: a few more turns of the wheel and the steamboat touched the Custom House quay, where the passengers' trunks would not be examined till the morrow, for in London Sunday is observed as scrupulously as the Sabbath by the Jews in Jerusalem.

I shall never forget the magnificent spectacle presented to my eyes: the big arches of London Bridge reached across the river with their five great limbs and stood out sombrely against a background of setting sun. The disc, fiery like a shield reddened in a furnace, was sinking exactly behind the central arch which traced a black segment of incomparable boldness and vigour above the orb.

A long trail of fire scintillated and trembled upon the rippling waves; violet smoke and mist bathed space as far as Southwark Bridge, the vaguely sketched arches of which were scarcely perceptible. To the right, a little in the background, flamed the gilded bronze of the summit of the tall column erected to commemorate the Fire of 1666. To the left, the belfry of St. Olave projected above the roofs; monumental chimney-stacks, that might be taken for votive columns of Ionic or Doric capitals, were they not in the habit of vomiting smoke, in a most happy manner broke the horizon lines, and accentuated the orange and pale lemon tints of the sky with their strong tones.

On turning round, behind you is a real naval city, with quarters and streets of vessels, for it is at this, the first of the London bridges, that ships stop.

We disembarked. While the cab was rapidly rolling through the streets between the Custom House and High Holborn, I looked out of the window and was greatly astonished at the solitude and profound silence that reigned. You might have called it a dead town,—one of those cities inhabited by people turned to stone that Oriental stories tell of. All the shops were shut and no human face appeared at the windows. Occasionally a rare figure passed along the walls like a shadow. This doleful and deserted aspect so strongly contrasted with the idea of noise and animation that I had formed of London that I could not get over my surprise, till at length I remembered that it was Sunday,—and the London Sunday had been held up to me as the ideal of weariness. On that day, which with us, at least for the common people, is a day of joy, promenade, dress, feasting and dancing, on the other side of the Channel is spent in inconceivable sadness. The taverns close at midnight on Saturday, the theatres do not open, the shops are hermetically shut up and it would be very difficult for a man to get anything to eat unless he has made provision beforehand: life seems to be suspended. The machinery of London ceases to work, like the wheels of a clock when you put your finger on the pendulum. For fear of profaning dominical solemnity, London does not dare to move, it will scarcely allow itself even to breathe. On that day, after having listened to the pastor of the sect to which he belongs, every good Englishman shuts himself up within the walls of his house to meditate on the Bible, to offer his weariness to God and to enjoy in front of a big coal fire the happiness of being at home, and of being neither a Frenchman nor a Papist,—a source of inexhaustible bliss. At midnight, the charm is broken: circulation, that had stopped for a moment, starts again, the houses reopen, life returns to this great body that had fallen into lethargy, the dominical Lazarus is resuscitated at the brazen voice of Monday and resumes its march.

The shops are slow to open. Paris gets up earlier than London,—it is not till about 10 A. M. that London begins to awake,—it is true that it goes to bed much later.

Since the occupants are not yet up, let us take note of the dwellings: let us describe the nest before the bird.

The English houses have no *portes cochères* and scarcely any have a courtyard: an area with railings separates them from the path. In this basement, the kitchen offices are placed. Coal, bread, meat brought on a kind of hollowed plank, and all provisions go in that way without causing the master any inconvenience. The stables are generally in separate buildings, sometimes at some distance. Brick is the ordinary basis of construction. English bricks are usually yellow ochre in hue, which in my opinion cannot compare with the red and warm tones of our own. Houses built of bricks of this colour have a sickly and unwholesome appearance that is disagreeable to the eye. There are rarely more than three stories, and these have only two or three windows each, for generally a house is occupied by only one family. A flight of white stone steps, thrown like a drawbridge over the moat leading to the kitchen offices, connects the house with the street, and the door painted like oak, is often adorned with a brass plate on which are written the name and quality of the owner:—such are the characteristic features of the real English house.

What gives quite an individual aspect to London, in addition to the width of its streets and the lowness of its houses, is the uniformly black hue that covers everything. Nothing is sadder or more lugubrious, for this black possesses nothing of the browned and strong tints that Time gives to old buildings in more southern climes: it is an imperceptible and subtle grime that clings to everything, penetrates everywhere, and from which nothing can protect itself. You would say that all the monuments were powdered with blacklead. The immense quantity of coal consumed in London in warming houses and in furnaces is one of the chief causes of this general mourning of the edifices, the most ancient of which have literally the appearance of having been painted with blacking. This effect is particularly noticeable in the statues. Newgate prison, with its bossages and worm-eaten stones, the old church of St. Saviour, and some Gothic chapels, the names of which I forget, seem to have been built of black granite rather than to have been darkened by the years. This prevailing hue would suffice to explain the traditional spleen of the English.

The dome of St. Paul's, a heavy counterfeit of St. Peter's, Rome, an edifice of the family of the Pantheon and the Escurial, with its humped cupola and two square belfries, cruelly suffers from the influence of the London atmosphere. Notwithstanding the efforts to keep it white, it is always black, at least on one side: it is vain to coat it with paint, the imperceptible carbon in solution in the fog works quicker than the painter's brush. St. Paul's is an additional example to prove that the cupola is a form that belongs to the East and that the skies of the North require to be cut by the needles and sharp angles of Gothic architecture.

The London sky, even when it is unclouded, is of a milky blue in which grey predominates. The azure is sensibly paler than that of the sky of France: there, the evenings and mornings are always bathed in mists and drowned in vapours. London steams in the sun like a sweating horse, or a boiling caldron; and this produces in open spaces those admirable effects of light so well rendered by the English water-colourists and engravers. In the finest weather, it is difficult clearly to see Southwark Bridge from London Bridge, which, however, are not far apart. This mist, that overspreads all, softens all harsh angles, veils the poverty of construction, enlarges the perspective and gives mystery and vagueness to the most aggressive objects. By its means, a factory chimney easily becomes an obelisk, a shop of mean architecture assumes the air of a Babylonian terrace, and a pitiful row of columns changes into a Palmyrene portico. The symmetrical aridity of Civilization and the vulgarity of the forms she makes use of are softened or disappear entirely, thanks to this beneficent veil.

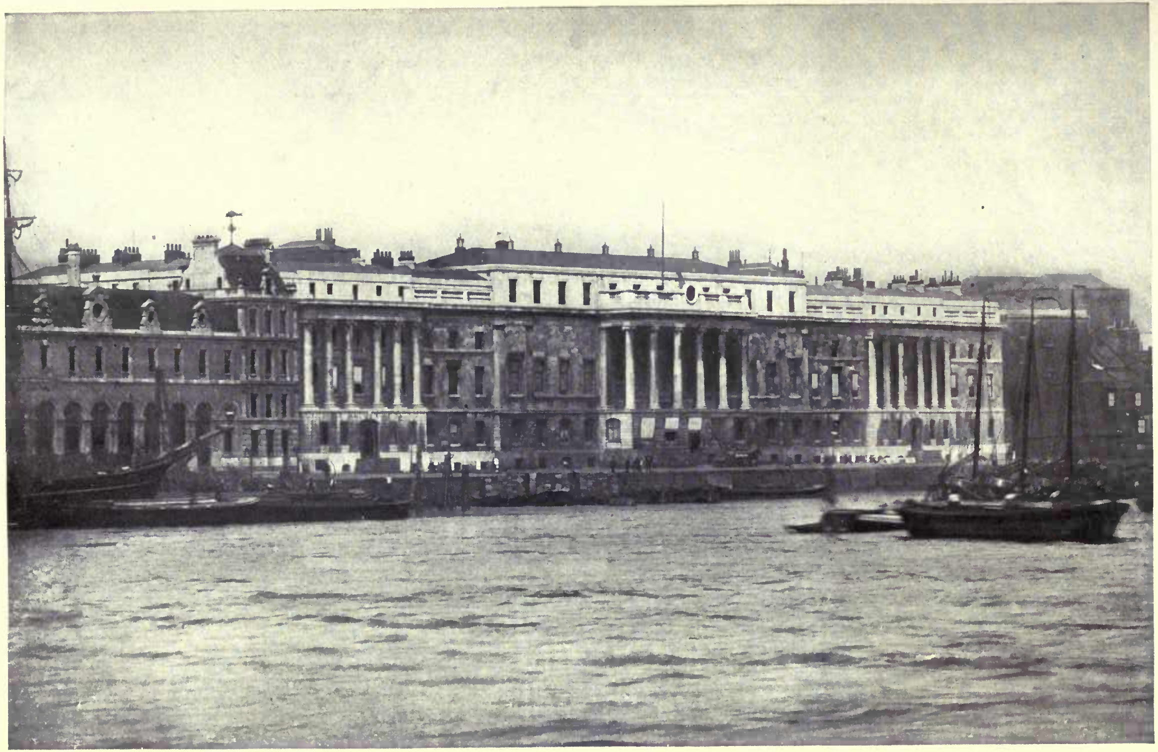
The streets were becoming animated; labourers, with white aprons tied at the waist, were on their way to work; butcher-boys were carrying meat in their wooden troughs; carriages were passing with the rapidity of lightning; omnibuses, brilliant with colour and varnish, bedizened with gold letters announcing their destinations, followed one another with scarcely an interval, with passengers outside and conductors standing on a ledge beside the door. These omnibuses travel very fast, for London is so vast, so enormous a city that there the need of rapidity makes itself felt more keenly than in Paris. This activity of locomotion is in strange contrast with the impassive air, and the phlegmatic and cold physiognomy, to say nothing more, of all these imperturbable passengers. The English move quickly like the dead in the ballad and you cannot read any desire of arriving in their eyes. They run and they do not seem to be in a hurry; they always go straight ahead like a cannon-ball, do not turn round when jostled and do not beg pardon when they jostle anyone else. Even the women walk with a quick step that would do honour to grenadiers marching to the assault,—with that geometrical and manly gait by which an Englishwoman is recognized on the Continent, and which excites the laughter of the Parisian chit. The children, even, make haste on their way to school.

The Thames is to London what the boulevard is to

Paris,—the principal line of circulation. Only, on the Thames, the omnibuses are replaced by little steam-boats. Nothing is more delightful than these little voyages that cause to defile past you, like a moving panorama, the picturesque banks of the river. You thus pass all the bridges of London. You can admire the three iron arches of Southwark Bridge, so bold in strut, so wide in extent; the Ionic columns that give such an elegant appearance to Blackfriars Bridge; and the Doric pillars of such robust and solid shape of Waterloo Bridge,—surely the finest in the world. On leaving Waterloo Bridge, through the arches of Blackfriars Bridge you see the gigantic silhouette of St. Paul's rising above an ocean of roofs, among the spires and belfries of St. Mary le Bone, St. Benet and St. Matthew, with a portion of a quay thronged with boats, barks and storehouses. From Westminster Bridge, you discover the ancient abbey of that name lifting into the haze its two lofty square towers that recall the towers of Notre Dame in Paris, and that have a sharp turret at each angle; and the three strange open-work belfries of St. John the Evangelist, without counting the saw-teeth formed by the spires of distant chapels, the factory chimneys and the house-roofs. Vauxhall Bridge worthily ends the perspective.

Forgive me if I am always talking of the Thames, but its ceaselessly moving panorama is something so novel and so impressive, that it is hard to get away from it. A forest of three-masters in the heart of a capital is the finest spectacle that human industry can present to the view.

Starting from Waterloo Bridge we will reach the Strand by Wellington Street and walk along it. From the pretty little church of St. Mary, so singularly situated in the middle of the street, the Strand, which is quite wide, is



THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

decked on both sides by sumptuous and splendid shops, which, though not possessing, perhaps, the coquettish elegance of those of Paris, yet have an air of wealth and luxurious abundance. Here we find displayed stocks of prints in which we can admire the masterpieces of the English graver, so supple, so soft, so suggestive of colour, and unhappily employed upon the worst designs in the world.

Regent Street,—which has arcades, like the Rue de Rivoli,—Piccadilly, Pall Mall, Haymarket, the Italian Opera—which may best be compared with the Odéan in Paris—Carlton Place and St. James's Park, the Queen's palace with its triumphal arch imitated from that of the Carrousel, render this part of the city one of the most brilliant in London.

The architecture of the houses, or rather of the palaces that constitute this district, occupied by the wealthy classes, is altogether impressive and monumental, although of a hybrid and often equivocal composition. Never have there been seen so many columns and pediments, even in an antique city. Surely, the Greeks and Romans were never so Greek or Roman as the subjects of His Britanic Majesty. You walk between two rows of Parthenons: that is flattering. You see nothing but temples of Vesta and Jupiter Sator, and the illusion would be complete if you do not read among the intercolumniations such inscriptions as "Gas Company," and "Life Insurance." These colonnades and pediments at the first glance do not fail to produce a certain effect of splendour; but all this magnificence is for the most part produced by mastic, or Roman cement, for stone is very scarce in London. It is in the new churches, especially, that the English architectural genius displays the most peculiar cosmopolitanism, and makes the strangest confusion of styles. Above an Egyptian pylon extends a Greek Order mingled with open Roman arches, the whole surmounted by a Gothic spire. This would make the meanest Italian peasant shrug his shoulders with pity. With very few exceptions, all the modern monuments are in this style.

The English are rich, active and industrious: they can forge iron, tame steam, twist matter in every way, and invent machinery of terrifying power; they can be great poets; but art, properly so-called, will always be lacking to them, form in itself will always escape them. They feel this and it irritates them; it wounds their national pride: they understand that at bottom, notwithstanding their prodigious material civilization, they are merely varnished barbarians. Lord Elgin, who was so violently anathematized by Lord Byron, committed a useless sacrilege. The Parthenon bas-reliefs did not inspire anybody when brought to London. The plastic gift is refused to the nations of the North: the sun, which places objects in relief, accentuates their outlines, and gives its true form to everything, illumines those pale regions with too oblique a ray. And then the English are not Catholics! Protestantism is as fatal as Islamism to the Arts, and perhaps more so. Artists can be only Pagans or Catholics. In a country where the temples are only great square chambers, without pictures, or statues, or ornaments, where gentlemen in three-decker wigs talk to you seriously, and with many Biblical allusions, of Papist idols and the great whore of Babylon, Art can never attain great heights; for the noblest end of statuary and painting is to fix in marble and on canvas the divine symbols of the religion in use in one's own country and period. Phidias carved the Venus, and Raphael painted the Madonna, but neither the one nor the other was Anglican. London may become Rome, but she certainly will never be

Athens. The latter position seems to be reserved for Paris. There we find gold, power, material development in the highest degree, a gigantic exaggeration of all that can be done with money, patience and will; the useful and the comfortable, but not the agreeable and the beautiful. Here, intelligence, grace, flexibility, finesse, easy comprehension of harmony and beauty;—in one word, Greek qualities. The English will excel in all that can possibly be done, and more especially in what is impossible. They will establish a Bible Society in Pekin; they will arrive at Timbuctoo in white gloves and patent leather shoes, in a condition of complete respectability; they will invent machinery to produce six hundred thousand pairs of stockings a minute, and they will even discover new countries in which to market their stockings; but they will never make a hat that a French grisette would put on her head. If taste could be bought, they would pay high for it. Happily, God has reserved to himself the distribution of two or three little things over which the gold of the mighty upon earth has no power: Genius, Beauty and Happiness.

However, in spite of these criticisms of detail, the general effect of London is one that causes astonishment and a sort of stupor. It is really a capital in the sense of civilization. Everything is grand, splendid and arranged according to the last degree of perfection. If anything, the streets are too wide, too big, too well-lighted. The care of material facilities is carried to the utmost degree. In this respect, Paris is at least a hundred years behind London. The English houses are very flimsily built, for the ground they occupy does not belong to the builder. The whole land in the city is possessed, as in the Middle Ages, by a very small number of great lords or millionaires who permit building operations there for a price. This permission is purchased for a certain time, and it is so arranged that the house does not last longer than the lease. For this reason, in addition to the fragility of the materials employed, London is renewed every thirty years, and is able, as they say, to follow the progress of civilization. Added to this, the Fire of 1666 made a complete clearance, which for my part I greatly regret, because I am not greatly fascinated by modern architecture but prefer the picturesque to the comfortable.

The English spirit is naturally methodical: in the streets everybody naturally takes the right-hand side and regular streams of people going up and down are formed. A handful of soldiers suffices for London, and even police have small occupation. I cannot remember having seen a single company of soldiers. The policemen, with numbered helmet on head and bracelet on sleeve to show that they are on duty, stroll about with a tranquil and philosophical air, with no other weapons but a little staff hardly two feet in length, and thus traverse the most populous districts. This immense circulation of people, this terrible movement that gives one the vertigo is, so to speak, left to itself, and, thanks to the good sense of the throng, no accident happens.

The appearance of the populace is more miserable than in Paris. With us the workmen, the people of the lower orders, wear clothes made for them, coarse it is true, but of a special kind and that evidently has always belonged to them. If their vest is in holes to-day, we know that originally they wore it when new. The grisettes and labourers are neat and clean notwithstanding the simplicity of their dress; but in London that is not the case: everybody wears a tail-coat, a pair of trousers and a tall hat, even the wretch who opens the door of your cab.

The women all wear a hat and a long skirt, so that at first sight you think you see women of a superior class who have fallen into distressed circumstances either through misconduct, or misfortune. This arises from the fact that in London the common people dress in cast-off clothes; and from degradation to degradation the coat of a gentleman ends by covering the back of a gutter-snipe, and the satin bonnet of a duchess covers the head of an ignoble drudge. Even in St. Giles, in that sad Irish quarter, which in horror and dirt surpasses anything that can be imagined, you see hats, and black coats often worn without shirts and buttoned over the skin that shows through the rents. St. Giles, however, is only a few steps away from Oxford Street and Piccadilly. This contrast is very violent. Without gradual transition, you pass from the most glaring opulence to the vilest misery. Carriages do not go down these alleys full of puddles in which ragged children are crawling, and where big girls with dishevelled hair, bare legs and arms, and a tattered shawl tied across the breast, stare at you with a haggard and savage look. What suffering, what famine is to be read on those faces so emaciated, wan, cadaverous, worn and pinched with cold. There you find poor wretches who have always been famished since the day they were born: they all live on steamed potatoes, and very seldom have bread to eat. From privation, the blood of these unfortunates becomes impoverished and turns from red to yellow, as medical men have affirmed.

On the houses of some of these dwellers in St. Giles there are such notices as "Furnished cellar for a single gentleman." This ought to give you a sufficient idea of the place. I had the curiosity to enter one of these basements, and I assure you I have never seen anything so bare. It would seem impossible for human beings to exist in such hovels: it is true that they die there by the thousand.

This is the reverse of the medal of every civilization: monstrous fortunes are explained by frightful miseries. In order that a few may devour a great deal, many must fast: the higher the palace is raised the deeper must be the foundations, and nowhere is this disproportion so manifest as in England. To be poor in London seems to me to be one of the tortures forgotten by Dante in his spiral of sufferings. To possess gold is so visibly the sole recognized merit that the English poor despise themselves and humbly accept the arrogance and disdain of the easy and wealthy classes. The English, who talk so much about the idols of the papists, ought not to forget that the Golden Calf is the most infamous idol of all, and the one that exacts the most sacrifice.

The squares, which are very numerous, are a happy corrective of the fœtidness of these sewers. The Place Royal in Paris can convey the best idea of an English square. A square is a space surrounded by houses of uniform architecture, the centre being a garden planted with great trees and enclosed by iron railings. Its sward of emerald green affords delightful repose to eyes tired by the sombre hues of the sky and the edifices. The squares often communicate one with another and occupy much ground. Splendid squares in the vicinity of Hyde Park are inhabited by the nobility: no shop nor storehouse is allowed to disturb the aristocratic quietude of these elegant retreats. Nothing could be more charming than these extensive enclosures, so tranquil, green, and fresh. It is true that I never saw anybody walking in these attractive gardens to which each of the tenants has a key: it is sufficient for them to be able to keep others out.

The squares and the parks form one of the chief charms of London. St. James's Park, close to Pall Mall, is a delightful promenade. You go down into it by a wide flight of steps, worthy of Babylon, which is situated at the foot of the Duke of York's Column. The walk along the Egyptian terrace of Carlton Place is wide and beautiful. But what pleased me above all was the large sheet of water thronged with herons, ducks and other aquatic birds. The English excel in the art of giving to artificial gardens a romantic and natural appearance. Westminster, the towers of which peep above the clumps of trees, admirably closes the view on the river side.

Hyde Park, where the horses and carriages of fashion parade, looks quite rural and countrified by the extent of its water and green slopes. It is not a garden, but a landscape. You are astonished to find such large open spaces in a city like London. Regent's Park, that contains the Zoological Gardens and is bordered by palaces in the style of the Garde Meuble and the Minister of Marine in Paris, is truly enormous. You can lose yourself in it. An undulation of the surface, of which very skilful use has been made, produces most picturesque effects.

LONDON THE PROVINCIAL

G. W. STEEVENS

THE truest and most significant remark ever made about London is to be found in the words of the illustrious Baedeker. "Not taking into account," he off-handedly remarks, "the extensive outlying districts in the N. and N.E., which are comparatively uninteresting to strangers." Those districts are larger and more populous by themselves than most of the capitals of the world. Yet who could take them into account?

London's children—such of them as have not sharpened their impulse to comparison by travel among other capitals—are wont to conceive of their mother city as hideous but monstrously impressive. Those who have travelled and compared will usually tell you the exact opposite. A few years ago, Mr. Grant Allen labelled London "a Squalid Village," and instituted an elaborate comparison, to London's humiliation, with—Brussels. It was hard to bear, but it was largely true. Where Mr. Grant Allen was unjust, if I remember him aright, was in denying London not only form and comeliness, but beauty altogether. I should urge against him that London is the most beautiful, and at the same time the most provincial, of all the capital cities of the earth.

Some capitals were born; some were made: London grew. In the task of looking like capitals, the cities which were born start naturally with a huge advantage. To look like a capital a city wants order, unity of plane, the im-

THE RIVER AT WESTMINSTER.

pression of stately completeness. You see it best, where you would least expect it, in the United States. Washington is the best example: the men who laid it off, as their expressive phrase is, put the Capitol on an eminence in the middle, and grouped everything symmetrically round it. The streets were arranged in the national gridiron, with the Capitol as centre; the Mormon layers-off of Salt Lake City did the same with their Temple. In Washington they relieved the monotony of this plan by broad avenues cutting the gridiron diagonally. The result is that Washington is unmistakably one city, as much a complete and artistic whole as is a play of Sophocles or a symphony of Mozart. All the parts relate one to another. Washington has grown out of its complete symmetry, it is true; it has spread, as cities will, more on one side than on another. But it remains a coherent whole. When you are in one part you carry the locality of all other parts in your head, and all its architectural jewels are presented in the openest and most advantageous setting.

The European capitals are too old for this deliberate symmetry. Mostly they come into the class of cities that were made. Paris was carved into cohesion by Haussmann with circles of boulevards and systems of avenues. Chicago, which is really a capital also, is following the example with a difference: the magnificent avenues and gardens on the blue sea-front of Lake Michigan are its base, and it has buttressed its ring of boulevards with noble parks. Vienna transformed itself from a cramped mediæval town to a capital by levelling its fortifications into the Ring—a circlet of palaces and parliaments, museums, galleries and courts, opera and university, without an equal for imperial stateliness. Other cities, less successful in grouping their features, have aligned themselves along a great street. "Unter den Linden" is one example, with two palaces, two museums, opera and university and a dozen statues in a length of a mile, with a triumphal arch at one end and a square with palace, gallery, and cathedral at the other. The Rue Royale at Brussels is another—lined with public buildings, with a panorama of the whole city breaking away from one side and the elephantine Palace of Justice blocking it at the end.

After all these take the night boat home and run in at a sunshiny dawn upon our beloved London. You will have seen nothing in all your journeying more beautiful than the morning sheen, half mist, half smoke, that gilds the endless ocean of roofs so tenderly. But when you set yourself down at Charing Cross, our dear London does not look like a capital. You are in the heart of it; what do you see? There is Nelson welcoming you back, certainly—he, too, you recall, was sea-sick on a small boat—and the National Gallery. But the Government offices are best seen from St. James's Park, and the Royal Palaces, dotted about by themselves, are best not seen at all; the Cathedral is a couple of miles away, looking out on to the narrow alleys of Cheapside and Ludgate Hill, as the Palace of Justice coops in the narrow alley of Fleet Street; the Opera is tucked up in a vegetable-market, and for that matter is not to-day open; the Houses of Parliament are in a corner to themselves, carefully posted where they destroy the view of Westminster Abbey; the Abbey has fortified its one visible side with Absurd St. Margaret's; the University has no students, and the Municipal Buildings do not even pretend to exist at all. Poor London! It has no centre and no shape; it is all parts and no whole.

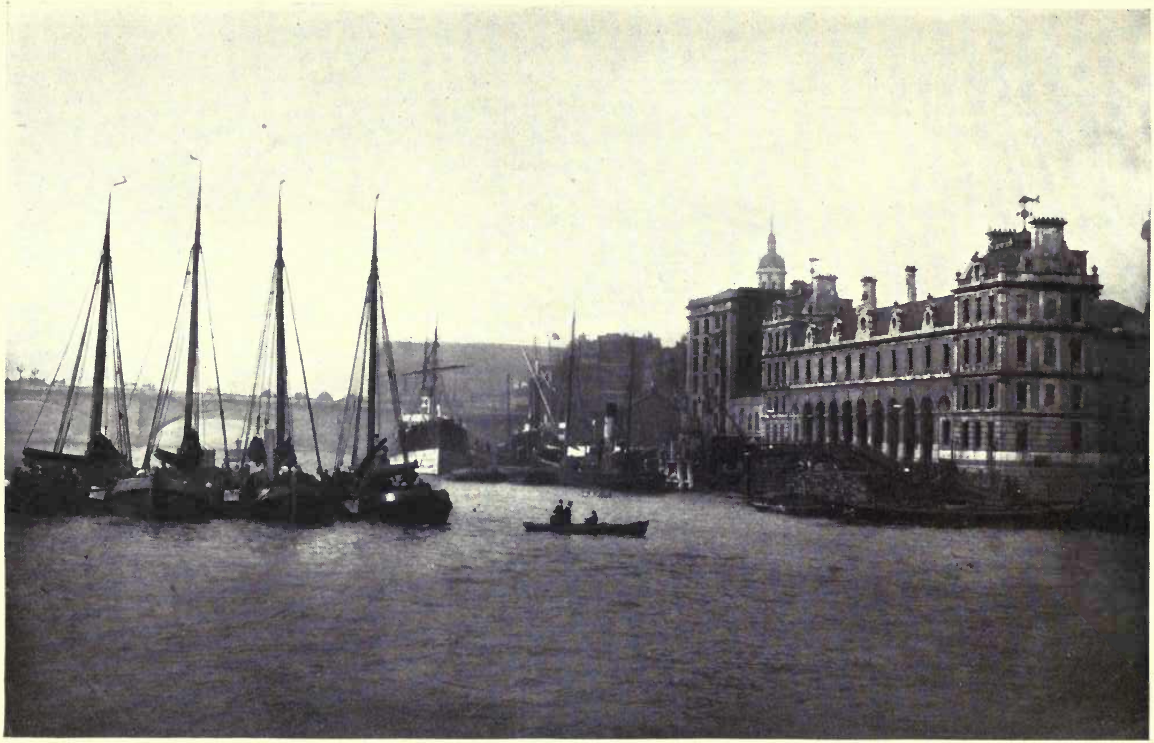
The best way to impress a foreign visitor with London is to take him to the front of the Royal Exchange, tell him that the Mansion House is a charity school, and the Bank of England a debtors' prison—he will readily believe both falsehoods—and then divert his attention to the people. That boiling whirlpool of men is the real sight of London. And after all, somebody will say, it is men that make a great city. So it is in one sense, yet not in every sense; else Epsom Downs on Derby Day is a great city. A capital, to strike the eye and get home to the imagination, ought visibly and succinctly to summarize the whole activity of a nation. Vienna does this for you in a walk round the Ring. There is the Emperor, the Imperial Family, there are the great nobles, Austrian drama and music and painting, the Catholic Church, the army, and the Stock Exchange—all represented concretely in architecture. You may search London till your legs ache for any such summary of England, not to speak of the British empire, in a walk of an hour.

But London is my native city, and I love every smut of it. It has the gift of an air which mantles it twice daily in matchless beauty. It has a river which is truly a living river—not a carefully preserved ditch like the Spree or Wien, or a toy like the Seine, but a highway of ships and a vista of endless mystery and grandeur. Steam up it at evening in the red eye of the sun, and see the smoky majesty of London rise luridly up to heaven, and you will never call it anything but the most wonderful and most awful of all cities. It is really the heart of the world. But inside it does not look like that.

EAST LONDON

SIR WALTER BESANT

TO begin with, it is not a city by organization; it is a collocation of overgrown villages lying side by side. It had until this year (1900), no centre, no heart, no representative body, no mayor, no alderman, no council, no wards; it has not inherited Folk's Mote, Hustings, or Ward Mote; it has therefore no public buildings of its own. There are vestry halls and town halls, but they are those of the separate hamlets—Hackney or Stratford—not East London. It has no police of its own; the general order is maintained by the London County Council. It is a city full of churches and places of worship, yet there are no cathedrals, either Anglican or Roman; it has a sufficient supply of elementary schools, but it has no public or high school, and it has no colleges for the higher education and no university; the people all read newspapers, yet there is no East London paper except of the smaller and local kind; the newspapers are imported from Fleet Street; it has no monthly magazines nor any weekly popular journals, nor even penny comic papers—these also are imported; it has no courts of law except the police courts; out of the one hundred and eighty free libraries, great and small, of London, only nine or ten belong to this city—two of these are doubtful, one at least is actually falling to pieces by neglect and is in a rapid state of decay. In the streets there are never seen any private carriages; there is no fashionable quarter; the wealthy people who live on the northeast side



THE POOL AND BILLINGSGATE.

near Epping Forest do their shopping in the City or the West End; its places of amusement are of the humbler kind, as we shall learn in due course; one meets no ladies in the principal thoroughfares; there is not visible, anywhere, the outward indication of wealth. People, shops, houses, conveyances—all together are stamped with the unmistakable seal of the working-class.

There are no visitors to demand hotels; there are also none to ask for restaurants. Consequently there are none. Dining-rooms, coffee-rooms, and places providing for the working-man, places of the humbler kind where things to eat may be had, there are in plenty. Most of the working-folk take their dinners in these places; but the restaurant of the better kind, with its glittering bars and counters, its white tables, its copious catering and its civil waiters, does not exist in East London. Is there any other city of the world, with even a tenth part of this population, of which these things would be said? This crowded area, this multitude of small houses, this aggregation of mean streets—these things are the expression and the consequence of an expansion of industries during the last seventy years on a very large and unexpected scale; East London suddenly sprang into existence because it was unexpectedly wanted. A map of London of the year 1830 shows a riverside fringe of hamlets—a cluster of houses outside the City of London and along the two principal roads. For the whole of the district outside and around there are lanes and paths through fields and orchards and market gardens, with occasional churches and clusters of houses and detached country residences.

What appearance does it present to the visitor? There is, again, in this respect as well, no other city in the world in the least like East London for the unparalleled magnitude of its meanness and its monotony. It contains about five hundred miles of streets, perhaps more—a hundred or two may be thrown in; they would make little difference. In his haste, the traveller who walks about these streets for the first time declares that they are all exactly alike. They contain line upon line, row upon row, never-ending lines, rows always beginning, of houses all alike—that is to say, there are differences, but they are slight; there are workmen's houses of four or five rooms each, all turned out of the same pattern, as if built by machinery; there are rows of houses a little better and larger, but on the same pattern, designed for foremen of works and the better sort of employees; a little farther off the main street there are the same houses, but each with a basement and a tiny front garden—they are for city clerks; and there are dingy houses up squalid courts, all of the same pattern, but smaller, dirty, and disreputable. The traveller, on his first visit, wanders through street after street, through miles of streets. He finds no break in the monotony; one street is like the next; he looks down another, and finds it like the first two. In the City and in the West of London there are old houses, old churches, porches that speak of age, courts and lanes that have a past stamped upon them, though the houses themselves may be modern. Here there seems to be no past; he finds no old buildings; one or two venerable churches there are; there is one venerable tower—but these the traveller does not discover on his first visit, nor perhaps on his second or his third.

Again, this city is not, as our casual observer in his haste affirms, made up entirely of monotonous lives and mean houses; there are bits and corners where strange effects of beauty can be seen; there is a park more lovely than that of St. James's; there are roads of noble breadth;

there is the ample river; there are the crowded docks; there are factories and industries; there are men and women in East London who give up their lives for their brothers and their sisters; and beyond the city, within easy reach of the city, there are woods and woodlands, villages and rural haunts, lovelier than any within reach of western London.

THE IMMENSITY OF THE DOCKS

EDMUNDO DE AMICIS

IN the morning, long before sunrise, I went out, and walked towards the Thames. I was a few steps from London Bridge, in the heart of the City. I saw few pedestrians, a deep silence reigned, the sky was grey, it was cold, and a light mist veiled all objects without hiding them. I walked rapidly towards the bridge, knowing that from there you get the best view of London.

When I reached the middle of the bridge, I looked around me, a cold chill ran through me from head to foot, and I stood motionless.

The view of Paris from the Pont-Neuf returned to my mind, and it seemed astonishingly little.

Then I leaned upon the parapet, and I said to myself in the tone of one wishing to collect his ideas together: "Now then!" All around me ran the broad Thames; on one side, buildings lost in the distance; on the other, a succession of bridges; along both banks, near the bridge, massive and sombre houses, resembling old fortresses, piled up in disorder, and reflecting themselves in the water. A little farther away, large masses of sinister buildings, the great arched roofs of the railway stations, and long, straight lines like enormous bastions; and, beyond, a confusion of broken lines and vague forms, graduating, little by little, into light bluish silhouettes until they finally presented a magnificent disorder in profile of chimney-stacks, towers, domes, and steeples wreathed with fog; and, still farther

EAST INDIA DOCKS.

away, mysterious perspectives, like distant towns that one divines rather than sees, their light denticulated lines being lightly sketched upon the grey horizon. And then, over all the neighbouring buildings, bridges and the banks, the sombre hue of smoke, the appearance of worn-out city, an aspect of strength and weariness, a—I don't know what of viscous and lugubrious,— like a village devastated by fire: a spectacle both immense and sad.

I crossed the bridge and arrived at a little square on the left bank, and I looked down one of the streets that led towards St. Paul's Cathedral: it was deserted. I turned to the right, and, after two or three windings, I found myself in the fish-market, in a narrow street, damp and wet, and so filled with pedestrians and waggons that it was difficult to get across; I walked on through such an intense odour of herring that within a few minutes I could have had a relish for breakfast by rubbing bread upon my clothes; I reached the famous Tower—the Bastille of London; I made a tour around it, regarding its sinister walls defiantly; and I entered with haste the town of *docks*, with the intention of taking such an extensive walk that I should not have to come back again. Long, tortuous streets, bordered with high and darkly hued walls, without doors or windows, like prison walls; groups of motionless workmen, numbering hundreds, in the squares and others silently vanishing down the dark alleys: for half an hour I saw nothing else. I advanced through these monotonous streets that reminded me of the windings of an old fortress, fatigued and melancholy without knowing where I was going. Presently, after a long circuit, I perceived that I was returning to where I started from and that I must go in another direction to take the right path. I had left St. Katharine's Dock behind me and I thought I must be coming to the end of the London Dock, and I resolved to go to the India Dock. I had threaded my way down a street, the end of which I could not see, a street bordered on the right by the walls of docks, and on the left by some little houses between which other streets extended, long and narrow, and bordered with factory chimneys, walls of warehouses, and heaps of ugly, smoky houses; and, in proportion as I advanced, it seemed to me that instead of getting away from London, I was approaching the very centre of the city. But, full of belief in my own endurance and encouraged by my experience in Paris, where, to the great astonishment of my friends, I always despised carriages, I continued my promenade without anxiety. There came, however, a time when I thought it would not be unwise to know where I was. On passing a group of workmen, I heard one of them speaking French; I stopped and asked him if the dock along side of me was the India Dock.

Instead of replying, he repeated my question: "This, the India Dock?" and he looked at me as if he thought I was mad.

"But, is it, yes or no?"

"But, my dear sir," he replied, laughing, "anyone could see that you do not know London. This dock is the *London Dock*."

"Still the London Dock! But I passed through its gate half an hour ago!"

"*Eh bien!* You do not know then that the tobacco-warehouse in the *London Dock* is an English mile long?"

"But when shall I reach the India Dock?"

"Do you wish to go by boat or rail?"

"I want to go by foot."

He looked at my feet.

"I don't know," he replied, "but I imagine that it is, at least, four or five miles."

"And what are these four or five miles like?"

"There are houses, docks, warehouses, offices and factories."

"Without any break?"

"Without any break."

"And after the India Dock, what next?"

"From the India Dock you go to the Outer Dock."

"And how far is it to the Outer Dock?"

"Nearly another five miles."

"Always between houses and factories?"

"Always."

"And to what does the Outer Dock lead?"

"Opposite Greenwich."

"And how long is it?"

"Two or three miles."

"Always between habitations?"

"Always."

"And from Greenwich, where do you go?"

"To the East India Import Dock."

"And this is beyond Greenwich?"

"About eight miles."

"Always between houses and factories?"

"Always."

"And then?"

"And then it goes on."

"And where does it end?"

"Who knows."

This time I looked at my feet myself. I took leave of the workman, and as I turned back very quietly I said to myself: "O poor idiot! you imagined you could come to London and walk everywhere!"

Again, I passed through the fish-market, crossed London Bridge and directed my way to the heart of the city.

When I arrived in Fleet Street, the great movement had already begun.

And then I saw London. . . .

At noon, near the Tower of London, I stepped into a steamer leaving for Antwerp.

The fabulous grandeur of London is not entirely revealed until you ascend or descend the Thames; London Bridge and the City disappear if you watch them from the harbour; and the whole city of London shrinks away.

When the boat started, the sun shone and the air was pure. We sailed between two rows of tall buildings, in a few minutes we passed by Saint Katharine's dock, which covers a space formerly occupied by twelve thousand inhabitants and which serves as a harbour for boats from the Netherlands, Germany, France and Scotland; we left behind us those London docks which contain in their basins three hundred buildings and in their storehouses two hundred thousand tons of merchandize, and which give occupation to three thousand workmen from every country in the world; and we advanced rapidly, almost scraping the buildings, the tugs, the transports, and the ships of every kind that come and go upon this great river. For a time, the view offered nothing extraordinary. Enormous mountains and endless rows of sacks, casks, boxes, and bales encumbered the quays, the embankments, the bridges and the entrances to the streets; you saw the long enclosing walls, many black houses, and everywhere smoke from factories, machinery in movement, a great mob of workmen and sailors; the same movement, but on a larger scale and more varied, that is to be seen in all large ports. It is only when you reach the great bend of the Thames, that you begin to remark that never before have you passed through such an immense avenue of boats; and after this turn, you are greatly astonished still to find an endless view of masts and sails extending in a new direction. But it is quite another thing when you perceive that beyond these masts and sails and behind the great walls that extend the whole length of the two banks, there are still other forests of masts, dense, crowded together and confused; to the left, are the great basins of the West India Docks, which cover an area of a hundred hectare;[1] to the right, the great Commercial Docks and the Surrey Docks which spread over many thousand acres of ground. You sail no longer between two rows of buildings, but between two rows of wharfs, and the eye cannot take in the whole spectacle. When you have passed by the *large Docks* you travel for several miles between the *small Docks;* but always between forests of masts, black walls of storehouses, as large as towns, and mountains of merchandize. You pass by the splendid hospital of Greenwich and you go around the Isle of Dogs. You have now been sailing for two hours; ships become more rare, and although stores, factories and houses succeed each other without a break on each bank, the port seems to be coming to an end. You breathe again! you had need of a little rest, you were weary of your constant wonder. You continue for about an hour and are already beginning to think of London as a far-away city, and of the hubbub of the harbour as a spectacle seen several days ago, when suddenly, here, at a bend of the view, are new rows of ships, new and extensive forests of masts and yards, new and immense docks, another port,—another imposing spectacle. Here admiration resolves into stupefaction: you seem to be dreaming. You would say that you are approaching another London. You pass by the East India Docks, you coast by the arsenal at Woolwich, you spin along the Victoria Docks which extend for three miles upon the left bank, and you advance always between endless walls, numberless ships, merchandize, machinery, smoke, whistles, departures, arrivals, flags of every nation under the sun, figures of all colours, words of unfamiliar tongues which reach you from neighbouring vessels, peculiar clothes, and savage cries which suggest to your imagination seas and distant rivers. And this spectacle lasts for three hours! Although your wondering eyes have become fatigued, you are forced to admire afresh. Your brain becomes exalted, you experience no longer that feeling of half humiliation that made you at first resent a comparison with your native country; you compare them no longer, you feel yourself becoming cosmopolitan, and national pride loses itself in human pride; you see no longer the mere port of London, but the port of every country, the heart of the world's commerce, the meeting-point of the people of every race and every zone; and, as your eyes are riveted, the thought leaps across continents, taking the great voyages described upon the globe by those myriads of ships that meet and salute, and takes part in the fatigues and infinite perils and the perpetual coming and going, upon land and water,—the eternal and indefatigable work of mankind; and you seem to understand for the first time the laws of life and the universe. But while the boat flies along, the Thames grows larger, and the forests of masts now appear as if they were vast clumps of reed-grass, upon the horizon that is lightly gilded by the setting sun; but docks still succeed to docks, basins to basins, storehouses to storehouses, and arsenals to arsenals. London, enormous London, is still present; London, after four hours of sailing, follows us still; to the right, to the left, before,—wherever we look, we still see, although with mingled doubt and terror, the monstrous city that ever works and ever grows richer.

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[1] Two hundred acres.

THE POOL

SIR WALTER BESANT

EAST LONDON, then, is a collection of new towns crammed with people; it is also a collection of industries; it is a hive of quiet, patient humble workers; all its people live by their own labour; moreover, it is a busy port with a population of sailors, and those who belong to sailors, and those who make their livelihood out of sailors, and such as go down to the sea in ships. Its riverside is cut up with docks; in and about among the houses and the streets around the docks rise forests of masts; there is no seaport in the country, not even Portsmouth, which is so charged and laden with the atmosphere of ocean and the suggestion of things far off as this port of London and its riverside. The port and the river were here long before East London was begun. The port, however, was formerly higher up, below London Bridge. It was one of London's sturdy mayors who bluntly reminded a king, when he threatened to take away the trade of London, that, at least, he would have to leave them the river. For you see, while the river runs below London Bridge, it is not much harm that any king, even a mediæval monarch can do to London trade.

And now come with me; let us walk quietly about this strange city which has so little to show except its people and their work.

We will begin with the riverside, the port and the Pool and the "hamlets" which lie beside the river.

THE POOL AND LONDON BRIDGE.

There is one place in London where, at any time of day and all the year round, except in days of rain and snow, you may find a long line of people, men and women, boys and girls—people well dressed and people in rags, people who are halting here on their errands or their business, and people who have no work to do. They stand here, side by side, leaning over the low wall, and they gaze earnestly and intently upon the river below. They do not converse with each other; there is no exchange of reflections; they stand in silence. The place is London Bridge; they lean against the wall and they look down upon the Pool—that is to say, upon the reach of the river that lies below London Bridge. I have never crossed the bridge without finding that long line of interested spectators. They are not in a hurry; they seem to have nothing to do but to look on; they are not, apparently, country visitors; they have the unmistakable stamp of London upon them, yet they never tire of the prospect before them; they tear themselves away unwillingly; they move on slowly; when one goes another takes his place. What are they thinking about? Why are they all silent? Why do they gaze so intently? What is it that attracts them? They do not look as if they were engaged in mentally restoring the vanished past; I doubt whether they know anything of any past. Perhaps their imagination is vaguely stimulated by the mere prospect of the full flood of river and by the sight of the ships. As they stand there in silence, their thoughts go forth; on wings invisible they are wafted beyond the river, beyond the ocean, to far-off lands and purple islands. At least I hope so; otherwise I do not understand why they stand there so long, and are so deeply wrapped in thought.

To those who are ignorant of the fact that London is one of the great ports of the world the sight of the Pool would not convey that knowledge. What do we see? Just below us on the left is a long, covered quay, with a crane upon it. Bales and casts are lying about. Two steamers are moored beside the quay; above them are arranged barges, three or four side by side and about a dozen in all; one is alongside the farther steamer, receiving some of her cargo; on the opposite shore there are other steamers, with a great many more barges, mostly empty; two or three tugs fight their way up against the tide; heavily laden barges with red sails, steered by long sweeps, drop down with the ebb; fishing smacks lie close inshore, convenient for Billingsgate market; there is a two-masted vessel, of the kind that used to be called a ketch, lying moored in midstream—what is she doing there?

The steamers are not the great liners; they are much smaller craft. They run between London and Hamburg, London and Antwerp, London and Dieppe. The ships which bring the treasures of the world to London port are all in the docks where they are out of sight; there is no evidence to this group of spectators from the bridge of their presence at all, or of the rich argosies they bear within them.

You should have seen this place a hundred years ago. Try to carry your imagination so far back. Before you lie the vessels in long lines moored side by side; they form regular streets, with broad waterways between; as each ship comes up-stream it is assigned its place. There are no docks; the ships receive or discharge their cargo by means of barges and lighters, of which there are thousands on the river; there are certain quays at which everything is landed, in the presence of custom house officers, landing surveyors, and landing masters. All day long and all the year round, except on Sunday, the barges are going backward and forward, lying alongside, loading and unloading; all day long you will hear the never-ending shouting, ordering, quarrelling, of the bargees and the sailors; the Pool is as full of noise as it is full of movement. Every trade and every country are represented in the Pool; the rig, the lines, the masts of every ship proclaims her nationality and the nature of her trade. There are the stately East and West Indiamen, the black collier, the brig and the brigantine and the schooner, the Dutch galliot, the three-masted Norwegian, the coaster, and the multitudinous smaller craft—the sailing barge, the oyster boat, the smack, the pinnace, the snow, the yacht, the hugger, the hog boat, the ketch, the hoy, the lighter, and the wherries, and always ships dropping down the river with the ebb, or making their slow way up the river with the flow.

Steam is a leveller by sea as well as on land; on the latter it has destroyed the picturesque stage-coach and the post-chaise and the Berlin and the family coach; by sea it banishes the old sailing craft of all kinds; one after the other they disappear; how many landsmen are there who at the present day know how to distinguish between brig and brigantine, between ketch and snow?

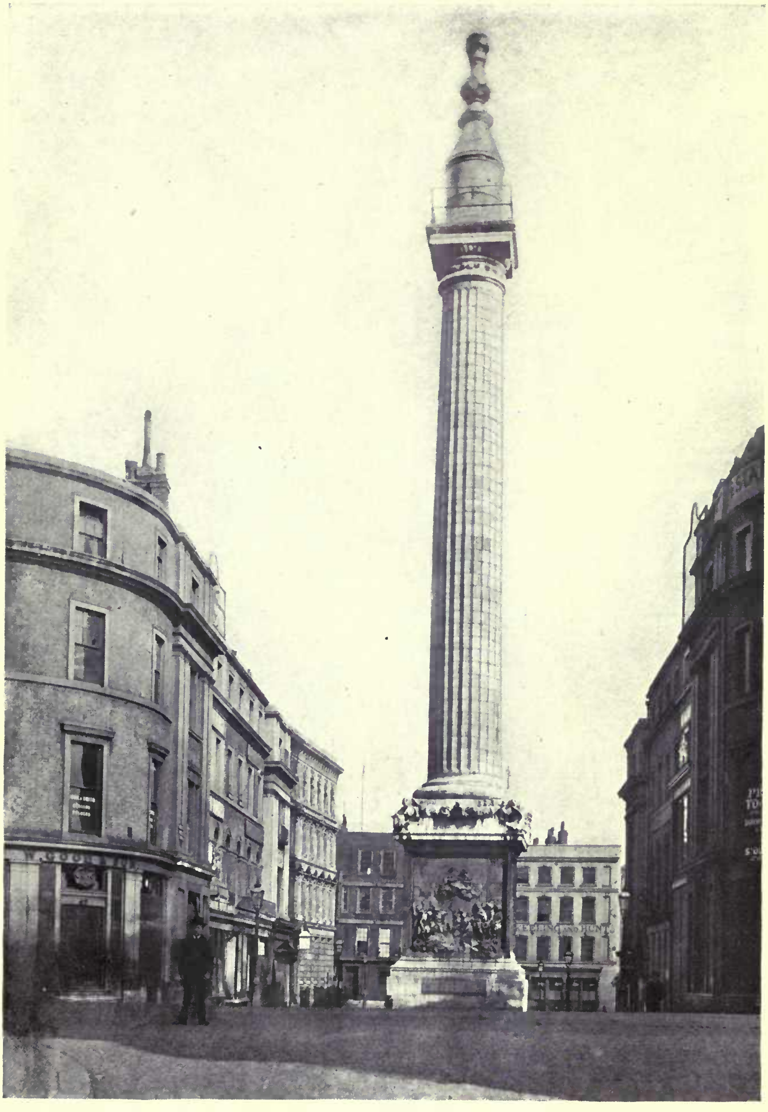
I said there is no history to speak of in East London. The Pool and the port must be excepted; they are full of history, could we stop for some of it—the history of shipbuilding, the expansion of trade, the pirates of the German Ocean; when one begins to look back the things of the past arise in the mind, one after the other and are acted again before one's eyes.

THE MONUMENT

J. SAUNDERS

HOW different would have been the view presented from the same spot prior to the erection of the Monument, and the event which it commemorates, had there then been any means of obtaining such an elevation; when Stratford, Hackney, Islington, and Charing Cross were suburban villages, with many a pleasant field between them and London; when Lambeth and Southwark showed more trees than habitations; and when St. Paul's was a long building with transepts projecting from the centre, north and south, and with a square tower rising upwards at the point of their intersection! A third and still more extraordinary view has yet to be mentioned—the view which met the eye of the well-known diarist Pepys, when he went up to the top of Barking Church, and there saw the "saddest sight of desolation" perhaps ever beheld. But let us not anticipate.

It was on the "Lord's Day," says Pepys, "the 3d of September, 1666, that some of our maids sitting up last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown, and went to the window; and thought it to be on the backside of Mark Lane at the farthest, but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and then looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. . . .



THE MONUMENT.

By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge."

The conflagration, which in so short a space had exhibited its destructive character, broke out some time after midnight, in the house of one Farryner, the King's Baker, in Pudding Lane. This person stated, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that he had after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, gone through every room, and found no fire but in one chimney, where the room was paved with bricks, which fire he diligently raked up in embers. As a matter of fact, this was all he could state: as to his opinions, he expressed himself as decidedly satisfied that his house must have been purposely fired. Whatever its origin, the progress of the fire was most startling,—we should say wonderful, but that the construction of the houses—generally timber, pitched over on the outside—the thatched roofs, and the narrowness of the streets, where the buildings of the opposite sides almost touched each other, were all evidently calculated to facilitate in the very highest degree the ravages of the fearful element. Nor was this all. The month of August had been characterized by an extraordinary drought, and the timber of the houses had been as it were half burnt already by the continual heat; and lastly during nearly the whole time the fire lasted, a furious east wind blew; making in all such an unhappy conjunction of circumstances, that we need not wonder that other than pious people looked with fear and trembling on the event, as some more than ordinary visitation of an offended Deity.

The then Lord Mayor, on whose steadiness, judgment, and boldness so much depended, appears to have been unequal to the occasion; and thus, the first few hours being lost without any decisive measures, all was lost. Early in the forenoon, Pepys went to Whitehall, and received from the King a command to bid the Mayor "spare no houses, but pull down before the fire every way." After long search, Pepys "met my Lord Mayor in Cannon Street like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it;' that he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil and wines, and brandy, and other things." Soon after he "met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe. . . . River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and goods swimming in the water; and I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it." Pepys's observing eye noticed also that the "poor pigeons were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down."

In the afternoon Pepys is on the "water again, and to the fire, up and down, it is still increasing, and the wind is great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we took a little ale-house on the Bankside (Southwark), over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was almost dark, and saw the fire grow, and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. . . . We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it." . . .

By Tuesday, the 5th, the fire had reached the end of Fetter Lane in Holborn, and the entrance of Smithfield. But now the wind somewhat abated, and the spirits of the people rose in a still greater proportion. Instead of pulling down houses by "engines" as they had before done, gunpowder was used, which soon produced gaps too wide to be overleaped by the fire; a measure that, according to Evelyn, "some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole city; but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, etc., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first." About noon the fury of the flames began sensibly to abate in most parts, although they burned as fiercely as ever towards Cripplegate and the Tower. But the fire was gradually checked here also by the same means.

From the inscription on the north side of the Monument it appears that the total amount of destruction was "eighty-nine churches, the City gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, thirteen thousand, two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred streets; of twenty-six wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half-burnt. The ruins of the City were four hundred and thirty-six acres from the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple Church, and from the north-east gate along the City Wall to Holborn Bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable (only eight being lost), that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world. The limits of the fire may be thus traced:—Temple Church, Holborn Bridge, Pye Corner, Smithfield, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, near the end of Coleman Street at the end of Basinghall Street by the Postern, at the upper end of Bishopgate Street, in Leadenhall Street, by the Standard in Cornhill, at the Church in Fenchurch Street, by the Clothworkers' Hall, at the middle of Mark Lane, and at the Tower Dock. The part of the City left standing within the walls contained eleven parishes, occupying an area of seventy-five acres. And this was all that the Great Fire had left of London! A table of estimates of the loss is given in Maitland's *History*, which amounts to nearly *eleven millions.*

On the completion of the Monument, the genius of Cibber, the well-known sculptor of the figures of the two lunatics on the gates of old Bethlehem Hospital, was put into requisition to decorate the front part of the pedestal with an emblematical representation of the destruction and restoration of the City. It is not, however, one of the happiest of his efforts. The work is in alto and bas-relief, and contains numerous figures, symbols, and decorations. We have already transcribed a portion of the inscription on the north side of the Monument; that on the south commemorates what was done for the improvement of London in its rebuilding; another, on the east, the names of the Mayors of London who held office during its erection; and beneath this was originally a fourth, ascribing the fire to the "treachery and malice of the Popish faction;" which was cut away in the reign of James, then restored in deep characters during that of William III., and again erased a few years ago by a vote of the Corporation. Our readers are of course aware that it is to this Pope refers in his famous line where he says the Monument,

"Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

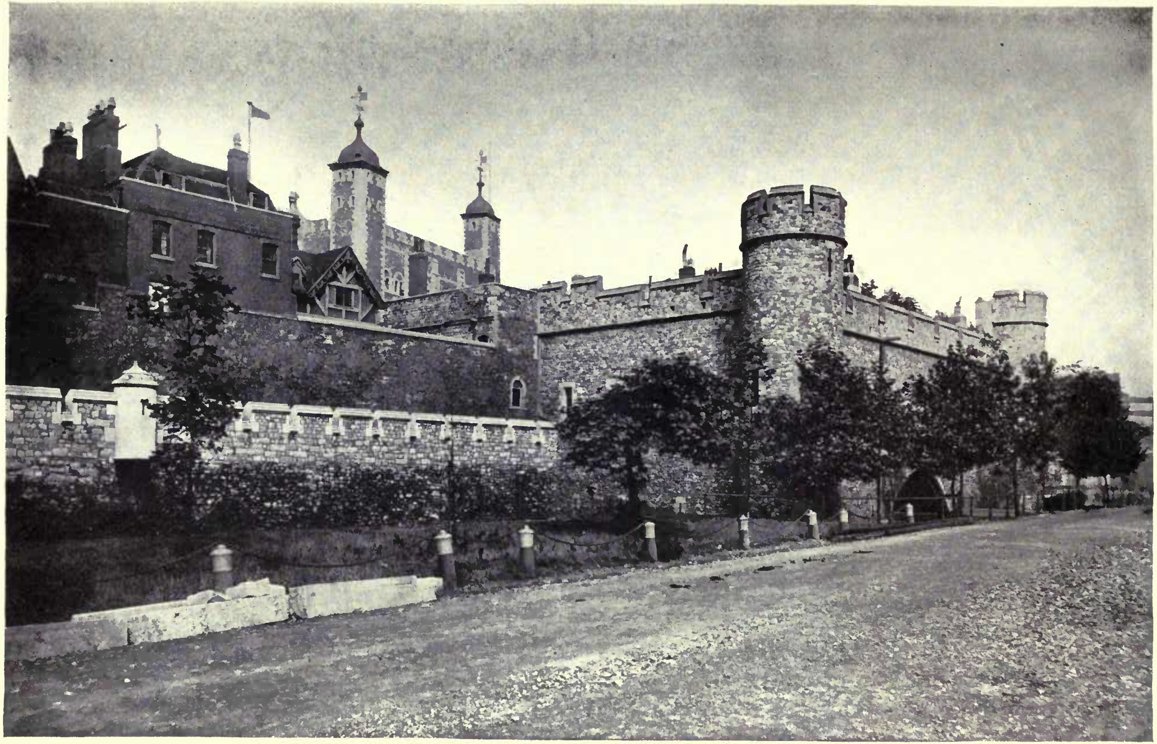
THE TOWER OF LONDON

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON

HALF a mile below London Bridge, on ground which was once a bluff, commanding the Thames from St. Saviour's Creek to St. Olave's Wharf, stands the Tower; a mass of ramparts, walls, and gates, the most ancient and most poetic pile in Europe.

Seen from the hill outside, the Tower appears to be white with age and wrinkled by remorse. The home of our stoutest kings, the grave of our noblest knights, the scene of our gayest revels, the field of our darkest crimes, that edifice speaks at once to the eye and to the soul. Grey keep, green tree, black gate, and frowning battlement, stand out, apart from all objects far and near them, menacing, picturesque, enchaining; working on the senses like a spell; and calling us away from our daily mood into a world of romance, like that which we find painted in light and shadow on Shakespeare's page.

Looking at the Tower as either a prison, a palace, or a court, picture, poetry, and drama crowd upon the mind; and if the fancy dwells most frequently on the state prison, this is because the soul is more readily kindled by a human interest than fired by an archaic and official fact. For one man who would care to see the room in which a council met or a court was held, a hundred men would like to see the chamber in which Lady Jane Grey was lodged, the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, the tower from which Sir John Oldcastle escaped. Who would not like to stand



THE TOWER AND TRAITORS' GATE.

for a moment by those steps on which Anne Boleyn knelt; pause by that slit in the wall through which Arthur De la Pole gazed; and linger, if he could, in that room in which Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, searched the New Testament together?

The Tower has an attraction for us akin to that of the house in which we were born, the school in which we were trained. Go where we may, that grim old edifice on the Pool goes with us; a part of all we know, and of all we are. Put seas between us and the Thames, this Tower will cling to us like a thing of life. It colours Shakespeare's page. It casts a momentary gloom over Bacon's story. Many of our books were written in its vaults; the Duke of Orleans' 'Poesies,' Raleigh's 'Historie of the World,' Eliot's 'Monarchy of Man,' and Penn's 'No Cross, No Crown.'

Even as to length of days, the Tower has no rival among palaces and prisons; its origin, like that of the Iliad, that of the Sphinx, that of the Newton Stone, being lost in the nebulous ages, long before our definite history took shape. Old writers date it from the days of Cæsar; a legend taken up by Shakespeare and the poets, in favour of which the name of Cæsar's Tower remains in popular use to this very day. A Roman wall can even yet be traced near some parts of the ditch. The Tower is mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle, in a way not incompatible with the fact of a Saxon stronghold having stood upon this spot. The buildings as we have them now in block and plan were commenced by William the Conqueror; and the series of apartments in Cæsar's tower,—hall, gallery, council-chamber, chapel,—were built in the early Norman reigns, and used as a royal residence by all our Norman kings. What can Europe show to compare against such a tale?

Set against the Tower of London—with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame—all other palaces and prisons appear like things of an hour. The oldest bit of palace in Europe, that of the west front of the Burg in Vienna, is of the time of Henry the Third. The Kremlin in Moscow, the Doge's Palazzo in Venice, are of the Fourteenth Century. The Seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mohammed the Second. The oldest part of the Vatican was commenced by Borgia, whose name it bears. The old Louvre was commenced in the reign of Henry the Eighth; the Tuileries in that of Elizabeth. In the time of our Civil War Versailles was yet a swamp. Sans Souci and the Escurial belong to the Eighteenth Century. The Serail of Jerusalem is a Turkish edifice. The palaces of Athens, of Cairo, or Teheran, are all of modern date.

Neither can the prisons which remain in fact as well as in history and drama—with the one exception of St. Angelo in Rome—compare against the Tower. The Bastille is gone; the Bargello has become a museum; the Piombi are removed from the Doge's roof. Vincennes, Spandau, Spilberg, Magdeburg, all are modern in comparison with a jail from which Ralph Flambard escaped so long ago as the year 1100, the date of the First Crusade.

Standing on Tower Hill, looking down on the dark lines of wall—picking out keep and turret, bastion and ballium, chapel and belfry—the jewel-house, the armoury, the mounts, the casemates, the open leads—the Bye-ward gate, the Belfry, the Bloody tower—the whole edifice seems alive with story; the story of a nation's highest splendour, its deepest misery, and its darkest shame. The soil beneath your feet is richer in blood than many a great battlefield; for out upon this sod has been poured, from generation to generation, a stream of the noblest life in our land. Should you have come to this spot alone, in the early day, when the Tower is noisy with martial doings, you may haply catch, in the hum which rises from the ditch and issues from the wall below you—broken by roll of drum, by blast of bugle, by tramp of soldiers—some echoes, as it were, of a far-off time; some hints of a May-day revel; of a state execution; of a royal entry. You may catch some sound which recalls the thrum of a queen's virginal, the cry of a victim on the rack, the laughter of a bridal feast. For all these sights and sounds—the dance of love and the dance of death—are part of that gay and tragic memory which clings around the Tower.

From the reign of Stephen down to that of Henry of Richmond, Cæsar's tower (the great Norman keep, now called the White tower) was a main part of the royal palace; and for that large interval of time, the story of the White tower is in some sort that of our English society as well as of our English kings. Here were kept the royal wardrobe and the royal jewels; and hither came with their goodly wares, the tiremen, the goldsmiths, the chasers and embroiderers, from Flanders, Italy, and Almaigne. Close by were the Mint, the lions' dens, the old archery-grounds, the Court of King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the Queen's gardens, the royal banqueting-hall; so that art and trade, science and manners, literature and law, sport and politics, find themselves equally at home.

Two great architects designed the main parts of the Tower; Gundul the Weeper and Henry the Builder; one a poor Norman monk, the other a great English king.

The Tower was divided into two main parts; an Inner Ward and an Outer Ward; the first part being bounded by the old wall, crowned by twelve mural towers; the second part being bounded by the soil which fringed the slopes leading down into the ditch. A man who would read aright the many curious passages in our history of which the State Prison is the scene, must bear this fact of the two wards constantly in his mind.

The Inner Ward, planned and partly built by the Monk of Bec, was the original fortress; of which the defending ditch lay under the ballium wall. It contained the keep, the royal galleries and rooms, the Mint, the Jewel House, the Wardrobe, the Queen's garden, St. Peter's Church, the open green, the Constable's tower, the Brick tower, in which the Master of the Ordnance lived, the Great Hall, quarters for the archers and bowmen, and, in later days, the Lieutenant's house. This ward was flanked and covered by twelve strong works, built on the wall, and forming part of it; the Beauchamp tower, the Belfry, the Garden tower (now famous as the Bloody tower), the Hall tower, the Lantern, the Salt tower, the Broad Arrow tower, the Constable tower, the Martin tower, the Brick tower, the Flint tower, the Bowyer tower, and the Develin tower; all of which may be considered, more or less, as defensive works; even the Lantern, which had a vault for prisoners on the ground, a royal bedchamber on the main floor, a guard-room for archers and balisters in the upper story, and a round turret over these for the burning lights. Only one gateway pierced the wall; a narrow and embattled outlet near the Water gate passing under the strong block house, now the Bloody tower, into Water Lane. The road springs upwards by the main guard; a rise of one in ten; so as to give the men inside a vast advantage in a push of pikes.

This Inner Ward was the royal quarter.

The Outer Ward, which owed its plan and most of its execution to Henry the Third, lay between the ballium and the outer scarp of the ditch, with a protected passage into the Thames. It contained some lanes and streets below the wall, and works which overlooked the wharf. In this ward stood the Middle tower, the Bye-ward tower, the Water gate, the Cradle tower, the Well tower, the Galleyman tower, the Iron Gate tower, Brass Mount, Legge Mount, and the covered ways. Into it opened the Hall tower, afterwards called the Record tower, now known as the Jewel house. Close by the Hall tower stood the Great hall, the doors of which opened into this outer court. Spanning the ditch, towards the Thames, stood the Water gate, a fine structure, built by Henry the Builder, which folk called St. Thomas tower, after our Saxon saint. Under this building sprang the wide arch, through which the tides flowed in and out from the river and the ditch; the water-way known as Traitors' gate.

This Outer Ward was the folks' quarter.

To the Inner Ward, common folk had no right of access, and they were rarely allowed to enjoy as a privilege that which they could not claim as a right. This Inner Ward was the King's castle, his palace, his garrison, his wardrobe, his treasury. Here, under charge of a trusty officer, he kept the royal jewels, secreted from every eye, except on a coronation day. Here rose his keep, with the dungeons in which he could chain his foes. Here stood his private chapel, and not far from it his private block. No man ever contested the King's right to do what he pleased in this quarter; and thus, an execution within these lines was regarded by the world outside as little better than a private murder.

Into the Outer Ward the Commons had always claimed a right of entry, and something more than a right of entry;

that is to say, free access, guarded by possession of the outer gates and towers.

Turning through a sally-port in the Bye-ward gate, you cross the south arm of the ditch, and come out on the Wharf; a strip of strand in front of the fortress, won from the river, and kept in its place by masonry and piles. This wharf, the work of Henry the Builder, is one of the wonders of his reign; for the whole strip of earth had to be seized from the Thames, and covered from the daily ravage of its tides. At this bend of the river the scour is hard, the roll enormous. Piles had to be driven into the mud and slit; rubble had to be thrown in between these piles; and then the whole mass united with fronts and bars of stone. All Adam de Lambrun's skill was taxed to resist the weight of water, yet keep the sluices open by which he fed the ditch. Most of all was this the case when the King began to build a new barbican athwart the sluice. This work, of which the proper name was for many ages the Water gate, commands the only outlet from the Tower into the Thames; spanning the ditch and sweeping the wharf, both to the left and right. So soon as the wharf was taken from the river bed, this work became essential to the defensive line.

London folk felt none of the King's pride in the construction of this great wharf and barbican. In fact, these works were in the last degree unpopular, and on news of any mishap occurring to them the Commons went almost mad with joy. Once they sent to the King a formal complaint against these works. Henry assured his people that the wharf and Water gate would not harm their city. Still the citizens felt sore. Then on St. George's night (1240), while the people were at prayer, the Water gate and wall fell down, no man knew why. No doubt the tides were high that spring, and the soft silt of the river gave way beneath the wash. Anyhow, they fell.

The whole wharf, twelve hundred feet in length, lay open to the Thames, except a patch of ground at the lower end, near the Iron gate, leading towards the hospital of St. Catharine the Virgin, where a few sheds and magazines were built at an early date. Except these sheds, the wharf was clear. When cannon came into use, they were laid along the ground, as well as trained on the walls and the mural towers.

Three accents marked, as it were, the river front—the Queen's stair, the Water way, and the Galleyman stair. The Queen's stair, the landing-place of royal princes, and of such great persons as came to the Tower on state affairs, lay beneath the Bye-ward gate and the Belfry, having a passage into the fortress by a bridge and postern, through the Bye-ward tower into Water Lane. The Water way was that cutting through the bank which passed under St. Thomas's tower to the flight of steps in Water Lane; the entrance popularly known as Traitors' gate. The Galleyman stair lay under the cradle tower, by which there was a private entrance into the royal quarter. This stair was not much used, except when the services of Traitors' gate were out of order. Then prisoners who could not enter by the approach of honour were landed at the Galleyman stair.

Lying open to the river and to the streets, the wharf was a promenade, a place of traffic and of recreation, to which folk resorted on high days and fair days. Men who loved sights were pretty sure to find something worth seeing at the Queen's stair or Traitors' gate. All personages coming to the Tower in honour were landed at the Queen's stair; all personages coming in disgrace were pushed through the Traitors' gate. Now a royal barge, with a queen on board, was going forth in her bravery of gold and pennons; now a lieutenant's boat, returning with a culprit in the stern, a headsman standing at his side, holding in his hand the fatal axe.

Beneath this arch has moved a long procession of our proudest peers, our fairest women, our bravest soldiers, our wittiest poets—Buckingham and Strafford; Lady Jane Grey, the Princess Elizabeth; William Wallace, David Bruce; Surrey, Raleigh—names in which the splendour, poetry, and sentiment of our national story are embalmed. Most of them left it, high in rank and rich in life, to return by the same dark passage in a few hours, poorer than the beggars who stood shivering on the bank; in the eyes of the law, and in the words of their fellows, already *dead*.

BISHOPGATE STREET AND GREAT ST. HELEN'S

PERCY FITZGERALD

ONE of the most picturesque and interesting streets in London is Bishopgate Street, which even now presents a very fair idea of how an old London street looked a couple of centuries ago. Many of its old wooden houses remain. Here are strange old churches that have never been altered or restored; curious, retired little courts and squares, old inns, an old hall, or palace, like Crosby Hall, with a fine carved house, Sir Paul Pindar's; while the traffic of the street and the general air seem to take insensibly the tone and complexion of an old-fashioned, obsolete kind. The course of the thoroughfare winds and bends in an original way, and it seems now to be, what it used to be, a busy highway, one of the great roads that led away out of London to the country. Still do the waggons and carriers depart in numbers, and the old inn-yards whence the coaches used to set off, are used for kindred purposes.

How interesting are the old objects here clustered together! The Crosby Hall Palace, now a restaurant; the retired Crosby Square, into which you pass by an archway from the street; the quaint old church of St. Ethelburga, the truly interesting church of St. Helen's, in Great St. Helen's, also entered by an archway. From this a few winding turns lead us to the Ghetto, or Jew Quarter, Bevis

Marks, St. Mary Axe and Houndsditch, names that have, from association, a curious scent or flavour.

Anyone possessed of taste and curiosity, whether he be architect or amateur, should be glad to see Crosby Hall, one of the most graceful and pleasing buildings in London. It is curious to think that this busy, bustling eating-house was once the Palace of "Crook'd-back Richard." The framed and gabled front hangs over the street, displaying the well-restored 'scutcheons. There is an abundance of painted windows when we pass into the squares, one of which is on each side, and see the great towers and mullioned windows that stretch behind, sheltered from the street, then the extending beauty of the relic strikes one. Loud and noisy as is the hum and clatter of Bishopgate, all becomes mysteriously still in the old-fashioned tranquil square, and if it be growing dark the light within will illuminate the "richly dight" panes, and the tall window is shown in all its beauty as it reaches from the ground almost to the top of the elegant tower. "We doubt," says a good critic of these Lancastrian windows, "if there be any specimen in any style, more graceful or more void of superfluities and affectations." If we enter the other square on the left, the picturesque Great St. Helen's, through the archway, we shall see the other end of the old hall, with an elegant window projecting, looking like a fragment of an old abbey.

Within the hall we find, thriving and busy, a spacious restaurant, crowded to excess at lunching hour. The grand old hall, where King Richard is supposed to have feasted, is now crowded with an enormous multitude of hungry City men. The proportions of this grand chamber, its Lancastrian arched windows, placed high up, and the beautiful oriel recess or window, have always excited admiration.

Many years ago it was used as the home of a literary society, but is now put to more practical uses. In spite of the vulgarizing associations of the public restaurant, there is imparted a sort of vitality and dramatic animation which seems in keeping, and at least makes the old building glow with health and vigour.

In the last century this place was actually degraded into a packer's warehouse; the hall was ruthlessly cut into two stories, while a covered flight of steps led up to the first; and in a print of the time a packer with a chest on his back is actually shown ascending. This flight was built against the beautiful oriel. One is tempted to expatiate long on this charming little corner and dainty bit of art, whose grace the true connoisseur will recognize and appreciate. Who could think of such a gem being found in an eating-house or restaurant? The grand hall thus has quite a baronial and banqueting appearance, and for exquisite detail and beauty "is one of the most perfect things domestic architecture ever produced." It is said, indeed, that this building is the only existing remnant of the domestic architecture of old London, and dates from the year 1466.

The two squares or "*Places*" adjoining, as they may be more properly called, are in their way full of picturesque incidents. Great St. Helen's is a sort of surprise as we pass from the din and hurly-burly of the crowded street into its tranquil, secluded retirement, where all sounds seem distant or muffled. Round us are old houses of sound red brick, devoted to business, but with a snug "Cheeryble" air. On the left is an almshouse, not of much accommodation, with an inscription that it was founded by a Lord Mayor Judd, a name still of importance in the City. Opposite is a fine, handsomely-carved doorway, worthy of study, while at the farthest corner rises a much-grimed old mansion, a fine specimen of old brickwork, set off with pilasters and enriched capitals and tablets after the pattern of Inigo Jones; within one of these is a fine old staircase of much effect.

But, in the centre is the old, well-known church itself—an aged, crumbling, sad-coloured, quaint-looking place, turning towards us the ends of its two forlorn aisles, rather bent or stooped with its years. Between these rises a poor, attenuated lantern, on which again is perched another, with quite an antique, old-world air, and a certain tone of squalor in its two lanky windows. In front is a poorish strip of churchyard through which a walk has been cut leading to a door. But on the right there is a fine, pretentious doorway, with its Jacobean, bold "flourishings"—a cherub with puffed cheeks, and fine mouldings, while the timbers and bolts are still to be seen.

A worthy old sextoness, who has her show business well by heart, is fetched from a queer little old house, which with its straggling shape, its one transept, its magnificent and dignified old tombs, is truly surprising. Not less curious is the way it speaks of the old arrangements that have passed away. The absent transept signifies the place where St. Helen's nuns used to hear mass. The ruins of the convent were to be seen in the last century. But the grand, stately tombs, with their canopies and the reposing knights in armour—one of which our sextoness boasts, "is superior to anything in the Abbey"—are really a surprise.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF DIRT

G. W. STEEVENS

YOU might think of a dozen or a hundred bases of distinction between London and other capitals; but you will always come back in the end to the one that struck you first—dirt. London is beyond comparison the dirtiest capital in the world. We suppose ourselves personally the cleanest people in the world,—and so we are. But we need not boast; we are clean only in self-defence, because the city we live in is so immitigably grimy. We allege that London is a sanitary place, well-drained, with a low death-rate. So, for aught I know, it may be, though the looks of its inhabitants belie the statement. But, wholesome or not, it remains filthy—dusty, muddy, sooty, smoky, evil-smelling, sunless at noonday—filthy beyond the filthiness of the rottenest plague-spot in the East. It is the first thing that the arriving foreigner observes, the last thing that the returning Londoner forgets.

This is not for want of gallant efforts to clean it; but foul London remains. Foul, moreover, it always will be until somebody invents and enforces a practicable method of consuming smoke. Five million people, when you think of it, must needs produce smoke enough to blacken the sun like a copper kettle. The sun and the air and the trees and the river—and, not content with these, London blackens itself most impartially. Did you ever look out from a railway train over Southwark or Bermondsey—those symphonies in smudge? On the intensest summer day the sky is never more than bluish: under it the landscape is a smoke-grey monotone of low chimneys and house-tops broken only by outcropping smoke-and-reddish board schools. All shapes, all light, all colour you see through a curtain of fine soot. You see it better here than elsewhere only because here the low houses permit a wider prospect; the colour hardly varies over the whole of London. Yet by a happy irony this very soot-veil is the only begetter of London's beauties. It tones down jarring colours and softens crude outlines. Everywhere it palliates ugliness, but along the river it creates loveliness. Here also is space to see its magic. At dawn it reinforces the mist, at sunset it plays the part of cloud. At every hour of day and night it blends, relieves, and graduates ugliness into unerring harmonies of delight.

The Thames is beautiful up-river from London Bridge, but down-river it is also grand. Start from Old Swan Pier and steam down as far as Greenwich. Here at the very beginning is an epitome of the greatness of London. Above you on the left rises London Bridge—the road: gently rounded arches, monumental granite, omnibuses and vans gliding past above the parapet in an endless succession. On the right is Cannon Street bridge—the rail: level surface and upright piers, clanking iron, half-a-dozen great engines snorting on the track at a time. Behind and before you rise warehouses in spreading, precipitous cliff-line. And at your feet swirls mightily the Thames, fouled with a thousand impurities, broken into eddies and billows by a thousand rushing tugs, bearing on the same strong fatherly bosom both London's off-scourings and London's treasure.

As soon as you have come near to rapture at the noise, the energy, the wealth and power within your gaze, there

THE THAMES AND TOWER BRIDGE.

pants up to receive you the penny steamer. Your dilating soul contracts in a second to dry sponge. And is this also London? This ramshackle cockle-shell—is this London's best thanks for the gifts of Father Thames? . . . But forget, if the knife-board seats and the showering smuts will let you, the penny steamer; for we enter the Pool of London. The Tower Bridge has spoiled it a little to my mind—not merely by its own intrinsic hideousness, by its disproportion to its surroundings, and the tawdy, castellated affectations that make it look as if it were jealous of the Tower—but also because it breaks the wonderful transformation from the river above London Bridge to the ocean-stream below it. Yet even with the Tower Bridge how great, how romantically suggestive, how soul-expanding is the Pool of London!

Under the suffusing blend of smoke and sunshine, compact yet open, it displays its riches, yet keeps a halo of mystery. The long and seemly face of the Custom House imposes order, the stark stone of the Traitors' Gate and Bloody Tower epitomizes the romance of London's past. The stout ships are eloquent of the romance of the present, panting and creaking, discharging the wealth of the Indies and the River Plate, gliding proudly up stream unwearied by numberless leagues through strange waters, stealing softly down the dwindling vista of wharves to tempt fortune in humming ports over the vast expanses beyond. The very line of wharves, the cliffs of the southern shore, are loud with challenge to the fancy. Here are buildings, parts of London, full of Londoners, yet how many of us know as much as the way into them? They look towards the river, and are a part of it. With their many decks, long lines of half-deadened, fast-closed windows, open doors on every tier disclosing hatchways, faces studded with rust-brown cranes and chains, blocks and tackle, they look almost like colossal ships themselves.

Below the Tower they rise up on the north side also: you pass down a frowning avenue of wharves and warehouses. But always the benign sun-and-smoke clothes them with softness and harmony; it softens their vermilion advertisements to harmony with the tinted azure of the sky and the vague grey-brown of the water. Brutal business built them, to ship and unship, and be as crass and crude as they would, but the smoke turns them into the semblance of sleepy monsters basking by the river they love. Presently the tall sky-line breaks and drops; let in between the monsters appears a terrace of tiny riverside houses, huddled together as in a miniature. There is a tiny tavern with a plank-built terrace rising on piles out of the water, a tiny shop all aslant, a tiny brown house with a pot-belly of a bow-window. It all babbles of Jack and Poll, of crimps and tots of rum, and incredible yarns in the bar-parlour. Next, between the dusky wharves, an Italian church-tower soars up out of a nest of poor houses; the sun catches its white face and transfigures it. Then, the dearest sight of all—ships appearing out of the land, fore and main and mizzen, peak and truck, halliards and stays, and men like flies furling topgallant-sails above the roofs of London. As we open the region of the docks we are in a great city of ships—big steamers basking lazily with their red bellies half out of water, frantic spluttering tugs, placid brown-sailed barges, reckless banging lighters—and behind all this, clumps and thickets and avenues of masts and spars and tackle stretching, stretching infinitely on every side. The houses have melted all away, and London is become a city of ships.

Only a moment; now comes a new transformation—a city of forges and engines and chimneys, industrial London. The precipitous wharves, the taper masts, are behind us now; on both banks the buildings crouch low to the water. The horizon recedes, and under the huge vault of cloud and smoke the river appears to widen with it. It is growing dark, too; a breeze whips up the stream. The gold drains out of the haze; the Thames seems to awake and smile less benignly as it runs with a strong purposeful tide; the air is thick and grim. On either side, in winding reaches behind you, low parallels opposite you, dwindling but endless perspectives before you, toil the industries of London. Varnish-works, colour-works, chain-works, chemical works, rope-works, barge-builders, marmalade-factories—everything. Here is a mere open shed, there the gibbet-like skeleton of an iron ship a-building, there a tangled pile of rubbish with an old boat on the top, opposite a building with serrated roof and squat chimney-stacks at the corners, like a burlesque of the keep of the Tower, in front a dropsied gasometer pointing the way to Woolwich. And everywhere tall chimneys—slim and stubby, plain and tricked, belching, belching black smoke to thicken the austere canopy overhead. All along the river the blackening banks exude noisome stenches, twinkle with scarlet pin-points of fire, rattle and clang with the beat of iron on iron. Dirt in your nose and eyes, din in your ears, London closes down on you heavily, yet stirringly. Through this world of dirt, grim and unwearied, looms the greatness as well as the beauty of London.

LONDON FROM ABOVE

F. M. HOLMES

WHERE can the best view of London be obtained? Of all the tall towers that rise from its wide expanse which will yield the best results?

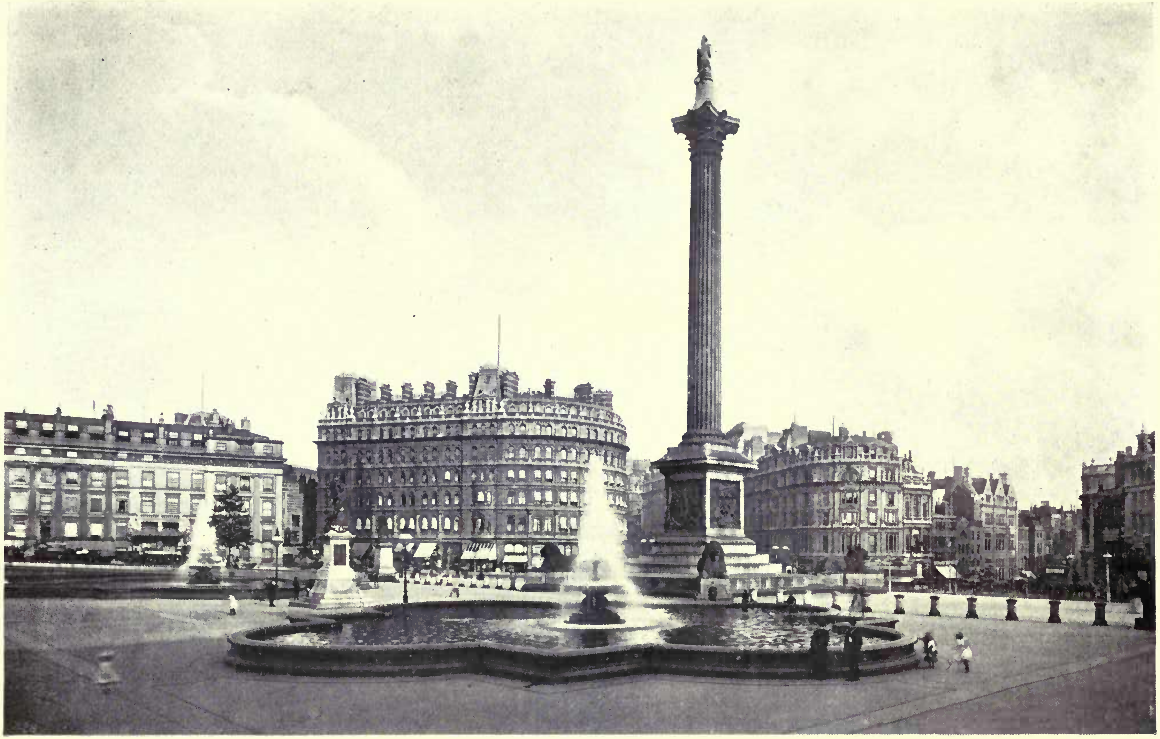
Do not trust interested persons for the answer. "What's the use o' goin' up the Tower Bridge?" says the man of the Monument. "You won't see better there nor here."

"No, I ain't never bin up St. Paul's," admits the sexton of Bow Church, though he has been connected with his edifice in Cheapside for fifty years. "I dessay it's very nice up there; but I ain't never been."

He, like the man of the Monument—and human nature generally—is quite content with his own view. And justice compels us to add that both of these worthy men can boast of good views. Still there are others. Which is the best?

The Monument is probably the most popular. It is no uncommon occurrence for two thousand persons to toil up its 345 steps of black marble on a Bank Holiday; and during the summer months of July, August and September, numbers of persons flock thither from all parts of the world.

But the view is partial only; the very vastness of London, the smoke veil—now thin and hazy, now dark and dense—resting eternally over the mighty city, and the difficulty of obtaining an all-round, comprehensive view



TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

from the gallery, with the column rising still forty feet higher in the centre behind you, all account for this piecemeal view.

A broader, wider, and more comprehensive sight is to be gained from St. Paul's—a sight which is perhaps the finest and the best all-round view of London now open to the public. The tower of Bow Church and the lofty Shot Tower on the Surrey side of the river, both giving splendid views, are not usually available, while the towers of the Houses of Parliament are rigidly closed.

Further, the Stone Gallery of St. Paul's is 200 feet high, and stands on practically the highest ground in the old City, while the gallery on the Monument down by the river is but 160 feet above the pavement. The view it yields is by no means to be despised, and the sight given by its handsome neighbour the Tower Bridge is also very fine; but the view from St. Paul's in general comprehensiveness surpasses both.

Moreover, the Stone Gallery is spacious and yet perfectly safe. The spaces between the balustrades afford ample views and yet yield complete protection. You can commence by walking slowly round the gallery, when the vast panorama of buildings will pass continuously before your gaze ever bounded by the misty line of hills in the distance.

There are two outside galleries at St. Paul's whence you may view mighty London—the Stone Gallery just below the dome and the Golden Gallery at the top of the dome. But though the Golden Gallery is about a hundred feet higher, we cannot find that, as a rule, the view gained is really any better than from the Stone Gallery, and this for a very curious reason.

At the Stone Gallery you are able on a fine day to look below the smoky veil of London and see something of the buildings and vast mass of houses spread beneath. But if you ascend to the Golden Gallery you are above the mist, and, looking down, you often see but a vast gulf of smoky haze blotting out the buildings, except the houses more immediately around the Cathedral.

However, the view on a clear day from the Stone Gallery is excellent. Harrow, a dozen miles or so to the north-west, can be seen with fair distinctness, and the huge cup in which London lies is more clearly defined than perhaps from any other height. The sides sweep round from Richmond Hill near the Thames, twelve miles distant, in the south-west; past Norwood, crowned by the Crystal Palace, to Shooter's Hill and Greenwich Observatory Hill in the south-east; while to the north stretches that long ridge of heights—crowned near Hornsey by the Alexandra Palace—the ridge up which the railways climb before speeding away on their magnificent burst of near a mile a minute on their race to Scotland.

Then, after this general view, you can begin to study the scene piecemeal, between each of the balustrades.

Taken in this way the view grows upon you in an extraordinary manner. The mass of roofs, black and white, studded with green foliage, falls into perspective, and you can begin to distinguish a few of the more familiar buildings. They appear strangely altered up here. Features which on the ground seem all important, appear dwarfed and insignificant amid the mass. The Guildhall, for instance—with all respect to the City Fathers—compares but very poorly with the superb tower and steeple of Bow Church in Cheapside. Judging from the remarks of spectators, we doubt if nine-tenths of the sight-seers notice the Guildhall at all.

Steeples crowd around on every side; their tall points cut the sky and their diversity of form is intensely interesting. Those in black were built after the Great Fire in 1666, the black being due to the lead covering which was used after that calamity. Down below in the tightly-packed mass of buildings their beauty or quaintness can scarcely be seen: you must ascend to the Stone Gallery to observe their shapeliness and diversity. At least thirty of Sir Christopher Wren's steeples can be seen from the Stone Gallery, and you never appreciated his genius as you do now.

Few streets can be traced out continuously—they are lost amid the mass of houses; a few railways can be distinguished by streaks of white steam from the engines; a few huge gasometers are seen, even their great bulk appearing dwarfed; the river sparkles in the sunshine, and here and there the children playing on the foreshore, when the tide is low, on the Surrey side, look like mere specks; a bicyclist crouching over his machine and proud of its speed, appears like a curious insect; while ordinary people walking upright do not look so small as might be imagined. Away to the south rises the dome of Bethlehem Hospital—popularly called Bedlam—suggestive of wise and humane treatment of one of the direst ills that can afflict mankind. Away to the west rises another dome, larger and rounder, suggestive of learning and of study—the British Museum; between the two rises a group of lofty and superb towers, suggestive of legislation and national history—the Towers of Westminster.

Many prominent objects you have noticed from St. Paul's you observe again from other heights. Standing on the Monument, the buildings are so tightly packed that they soon become indistinguishable one from the other, and soon hide the ribbon-like streets and crowds of black objects moving therein. For a short distance you observe some objects with fair clearness—Gracechurch Street you can trace and King William Street also, but Cannon Street is blotted out. No trace of St. Paul's Churchyard appears, though the noble dome and the western towers stand grandly out in their massive beauty. From every height you can see St. Paul's. Wren's masterpiece, with its cross of gold 400 feet high glittering over all, remains the most prominent object in the great sea of misty London.

But the finest view of the cathedral is gained from the tower of Bow Church in Cheapside. Thence, if you get the right angle, you can behold it from near the basement to the cross with a proportionate view of the eastern end—which is often very difficult to observe in its relation to other parts of the noble building—and the whole stands revealed in all its majestic grandeur.

To return to the Monument:—On the east rises another stately structure—the Tower Bridge, with its lofty castle-like piers. It has become a marked feature in London's panorama, and can be seen from almost every height. You gain a superb view of it from the Monument, as also of its ancient neighbour the historic Tower of London itself, with its great square white keep topped by its four turrets.

The river winds so abruptly that you soon lose sight of it even from this height. The presence of the nearer docks is revealed by the masts of ships, but the tall buildings completely hide the dock basins where the ships are floating. River, docks, ships, factories, soon become blurred into one vague indistinguishable mass, marked here and there by some more prominent object rising out of the misty sea. And you soon notice that the view is clearer to west and north-west than to east and south, because in these districts a greater number of factories belch forth their smoke. Still the "cup" of London can be distinctly traced all round.

Voices near you bring you back from the misty sea. "What," drawls an American friend in his nasal twang—"What is this a Monument of?" He is gravely reminded of the Great Fire, and told that the conflagration began near the Monument and ended somewhere near the Temple. "It must have been a big thing," he admits, for he looks through his telescope, and opines that the Temple is a long way off.

"And where is the Great Wheel?" asks another voice. The question is significant. It shows that new features are constantly arising in the great panorama of London, and also how closely some things take hold of people's fancy. The first thing many of the Monument climbers now ask is, "Where is the Great Wheel?" Veiled and softened in the smoky haze, it presents quite a fairy-like appearance, and its circular outline renders it quite unique. But it is six miles distant, and this fact again, if you dwell upon it, will give an idea of the vastness of London. For six miles through the mist stretches a vast mass of buildings until dimly as in a dream rises this fairy-like structure with its shapely outlines in the distant haze.

The difficulty of recognizing even familiar objects amid the misty mass is sometimes very great, and Gracechurch Street even at your feet has been taken for King William Street; and on the Stone Gallery of St. Paul's we heard a spectator positively assert that the two towers of St. Pancras Station were the lofty heads of the Houses of Parliament.

The unseen windings of the river partly account for this. But to fully realize how completely the Thames doubles back on itself you should view it from the top of the lofty Shot Tower on the south side of the river near

Waterloo Bridge. Then to see the Tower Bridge, you must turn your head completely round, and to see the Houses of Parliament at Westminster you must turn completely on the other side. Yet both are on the north bank.

Perhaps the finest view of the Thames, within the limits of Waterloo Bridge on the west and Wapping Stairs on the east, is to be gained from the Tower Bridge. The river appears like a narrow ribbon barred with its bridges. It is 300 feet narrower at London Bridge than at Westminster; and now it flashes gay in the sunshine, and now grows grey in the cloud. Boats of all kinds fleck its surface. Excursion steamers, tugs, cargo vessels, a few rowing boats, and numbers of barges, form a pleasing picture on the moving tide. But on neither side does the shipping give any adequate idea of the number of vessels entering the port of London, very many of them being tucked away in the extensive docks.

But much more comprehensive is the view from the tower of Bow Church. The Bow Gallery is smaller by far than the Stone Gallery of St. Paul's; but you have a less obstructed view. The only obstructions are the "bows" rising at intervals from the parapet to the steeple, which still lifts its head above you. Bow Church, which gives its name to the historic Bow Bells, has been so called for centuries, because both the old and the present structures were built upon the "bows," or arches, of an ancient Norman crypt; and in the old church, destroyed in the Great Fire, and in the present building, the bows were reproduced on the tower itself. It is from the gallery just under these bows, or semi-arches, that one of the finest views of London can be obtained.

Just beneath runs Cheapside, perhaps the most continuously crowded thoroughfare in the City. It seems nearly black with people, and the moving omnibuses look very odd covered with the hats of passengers. The Guildhall appears more marked and distinct than when seen from St. Paul's, and the General Post Office presents an imposing picture. But the Bank can scarcely be distinguished amid the mass of buildings, and the Mint by Tower Hill, which you could see from the Monument, seems completely lost in the crowd. On the other hand, most of the other salient features can be admirably seen; and as for the towers and steeples, they crowd around you on every hand, plentifully mingled with lofty chimney stalks. There are great trees of telegraph wires at intervals, the dome of Bethlehem Hospital marks the south side of the river, and towards the north-east, the splendid spire of Shoreditch Church towers boldly up from the surrounding level of house-tops. The superb view of St. Paul's, the dome of the British Museum, the Great Wheel, and the noble towers of Westminster, are all notable features to the west, while towards the east shines the glittering top of the grey Monument and the lofty heights of the Tower Bridge. But it is one of the chief characteristics of the view from Bow Church that you can see more of London in the mass, and more of its vast size, than from some other heights; unless on a very clear day from the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's.

Another very fine view is that to be obtained from the Shot Tower at the lead works of Messrs. Walker, Parker & Co., on the Surrey side of the Thames. This height which is the tallest available on the south side, yields a remarkable view of South London, and also of the Victoria Embankment, green with its trees and its gardens, and of numerous other buildings immediately on the north side of the river. You never imagined Somerset House was so noble a structure till you saw it from the Shot Tower.

The Hotel Cecil, which you can see from nearly every height, presents here a most imposing front; while as for the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, it seems nearer and clearer to you than ever before, and for the first time in your life you feel on speaking terms with the grave statue at the top.

St. Paul's forms once more a grand object, and not far distant appear the gilt-topped Monument and the Tower Bridge. The south side, save for St. Saviour's, Southwark, and a few other steeples and chimneys, seems sadly deficient in very tall structures. But the mass of buildings which stretches away on either hand seems interminable until you come to the sunlit hills by the glittering Crystal Palace, backed by glimpses of the dim misty line of hills beyond. Where once you saw a sea of mist from St. Paul's is now, from this nearer vantage, filled with a mass of buildings.

But one of the marked features of this view is the aspect you gain of London's cup—in other words, the slope of the ground on either side of the Thames. On the north the rise is much more abrupt, and continuous almost from the north bank; on the south the ground appears much more level until you approach nearer the hills about Norwood.

The towers of Westminster Palace—which seem so near to us now, have been for some years rigidly closed to the public. The tower of the National Liberal Club, on the north bank of the Thames is only available to members and such friends as members may take with them. But the views from these buildings range largely over the west, both north and south of the river. It is astonishing how far the province of houses is extending in these directions, and here, too, the misty rim of London's "cup" is apparent, and seems to run down to the distant Thames, while masses of greenery appear, which we know to be the West End Parks. The view of the river westward is no longer barred by the bend about Waterloo, but after Lambeth and Vauxhall bridges it takes another decided turn to the south-west. The old tower of Lambeth Palace rises on the south side, and the fretted towers of the Abbey lift their beautiful heads just beside us, and not far distant stands the Duke of York's Column.

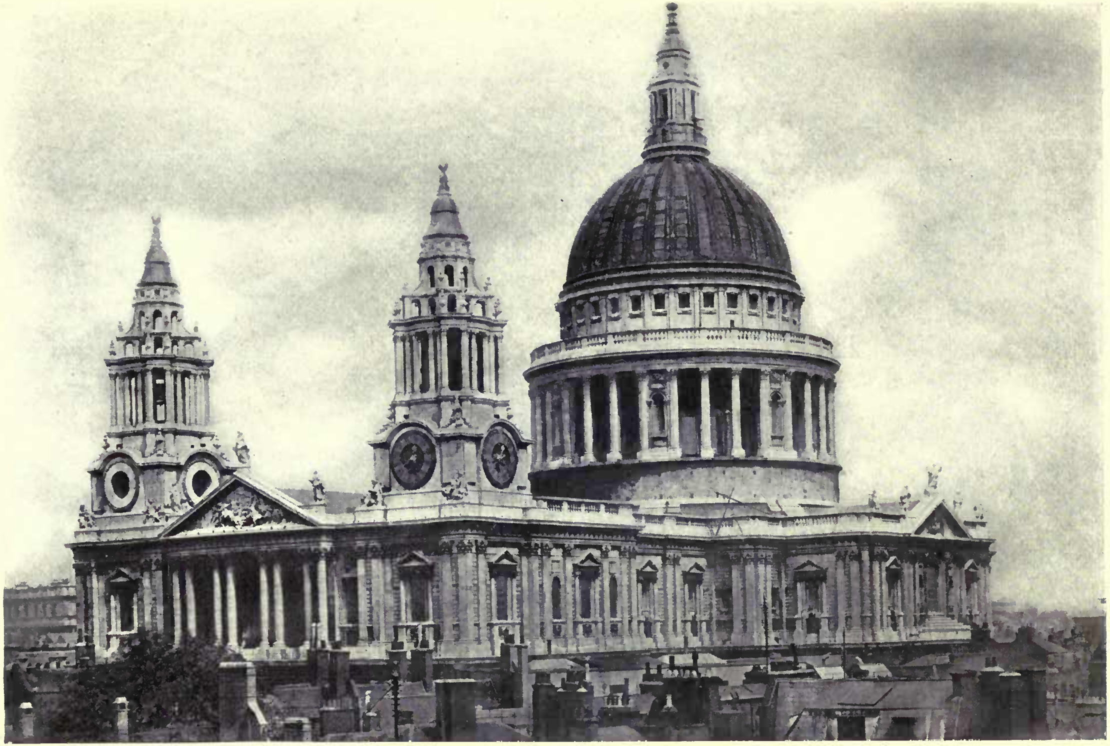
From the Clock Tower of the House of Commons—special access to which we owe to the courtesy of the Hon. Reginald Brett—the view along Whitehall and slightly to the left, over the masses of foliage marking St. James's Park, the Green Park and Hyde Park, is very fine. Just below, and stretching northward lies the grey ribbon of Whitehall flecked with its numbers of hansom cabs looking like toy vehicles out of the Lowther Arcade. At the end of Whitehall opens out Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, with the noble Nelson's Column, the fountains, and the National Gallery, with its "pepper-box" dome. To the right rises the splendid tower of St. Martin's Church, and, at the back, the vague mass of roofs slopes upwards towards the northern heights, now bright with sunshine, now shadowed by cloud. Immediately on the left of Whitehall rise the fine buildings of the Home Office; then, across the Horse Guards' Parade, appear the new offices of the Admiralty; still to the left, the foliage of St. James's Park is massed together, but broken and interrupted by the shining of the lake in the park; while further afield still, amidst the greenery, glint and glimmer the waters of the Serpentine in Hyde Park. Few church steeples mark the prospect in this West End view, but there is an abundance of noble and historic buildings—

Carlton House Terrace, St. James's Palace, and Buckingham Palace. Again to the east we see St. Paul's towering over all. It is the height perhaps most characteristic of London, though now it is supported by another and a noble neighbour—the magnificent Tower Bridge. Together with the gilt tipped Monument they mark the ancient City whose suburbs radiate around for miles and miles to the misty rims of its gigantic cup. And surely there is no other "cup" in the world so full of human joy and suffering, so crowded with business, pleasure, and ceaseless activities as this marvellous and fascinating place which we call London.

ST. PAUL'S

JUSTIN McCARTHY

WHAT a natural habit it is to personate into living and even into human form some inanimate object or structure with which one has become familiar and which is dear! No wonder that in the days of the Dryads people gave life and character and human sympathies to every tree and fountain and river which they had long known and which they loved. We nearly all find ourselves doing much the same sort of thing with buildings which we have long known, and which have grown to be in a certain sense a part of our existence. I always thus endow St. Paul's Cathedral with life and human nature and sympathy. I cannot well explain what early associations and chances have made St. Paul's a more living influence to me than the much grander and nobler Westminster Abbey; but so it is, and I feel as if St. Paul's were a living influence over all that region of the metropolis which is surveyed by its ball and its cross. But in another sense it is unlike other buildings to me. It is not one long-lived, long living cathedral; it is rather a generation of cathedrals. Westminster Abbey takes us back in unbroken continuity of history to the earlier days of England's budding greatness. Westminster itself, nevertheless, was only called so in the beginning to distinguish it from the earlier East Minster, which was either the existing St. Paul's or a cathedral standing on Tower Hill. It would seem, then, that St. Paul's rather than Westminster Abbey ought to represent the gradual movement of English history and English thought, and the growth of the metropolis. But observe the difference. Westminster Abbey has always, since its erection in the old days about the time when Pan was definitely giving up the use of his Pagan horn, been sedately watching over London. It has been reconstructed here and there, of course—repaired and renovated, touched up and decorated with new adornments in tribute of grateful piety; but it is ever and always the same Westminster Abbey. Now observe the history of St. Paul's. St. Paul's has fallen and died time after time, and been revived and restored. It has risen new upon new generations. It has perished in flame again and again, like a succession of martyrs, and has come up afresh and with new-spangled ore flamed in the forehead of the morning sky. St. Paul's is a religious or ecclesiastical dynasty rather than a cathedral. It has been destroyed so often, and has risen again in so many different shapes, that it seems as if each succeeding age were putting its fresh stamp and mint-mark on it, and so commending it to the special service of each new generation. One cannot but think that—let its authorities, its Dean and Chapter, and the rest, take all the best and most devoted care they can of it—St. Paul's is not destined to hold its present shape for a very long stretch of time. I do not desire my words to be like the story of the watchful and warned parent which is found in all literatures from Æsop and the *Arabian Nights* downwards—the story of the father who is warned that an early death is impending over his dear and only son, and who locks the boy for greater security into a lofty tower or into a subterranean cavern—the tale is told in different ways—and behold it is all of no use, for the very precautions taken to save the lad only tend to his earlier and



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

surer destruction. It may be thus with the Cathedral of St. Paul's. . . . I keep thinking of the past, and I cannot help murmuring to myself that the mission of St. Paul's is, as I have said, to be a succession or dynasty of cathedrals, and not to be one perennial structure with time-proof and fire-proof walls and an unbroken history.

This birth and re-birth give, to my thinking, an entirely peculiar interest to St. Paul's Cathedral. Think what its different generations could have told to all around! Another great church—Westminster Abbey, for example—grows up amid growing history, and is a part of its gradual movement, and so does not notice it. Each day makes its slight and almost imperceptible change, and the Cathedral changes with the day, and is all unconscious of it. Westminster Abbey could not tell how Roman dominion gradually faded, how Saxon gave place to Norman, and Tudor followed Plantagenet, and Stuart came to reign and to fade, and a new dynasty galloped in on the white horse of Hanover. One can imagine Westminster Abbey confusing new pageantry with old, the impression of yesterday with that of Mr. Henry M. Stanley. But St. Paul's, as we see it, was re-born into a world quite new to it only two centuries ago. It then came into new being with a quick re-born consciousness, taking fresh and eager notice of everything it saw. Above all, it could see and take account of change. "See here—and here—that was not so when I looked on this earth before! What has gone with this or that place, this or that dynasty, which I remember stout and flourishing only a hundred years ago or thereabouts?" Each revival means a new Hegira, a new point of comparison, a new standard of excellence, a new inspiration of sympathy; it may be a regret for the past, it may be a hope for the future. Thus St. Paul's has re-steeped, renewed again and again, its sentiments of companionship with humanity. St. Paul's is always young, that is, comparatively young—two centuries back to the last birth—that after the Great Fire; then another stretch to the former destruction and regeneration, and then back to another and another, until the first St. Paul's stands up in the raw dawn of London's history—always young and yet enriched with the traditions, and much more than the traditions, the actual experiences, of centuries on centuries. This Cathedral, this generation of cathedrals, ought to be able to teach us lessons such as no other English church with a monotony of antiquity could well suggest.

That was a strange period of English history when the former St. Paul's Cathedral went into ashes amid the Great Fire of London. We can see that time through the eyes of two keen and shrewd observers, and never in the world were two contemporaneous observers less like to each other.

Was there ever known in the history of the world and its churches any cathedral which suffered from fire like St. Paul's? The whole career of the church was an ordeal by fire. It was injured by fire a hundred years before Westminster Hall was built; it was totally destroyed by fire in the Eleventh Century, and it took nearly two centuries to restore it to anything like its former magnificence. "Away! we lose ourselves in light," might have been its motto, for it was all but completely destroyed by fire in the Fifteenth Century, and its spire, which was then claimed to be the highest in the world, was destroyed by fire a century later. Thus, we have brought it to the terrible days of 1666, when it went under with so much of London to accompany it—one of the most tremendous conflagrations recorded in the history of great cities. Then came the

Commission to rebuild it, of which brave John Evelyn was a member, and then Sir Christopher Wren raised the monument to his fame, which those who would question his renown have only to look upon and be satisfied. The great architect sleeps within the shelter of the Cathedral which he raised up out of dust and ashes, and never was simpler, nobler, or juster epitaph inscribed on the tomb of man than that which commends his remains to the reverence of the world. The Great Fire of 1666 was but an accident in the architectural career of Sir Christopher Wren. He had in any case been appointed, long before the fire, one of the Commission to consider and report upon the entire rebuilding of the Cathedral, which had been put together in a patchy sort of way, one man's notion of architectural beauty and fitness overriding rather than supplementing another. For a long time it had been resolved to obtain symmetry, cohesion, and consistency in the building, and it had at length begun to make itself manifest that such an object could only be obtained by the pulling down of the old structure, and the erection of a new cathedral which should be designed by the intellect and the imagination of one man, the creation of one exalted intellect. But the scheme got pushed aside by one interference and another. Politics interfered; hostility and rival schemes interfered; mere delay and vague postponement interfered; and it seemed likely that nothing would be done. The Great Fire came to the rescue and ordained that something should be done. Even then Wren did not have it all his own way—what man of genius ever had whose lot it was to be controlled by what is called the practical mind? For example, Wren's idea was to adopt a principle such as that which I spoke of lately as having become an aspiration in the mind of a friend of mine—the principle that St. Paul's should stand in clear isolation, and be seen along the river from its dome to its base. It was in the mind of Wren that this should be accomplished by making a long line of stately quays to border the Thames—by anticipating, in fact, and carrying out farther down the stream the idea of the Thames Embankment. But Wren was not allowed to put this plan into action. Houses, warehouses, and wharves were permitted to crowd anyway they would around the base of the Cathedral, and St. Paul's stood as we see it standing now—or rather it stood then and stands now as nobody can see it, except in glimpses and portions and instalments. Still, we may, if we will, make some poetic association even out of its present eclipsed and occulted condition to add to that consideration which I have already offered, that the neglect and error of past generations has left St. Paul's to have its base in the very heart of the City's life. Is it not also like some vast and stately tree, some great cedar, some lofty palm, some majestic outgrowth of a Sacramento forest, which lifts its head and spreads its broad branches away in the clear upper air, and has the lowly brushwood, and the green mosses, and the wild flowers, and the poor, lowly, common weeds around its base?

The night comes, and St. Paul's is alone. All that part of the City which approaches it and environs it, is now without movement and life. No lights burn along Ludgate Hill. The statue of Queen Anne peers down that way into darkness. No windows gleam in Cheapside. Bow Bells chime out after midnight to mere solitude. There is something particularly melancholy, inane, and futile, in the thought of a bell pealing out its notes without even the chance to awaken sleeping ears. No one lives in that part of the City. That part of the City has gone home to bed.

It has gone to bed in Park Lane, and Piccadilly and Belgrave Square and Eaton Square; in Norwood and Hampstead and Clapham; in Wood Green and Brondesbury; in Bethnal Green and Stratford-atte-Bow; down along the line of docks; anywhere: that City population takes in all the ranks and classes of life. The Asmodeus who could study all the sleeping accommodations of all the City folk who fly the neighbourhood of St. Paul's after dark, would have rare opportunity for easy satire over the social diversities of condition in London. Supposing he were a good-natured demon, admitting in him a certain sympathy for man's distracted condition between tempting possibilities and cramping limitations, what would be the outcome of his survey, despondency or hope?

Anyhow, the space around St. Paul's is silent, clear, and lonely. The living have gone. Then, perhaps, do the dead come back and take their old places? Does a Restoration crowd stream round the base of the Cathedral and admire it as it has risen from its ruins? Does Nell Gwynn come smirking there? and do Evelyn and Pepys arrive arm-in-arm? Grim Prince Rupert, turned chemist and chemical toy-maker in his older days, the time quite gone when he could win his half of any battle, is he there? Has that greatest man of his day, surpassing man of any day, come from his ship-carpenter work on Tower Hill, and from his drinks of brandy with pepper in it—has Peter the Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, wandered westward to look up to the dome of St. Paul's? It would be curious to think whether this revisiting of the glimpses of the moon around St. Paul's is limited or not to the company of those who saw the latest resurrection of the Cathedral, or whether the spectres from all time or nearly so, going back to the days of Roman sentinels, may appear of nights on

Ludgate Hill, and do honour to the latest edition of St. Paul's. On that question I can venture no opinion. But I am firm in the conviction that the Cathedral is never left quite alone. The living surround it in the day; the dead are free of it in the night. The Monument is the contemporary of its latest birth, Westminster Abbey is too young to have been the contemporary of its first appearance on its eastern hill.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

LEIGH HUNT

THE modern passenger through St. Paul's Churchyard has not only the last home of Nelson and others to venerate, as he goes by. In the ground of the old church were buried, and here, therefore remains whatever dust may survive them, the gallant Sir Phillip Sydney (the *beau ideal* of the age of Elizabeth), and Vandyke, who immortalized the youth and beauty of the court of Charles the First. One of Elizabeth's great statesmen also lay there—Walsingham—who died so poor, that he was buried by stealth to prevent his body from being arrested. Another, Sir Christopher Hatton, who is supposed to have danced himself into the office of her Majesty's Chancellor, had a tomb which his contemporaries thought too magnificent, and which was accused of "shouldering" the altar.

Old St. Paul's was much larger than now, and the churchyard was of proportionate dimensions. The wall by which it was bounded ran along by the present streets of Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row, Old Change, Carter Lane, and Creed Lane; and therefore included a large space and many buildings which are not now considered to be within the precincts of the Cathedral. This spacious area had grass inside, and contained a variety of appendages to the establishment. One of these was the cross of which Stow did not know the antiquity. It was called Paul's Cross, and stood on the north side of the church, a little to the east of the entrance of Cannon Alley. It was around Paul's Cross, or rather in the space to the east of it that the citizens were wont anciently to assemble in Folkmote or general convention—not only to elect their magistrates and to deliberate on public affairs, but also, as would appear, to try offenders and award punishments. We read of meetings of the Folkmote in the Thirteenth Century; but the custom was discontinued, as the increasing number of the inhabitants, and the mixture of strangers, were found to lead to confusion and tumult. In after times the cross appears to have been used chiefly for proclamations, and other public proceedings, civil as well as ecclesiastical; such as the swearing of the citizens to allegiance, the emission of papal bulls, the exposing of penitents, etc., "and for the defaming of those," says Pennant, "who had incurred the displeasure of crowned heads." A pulpit was attached to it, it was not known when, in which sermons were preached, called Paul's Cross Sermons, a name by which they continued to be known when they ceased in the open air. Many benefactors contributed to support these sermons. In Stow's time the pulpit was an hexagonal piece of wood, "covered with lead, elevated upon a flight of stone steps, and surmounted by a large cross."

The neighbourhood of St. Paul's retains a variety of appellations indicative of its former connection with the church. There is Creed Lane, Ave-Maria Lane, Sermon Lane, Canon Alley, Pater-Noster Row, Holiday Court, Amen Corner, etc. Members of the Cathedral establishment still have abodes in some of these places, particularly in Amen Corner, which is enclosed with gates, and appropriated to the houses of prebendaries and canons. Close to Sermon Lane is Do-little Lane; a vicinity which must have furnished jokes to the Puritans. Addle Street is an ungrateful corruption of Athelstan Street, so called from one of the most respectable of the Saxon Kings, who had a palace in it.

St. Paul's Churchyard appears as if it were only a great commercial thoroughfare; but if all the clergy could be seen at once, who have abodes in the neighbourhood, they would be found to constitute a numerous body. If to the sable coats of these gentlemen be added those of the practisers of the civil law, who were formerly allied to them, and who live in Doctors' Commons, the Churchyard increases the clerkly part of its aspect. It resumes to the imagination, something of the learned and collegiate look it had of old. Paternoster Row is said to have been so called on account of the number of Stationers or Text-writers that dwelt there, who dealt much in religious books and sold horn-books, or A. B. C.'s, with the Paternoster, Ave-Maria, Creed, Graces, etc. And so of the other places above-named. But it is more likely that this particular street (as indeed we are told) was named from the rosary or paternoster-makers; for so they were called, as appears by a record of "one Robert Nikke, a pater-noster maker and citizen, in the reign of Henry the Fourth."

It is curious to reflect what a change has taken place in this celebrated *book-street*, since nothing was sold there but rosaries. It is but rarely the word Paternoster-Row strikes us as having a reference to the Latin Prayer. We think of booksellers' shops, and of all the learning and knowledge they have sent forth. The books of Luther, which Henry the Eighth burnt in the neighbouring churchyard, were turned into millions of volumes, partly by reason of that burning.

Paternoster-Row, however, has not been exclusively in possession of the booksellers, since it lost its original tenants, the rosary-makers. Indeed it would appear to have been only in comparatively recent times that the booksellers fixed themselves there. They had for a long while been established in St. Paul's Churchyard, but scarcely in the Row, till after the commencement of the last century.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

CHARLES LAMB

TO comfort the desponding parent with the thought that, without diminishing the stock which is imperiously demanded to furnish the more pressing and homely wants of nature, he has disposed of one or more of a numerous offspring, under the shelter of a care scarce less tender than the paternal, where not only their bodily cravings shall be supplied, but that mental *pabulum* is also dispensed, which He hath declared to be no less necessary to our sustenance who said that "man shall not live by bread alone": for this Christ's Hospital unfolds her bounty. Here, neither on the one hand are the youth lifted up above their family, which we must suppose liberal, though reduced; nor on the one hand are they liable to be depressed below its level by the mean habits and sentiments which a common school generates. It is, in a word, an Institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world from sinking; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household, when poverty was in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves; to separate a child from his family for a season, in order to render him back hereafter with feelings and habits more congenial to it than he could even have attained by remaining at home in the bosom of it. It is a preserving and renovating principle, an antidote for the *res angusta domi*, when it presses, as it always does, most heavily upon the most ingenuous natures.

This is Christ's Hospital; and whether its character would be improved by confining its advantages to the very lowest of the people, let those judge who have witnessed the looks, the gestures, the behaviour, the manner of their play with one another, their deportment towards strangers, the whole aspect and physiognomy of that vast assemblage of boys on the London foundation, who freshen and make alive again with their sports the else mouldering cloisters of the old Grey Friars, which strangers who have never witnessed them, if they pass through Newgate Street or by Smithfield, would do well to go a little out of their way to see.

For the Christ's Hospital boy feels that he is no charity boy: he feels it in the antiquity and regality of the foundation to which he belongs; in the usage which he meets with at school, and the treatment he is accustomed to out of its bounds; in the respect and even kindness which his well-known garb never fails to procure him in the streets of the metropolis; he feels it in his education, in that measure of classical attainments, which every individual at that school, though not destined to a learned profession, has it in his power to procure: attainments which it would be worse than folly to put it in the reach of the labouring classes to acquire; he feels it in the numberless comforts, and even magnificences, which surround him; in his old and awful cloisters, with their traditions; in his spacious school-rooms, and in the well-ordered, airy, and lofty rooms where he sleeps; in his stately dining-hall, hung round with pictures, by Verrio, Lely, and others, one of them surpassing in size and grandeur almost any other in the kingdom;[1] above all, in the very extent and magnitude of the

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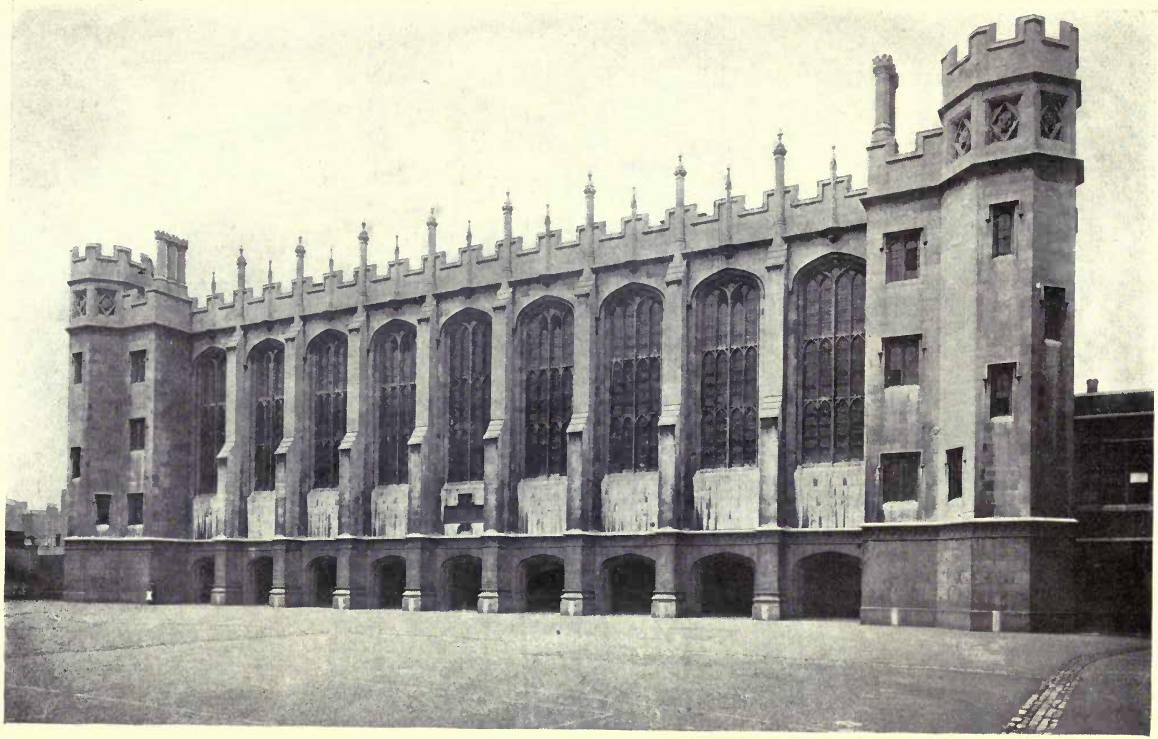
[1] By Verrio representing James the Second on his throne, surrounded by his courtiers (all curious portraits) receiving the mathematical pupils at their annual presentation; a curious custom still kept up on New Year's Day at Court.



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

body to which he belongs, and the consequent spirit, the intelligence, and public conscience, which is the result of so many various yet wonderfully combined members. Compared with the last-named advantage, what is the stock of information, (I do not here speak of book-learning, but of that knowledge which boy receives from boy,) the mass of collected opinions, the intelligence in common, among the few and narrow members of an ordinary boarding-school?

The Christ's Hospital or Blue-coat Boy has a distinctive character of his own, as far removed from the abject qualities of a common charity boy as it is from the disgusting forwardness of a lad brought up at some other of the public schools. There is *pride* in it, accumulated from the circumstances which I have described, as differencing him from the former; and there is *a restraining modesty* from a sense of obligation and dependence, which must ever keep his deportment from assimilating to that of the latter. His very garb, as it is antique and venerable, feeds his self-respect; as it is a badge of dependence, it restrains the natural petulance of that age from breaking out into overt acts of insolence. This produces silence and a reserve before strangers, yet not that cowardly shyness which boys mewed up at home will feel; he will speak up when spoken to, but the stranger must begin the conversation with him. Within his bounds he is all fire and play; but in the streets he steals along with all the self-concentration of a young monk. He is never known to mix with other boys; they are a sort of laity to him. All this proceeds, I have no doubt, from the continual consciousness which he carries about him of the difference of his dress from that of the rest of the world; with a modest jealousy over himself, lest, by over-hastily mixing with common and secular play-fellows, he should commit the dignity of his cloth. Nor let anyone laugh at this; for, considering the propensity of the multitude, and especially of the small multitude, to ridicule anything unusual in dress—above all, where such peculiarity may be construed by malice into a mark of disparagement—this reserve will appear to be nothing more than a wise instinct in the Blue-coat Boy. That it is neither pride nor rusticity, at least that it has none of the offensive qualities of either, a stranger may soon satisfy himself by putting a question to any of these boys; he may be sure of an answer couched in terms of plain civility, neither loquacious nor embarrassed. Let him put the same question to a parish boy, or to one of the trencher-caps in the —— cloisters, and the impudent reply of the one shall not fail to exasperate any more than the certain servility and mercenary eye to reward which he will meet with in the other can fail to depress and sadden him.

The Christ's Hospital boy is a religious character. His school is eminently a religious foundation: it has its peculiar prayers, its services at set times, its graces, hymns, and anthems, following each other in an almost monastic closeness of succession. This religious character in him is not always untinged with superstition. That is not wonderful, when we consider the thousand tales and traditions which must circulate, with undisturbed credulity, amongst so many boys, that have so few checks to their belief from any intercourse with the world at large; upon whom their equals in age must work so much, their elders so little. With this leaning towards an overbelief in matters of religion, which will soon correct itself when he comes out into society, may be classed a turn for romance above most other boys. This is to be traced in the same manner to their excess of society with each other, and defect of mingling with the world. Hence the peculiar avidity with which such books as the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and others of a still wilder cast, are, or at least were in my time, sought for by the boys. I remember when some half-dozen of them set off from school, without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out *Philip Quarll's Island.*

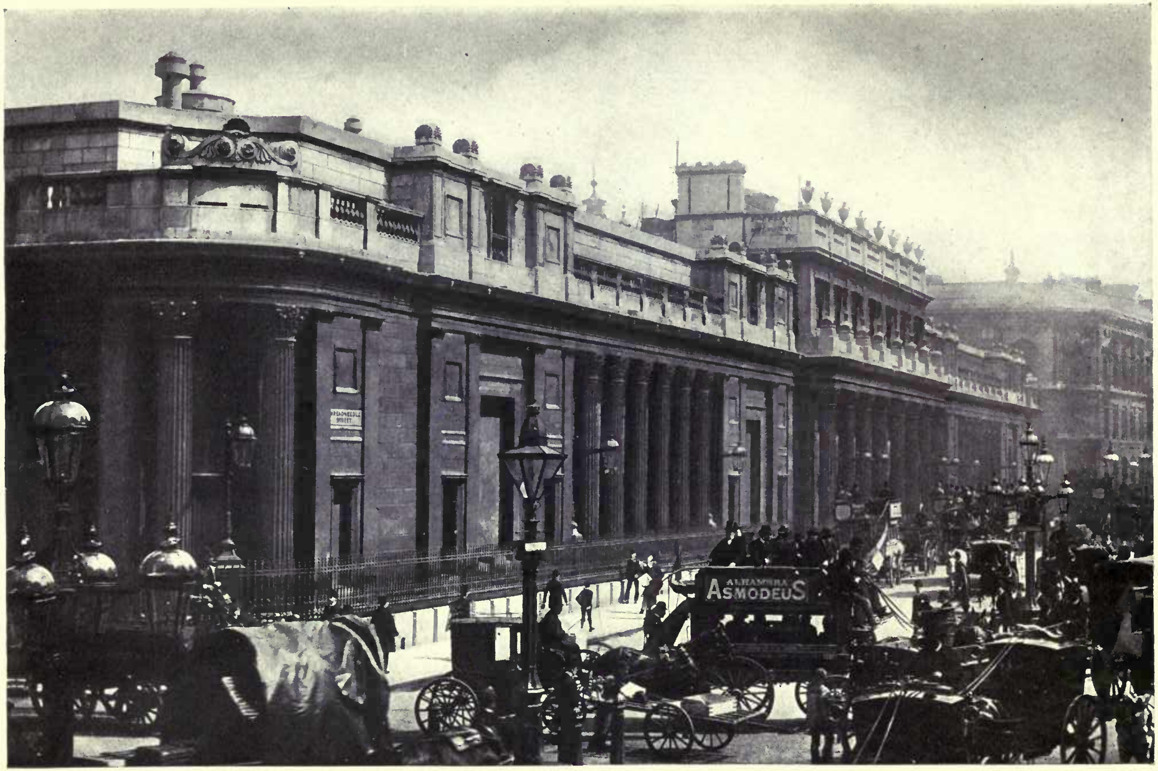
The time would fail me if I were to attempt to enumerate all those circumstances, some pleasant, some attended with pain, which, seen through the mist of distance, come sweetly softened to the memory. But I must crave leave to remember our transcending superiority in those invigorating sports, leap-frog, and baiting the bear; our delightful excursions in the summer holidays to the New River, near Newington, where, like others, we would live the long day in the water, never caring for dressing ourselves, when we had once stripped; our savory meals afterwards, when we went home almost famished with staying out all day without our dinners; our visits at other times to the Tower, where, by ancient privilege, we had free access to all the curiosities; our solemn processions through the City at Easter, with the Lord Mayor's largesse of buns, wine, and a shilling, with the festive questions and civic pleasantries of the dispensing Alderman, which were more to us than all the rest of the banquet; our stately suppings in public, where the well-lighted hall, and the confluence of well-dressed company who came to see us, made the whole look more like a concert or assembly than a scene of a plain bread and cheese collation; the annual orations upon St. Matthew's Day, in which the senior scholar, before he had done, seldom failed to reckon up among those who had done honour to our school by being educated in it, the names of those accomplished critics and Greek scholars, Joshua Barnes and Jeremiah Markland. (I marvel they left out Camden while they were about it.) Let me have leave to remember our hymns and anthems, and well-toned organ; the doleful tune of the burial anthem chanted in the solemn cloisters, upon the seldom-occurring funeral of some school-fellow; the festivities at Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs; and the penniless, and he that could contribute nothing, partook in all the mirth, and in some of the substantialities of the feasting; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often lain awake to hear from seven (the hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it, in their rude chanting, till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds.

Nor would I willingly forget any of those things which administered to our vanity. The hem-stitched bands and town-made shirts, which some of the most fashionable among us wore; the town-girdles, with buckles of silver, or shining-stone; the badges of the sea-boys; the cots, or superior shoe-strings, of the monitors; the medals of the markers, (those who were appointed to hear the Bible read in the wards on Sunday morning and evening,) which bore on their obverse in silver, as certain parts of our garments carried, in meaner metal, the countenance of our Founder, that godly and royal child, King Edward the Sixth, the flower of the Tudor name,—the young flower that was untimely cropt, as it began to fill our land with its earthly odours,—the boy-patron of boys,—the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer and Ridley; fit associate, in those tender years, for bishops and future martyrs of our Church, to receive, or (as occasion sometimes proved) to give instruction.

CITY WALKS

PERCY FITZGERALD

THE charm of exploring the City is ever novel—to me at least. Not every one has thoroughly fallen under the spell; for an occasional visit is not enough. One should linger and come again and explore, and be led hither and thither by the humour and attraction of the moment. At the different seasons of the day, morning, noon, and evening—nay, on the Sunday even, when it becomes an astounding wilderness—it offers quite different aspects, and a succession of surprises. It is in truth another city, another people, we can never get rid of the notion that we are entering a foreign town. Often has been described the aspect of the overwhelming tide of busy men, all hurrying and crowding and pushing past at a brisk speed; the carriages, waggons, carts, incessantly moving in a crowded procession; the hum and roar in the ears. The vast size, solidity, and imposing stateliness of the buildings astonish us. But more pleasing is the picturesque irregularity, and windings and curves of the bye-streets or alleys, changed by the tall and massive structures which line them into Genoa-like streets, lacking only the *grilles* and the gloom. Here is the contrast to the West End; and here is seen the different spirit which animates the merchant, as compared with the smaller trader. *His* ideas are magnificent: he must have his trading palace and warehouses beetling, lofty, and of granite or Portland stone, a


THREADNEEDLE STREET
ALHAMBRA
ASMODEUS

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

great arch or portal for the entrance; a sort of City architecture has been engendered specially to meet his wants.

Most "West-Enders" rarely travel beyond the Exchange and the banking streets adjoining. But until Cornhill is passed, this peculiar aspect we have been describing is not met with. It is when we reach Mincing Lane, and Mark Lane, and Leadenhall, and Fenchurch Street, that we come upon these grand and endless ranges of business palaces. Sometimes as in the case of Fenchurch Court, the greater thoroughfares are joined by a long paved footway, lined with these vast storied buildings. It seems a bit of Brussels city; the office windows, it may be, looking out upon a small patch of churchyard, allowed to linger on in a grudging way. This irregularity is often as surprising as it is picturesque; witness that fine, massively pillared doorway, last fragment of some noble mansion, which is the entrance to a descending covered way, leading first to a tavern and thence into Leadenhall Street. It is in these imposing alleys that we come upon some coventual-looking City Hall, its great gates closed, its windows forlorn-looking, and barred like some disused monastery.

A fine imposing view, which gives the best idea of the state and magnificence of the Great City is to be found as a spot exactly in front of the Mansion House. From here no less than eight distinct vistas are to be obtained along nine distinct streets and alleys, each exhibiting something worthy of admiration and the whole offering contrast and variety. Add to this the tide of life running at its strongest, and the busiest "hum of men" conceivable. In front is the Mansion House itself, a heavy pile of little pretension or merit. Beside it, a short street is terminated by the quaint spire of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, which contrasts with the rude stonework of the church itself, and is considered a gem in the way of church building, and held by Wren himself to be his masterpiece. Next stretches away the comparatively new Queen Victoria Street, with its rows and blocks of stone mansions, the huge pile of the National Safe Deposit Company being conspicuous. Near to it opens up the busy Cheapside, with the stately and original Bow Church half-way down, projecting its friendly clock face over the street. "Within the sound of Bow Bells" is a familiar City phrase, but I confess I have never heard the sound, though most have heard Sir J. Bennett's odd chimes over his shop. Next, at right angles almost, comes Princes Street, with a church at the end, and some banking-houses built in the curious Soane style. Then interposes the Bank of England itself—a not unpicturesque structure considering its straggling shape. Then Threadneedle Street, with its vista of almost Genoese buildings, mostly banks—gloomy and massive, and straying from the level line with picturesque irregularity. Between it and Cornhill rises the Royal Exchange, with its ambitious imposing portico of many pillars, commanding all issues. Half-way down Cornhill, rising with a charming irregularity, is the showy tower of St. Michael's. Next to the right is Lombard Street, with more dungeon-like banking-houses, while between this and the next house stands the very unique and much admired church of St. Mary Woolnoth, set off by a luxuriant tree which projects its leafy branches over the road. Next comes King William Street, with glimpses of the "tall bully," the Monument, and at the end the Sailor King's statue. And so the circle is complete. Let any one stand on the central "refuge," as we have been doing, and turning, survey deliberately each issue, and he will feel surprised to find how much he has habitually overlooked, and how much there is to admire.

But the stranger who would gather the most impressive notion of the grandeur of the City should pause at Fenchurch Street, before entering Cornhill. Here the crowd, the block, the hum, the roar, even the crowd pushing on, and the state and solemnity of the buildings and streets will most affect him. Here are the darkened streets of the great banks—some carrying on their business in huge palaces where the street is so narrow that the lamps have to be lit; others preferring to retain the old-fashioned structures. There is one very striking building at the corner of Throgmorton Street—The National Provincial Bank of England, monumental almost, and of really good architecture, displaying a row of statues on the top. Another building of great state and pretension is the Consolidated Bank, in Threadneedle Street. Through all the doors are pressing and pouring in a stream of persons, all in a hurry. Every place—telegraphic, shipping exchanges, etc.,—seems crowded to overflowing. Business is everywhere.

Perhaps the grandest and stateliest of all these City streets is Lombard Street, not from its associations merely, but from the imposing character of its mercantile palaces. As we enter from Threadneedle Street end there is quite an air of magnificence in the massive, richly-wrought buildings which line both sides of the narrow winding way in a sharp curve. The great pile at the corner, where the "Crédit Lyonnais" carries on its business, has a stately effect.

A picturesque incident of the City streets is the recurrence of lanes of warehouses striking out of the busy highway, and which, all narrow, and lined by lofty warehouses, wind down, where they can to the river. These alleys, not so long since, could be found in one long, uninterrupted course from the Strand to Wapping, but the Embankment has cut off the earlier series. In the City nothing is so genuine or so truly mercantile as these not unpicturesque little descents, with their cranes, lofts and waggons waiting below. One of these vistas, which suggests a scene in a foreign city, is the view down Fish Street Hill, the Monument rising on the left, the bottom closed by the imposing effective church of St. Magnus and its elegant steeple. A fine old tree blooms beside it. Hard by is the steep and gloomy St. Botolph's Lane, filled with its venerable and busy warehouses, every floor having its crane. There is something pleasing in this old-fashioned shape of trade, and the whole suggests the traditional view of the London merchant and his business.

In some November evening, when the air is fresh and cool and clear, and there is a dark gloaming over the whole city, it is pleasant to go down to the Embankment and embark in one of the swift river steamers bound for the City. How inspiring is the evening air! The river is lined with lights, and seems twice its ordinary size. Landing at London Bridge, we take our way up one of the narrow winding warehouse-lined streets, which lead up to the busy main thoroughfares. Nothing is more poetical than the church towers which rise in these lanes: one in Martin's Lane, whose church has been removed, looks, with its projecting clock-dial, like a perfect Italian campanile. There are glimpses of shadowy gardens and inclosures, such as that on Laurence Pountney Hill, which might be a patch of some foreign town. On one side of Cannon Street the windings of the lanes are singularly picturesque either by night or day, and the newer, later buildings, fall in harmoniously. This is owing to the irregular shape of the ground.

Few views could be found more suited for the etcher than the one to be seen as we look down College Hill. On the left are the two richly-carved monumental gates, side by side, leading into the courts of what is supposed to have been Whittington's house. Higher up is a modern, red-brick, not ineffective building, of a gorgeous pattern. The eye is then led down to the bottom of the steep and winding lane, which seems closed by the elegant steeple of a church in wrought clean grey stone, so high and airy in its treatment as to recall the charming old Town Hall at Calais. From its side is projected the well-gilt clock-face, richly glowing on a well-carved bracket.

In truth there is this perpetual charm and flavour in the old City which few are aware of—a sort of antique air which recalls old Flemish cities. The flagged square behind the Exchange seems like a mart—the busy hum, the perpetual headlong *va-et-vient*, the general bustle and brightness, are all suggestive, and the bye-streets, such as the old Thames Street, that skirts the river, the oddly-named Garlick Hall, and others, have all a strange, foreign effect, being narrow lanes, yet having fine old churches and towers rising to a great height. The infinite variety of these Wren steeples is well known, and there is a curious effect in the reflection that, alone and deserted and useless as they appear, crowded into dark corners, so that even with the utmost "craning back," you can scarcely see to the top, they still produce their effect for the world at a distance, and are seen rising gracefully from afar off—from river, rail, and bridge—producing a solemn and imposing effect. A pleasant and almost poetical contrast can be furnished by viewing one of the busiest of City streets under different conditions; much as in a Diorama we are shown the same view by day or by night. If at the busiest hour of the day we descend from London Bridge into Thames Street, which passes under one of its arches, we shall see a curious specimen of antiquated trade, and very much what might have been noted a hundred years ago. The side next the river is lined with wharves and rather tottering warehouses, while innumerable steamers, crowded together in apparent confusion are discharging their cargoes of fruit and vegetables, principally oranges, lemons, onions, currants, etc. The air is heavy with the odours of these articles, intermingled with that of dried and fresh fruit, stores of which line the other side of the street. An enormous army of porters are engaged in carrying these wares from the vessels, and they are borne on peculiarly-constructed cushions which rest on their heads and shoulders. There is thus a perpetual procession; while the street is blocked up by waggons loading and unloading, and in the air the cases are seen swinging and ascending to the different lofts. Further on we come to Billingsgate, where the fish is discharged, with a confusion of its own, which however is more apparent than real. This scene is really extraordinary, and is a survival; for all this work should surely be carried on at the docks and not in a thoroughfare.

But would we see the strangest of contrasts—we need only visit this street on a Sunday in the winter time, between five and six o'clock. Then it seems literally a Street of the Dead. We have often walked from end to end almost without meeting a single person. The silence is oppressive: instead of the former Babel of shoutings, clatter of carts and confusion, every house and shop and warehouse is fast closed and deserted as if it were Plague-time. The lamps flicker feebly, and we might without stretch of imagination conceive it was now the middle of the night. Heavy shadows hang over the corners. The church towers loom out at the corners of the ascending alleys; but the doors are closed and the bells are silent. We hear the sound of foot-falls echoing loudly as some one draws near—a solitary policeman, who continues his patrol sadly. We are separated by but a row of houses from the great river, but that highway is really silent. The steamers are at rest. The lamplight here and there flashes feebly on the names of the great dealers and middle-men set up over their mean and tottering shops, where thousands of pounds are "turned over" in a day. Billingsgate is fast closed, not an oath nor a word of its famous vocabulary is in the air. This air of solitude and desertion is one of the most extraordinary sensations associated with the City, and the impression is worth experiencing. We ascend by one of the alleys, and come once more into something like life and motion and see the clattering cabs and omnibuses hurrying by.

Again, what can be better than the view as you walk towards Cripplegate, through winding streets, and begin to see the old, gaunt, quaint, weather-beaten tower of St. Giles's Church rising above the houses? There is nothing in London better than this solemn tower, formed of old stones half the way up, the other half of grimed caked brick, the whole surmounted by an odd and quaint belfry. We might think we were in some Belgian town. Then, the old churchyard behind, with the path winding round by a short cut to other streets; the old wooden houses that adjoin it, overhanging the street, and that seem "caked" to it; and, finally, the strange doorway of the church, decorated with its significant supporters—a skull on one side and an hour-glass on the other—wrought in the spirited fashion of Cibber.

In the City there are many strange places like this, with narrow winding streets and antique names. Of a bright, sunshiny day, for instance, there is one portion which is picturesque, animated to a degree, and worthy of a painter. Standing in the street and looking down towards the Monument and the point where King William and other streets converge towards London Bridge, the buildings and warehouses and churches all rise and cross each other at various angles, catching the light in different ways. There is the statue, such as it is; the elegant steeple of the church in Thames Street; the glimpse of the bridge and the river; the enormous busy traffic; and the effective Monument itself. Then going on, we look down on the picturesque Thames Street, passing under the arch, and which is as it might have looked two centuries ago. Here is the picturesqueness of trade. The London merchants and their men thus carried on business centuries ago. Then the river itself, "noble" certainly—with the vessels and steamers crowded in rows at the wharf sides, and the huge landing warehouses—seen from the middle of the bridge, is a wonderful sight to behold.

ASPECTS OF A MODERN SUNDAY

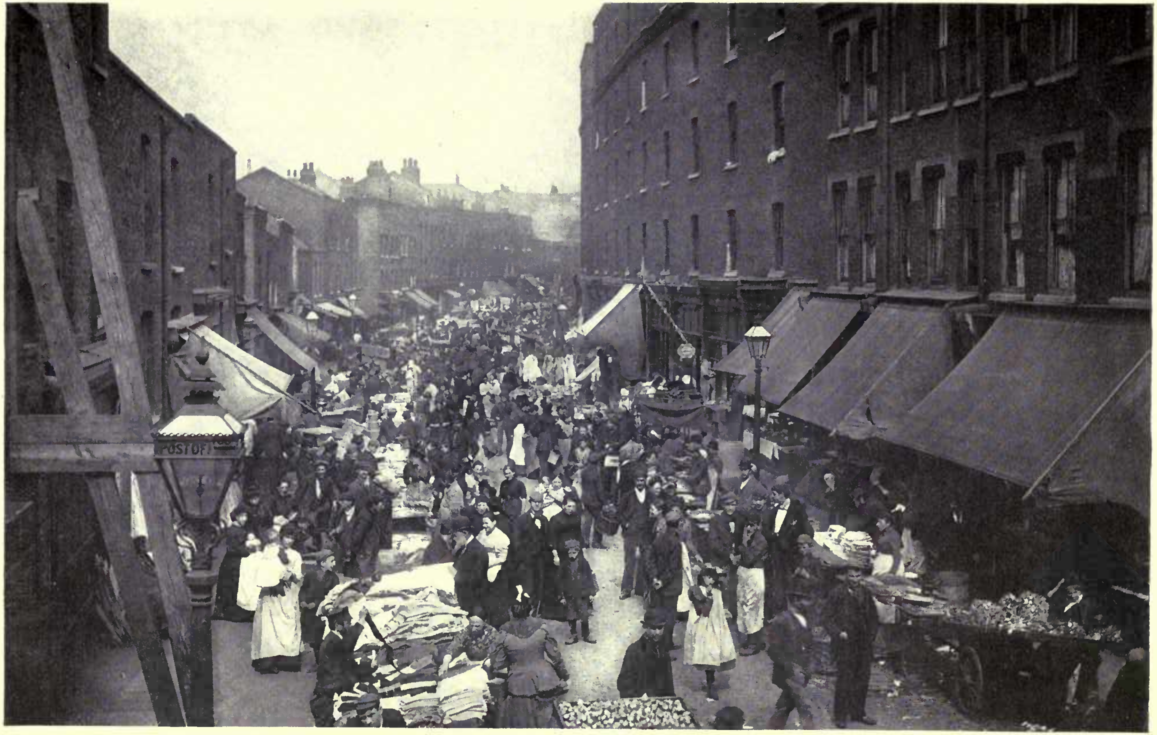
G. W. STEEVENS

I WAS privileged the other day to see a Frenchman land in London for the first time at Holborn Station, in the middle of a Sunday afternoon. Laden with hand luggage, he struggled out on to the Viaduct; of course, there was no cab. He looked eagerly for his first sight of London—then checked and, with blank and open mouth. It was plain that he half-wondered whether he had not gone mad. Well he might. He had probably heard stories of the roaring rush and energy of London, which strikes a Parisian much as a Londoner is struck in turn by New York. And he saw a desolation. Nothing but the blind shop-windows, the silent house-fronts, the empty asphalt of Holborn Viaduct. Not a face at a window, not an open door, not a footstep along the street. The one dwindling omnibus towards the Circus might be the last vehicle carrying away the last inhabitants of London. The City might have been utterly empty—only lifeless buildings left standing, and all population fled or dead.

The City on Sunday had never struck me as strange before. But a moment from the foreigner's point of view and you see that it is among the wonders of the world. There is nothing in the least like it in this hemisphere. Go into any other capital on Sunday—even at the height of the summer's suburban excursions—and it is fuller, brighter, livelier than in the week. Go into the heart of

London, and it is like a city stricken with a pestilence. Yesterday and to-morrow the street would be jammed tight with traffic of men and goods; every shop and office implied a procession of comers and goers, the pavements vomited torrents of people, heads forward, eyes strained, intent only on the one business. The City roared and quivered and maddened with life. To-morrow it will be so again. To-day, in the centre of the greatest city in the world, you cannot buy food or drink: you cannot even find a cab or train to take you away from it. You might be in a desert. In a street that focusses the business of the world you stare at closed doors and still windows where only paper-clad boxes of samples look over the whitened lower half at the intruder. You can stand without a single living thing in sight, and bend your ears in vain to catch the lightest sound. When you walk, your boots thud and ring like a steamer's engines; when you halt, you could hear the flower drop out of your button-hole.

I had often heard that Sunday was the only day on which you can see London, and going up one morning to look for any bits of antiquity I might encounter, I found it was so indeed. On Sunday London takes on a new perspective. Its most prominent features—as in duty bound—are the churches. On week-days you pass them without knowing they are there; on Sunday, even though they are shut, you note them as landmarks of the time when people lived in the City. On Sunday you observe that there is a statue of William IV. opposite London Bridge, and experience an unfamiliar prompting to go up the Monument. You had always looked on the Tower as a bit of somewhere else that had somehow strayed on to ground that might have been profitably bestowed on offices and warehouses and wine-cellars; to-day its green-shadowed terrace, the rhu-



WENTWORTH STREET, WHITECHAPEL.

barb growing in the moat, the fat old guns that grin benevolently on the Dutch steamer swinging to the tide—to-day you can look at them without fellow-citizens on your feet and in your stomach, seeming, sure enough, to be the principal things to look at.

Over the Tower Bridge comes a loose but unceasing string of foot-passengers. Not going out of London, like the rest of the world, they pour steadily into the emptiness, which yet is never a whit fuller. You noticed the same on London Bridge: while half the town is heading out, the other half—the neckerchiefed and feather-flying half—is heading in. Towards what? You fall in with them along the Minories, which is full of people, though twenty yards away Vine Street and America Square are dumb as a sacked village in an invaded country. At Aldgate the crowd parts—half turn east, the other half go on down Houndsditch. A dozen steps after them and you realize that London is not so dead as it seemed. Half the shops are wide open; the predatory beaks of Jews peer out of the doors; the street is full of a vaguely promenading crowd. As you go on it thickens about the old-clothes shops; seeing a yet thicker crowd, you turn off to the right, in the hopes of at least a Punch and Judy show. You emerge into Middlesex Street, with Wentworth Street beyond. And—good Lord!——

Good Lord! who said London was empty on Sunday? Here are two streets wedged quite tight with men and women. Here is a combination of the rush for pit seats on a Gaiety first night, a race meeting, and an Eastern bazaar. You cannot move for the people clogging your elbow; you cannot hear for the yells of auctioneers on barrows; you can hardly see for the dazzle of colours. Half a mile away is the still deserted City—and here!

Between the two rows of barrows the thousands of marketers just move: they are in no hurry, and can keep watchful eyes and ears clamped on the chances of bargaining. Without exaggeration—the reality of the astounding scene sends Exaggeration reeling—there is everything here that retail sellers can sell. Everything cheap, everything bad. Every kind of garment and fabric is here, and towels and brushes and combs and jewelry and hair-pins. Trousers festoon the streets in hundreds of pairs. "'Ere y' are!" yells a man from a box on top of a stall: "this pair —noo—two bob, eighteen pence, fourteen, thirteen, one and a 'alf, shillin'—'ere y' are!"—and, as he flings them to a pale-eyed gawk in the street, a heavy-fringed, aproned girl leaps after them to get the money. The boy holds them over his stomach and looks vaguely towards his toes: thus are they tried on, paid for, and taken away. He stops next where two rival salesmen in their shirts are yelling each other down. Frantically they catch up waistcoats and jackets from below: furiously they drag them on. Then, standing in the very article—"'Ere y' are—'alf a soot—'alf-a-crown, two bob for 'alf a soot—blanky noo—two bob for the blanky 'alf soot, and yer can't get it for blanky less." Next door a merchant not less energetic appeals only to butchers. Over his clothes he is adorned in a blue jean smock and apron, which he will strip off and sell for a dollar and a 'alf. Every one roars like a book-maker. The rasping yells fling out in sudden gusts, mingle and jar like a saw on a nail, and rebound from house to house like missiles.

Here you can buy harness, you can buy oil-paintings, you can buy books, lemonade, annotated copies of the Workmen's Compensation Bill, vegetable marrows four a-penny all boiled in vinegar, herrings from the barrel, pineapple from the tin, and—chase me for my feathers!—millinery. You can be weighed at Somebody's Guaranteed Grand National Scales and probe the wonders of the cinematophone. In the very middle of the jammed road totters an old gentleman with a tray full of shirt studs; a burly fellow genially cleaves the press by waving a bullock's liver.

Yes, beyond mistake you have found London on Sunday, and also you have found what you never expected—more than a hint of the East. Look up along the line of plain and grimy house-fronts, the windows black and opaque with generations of soot, with only the broken panes transparent. Here and there is a house completely fronted with hanging finery, petticoats, shirts, children's frocks in scarlet and orange and ultramarine. Surely those flaring colours are not of England, nor yet this town in the open. Nor yet half the people—curved noses and deep lustrous eyes and hairy bunches of features protruding from humped shoulders. Half the people are bargaining over the stalls in a lingo you do not know. The Jew has brought his own Orient along with him into black-skied London.

Also you have found what you believed not to exist—the open-air life of London. It is not confined to the Jew: all the eastward streets are full of Londoners. The working-man in collar and tie, the working-man in silk neckerchief, the working-man in his working corduroy—he is everywhere, taking his pipe and his ease in the street. A few of the wives are about too—in rusty black bonnets and shawls, with worn bodies and pale faces; observe that the men and the women take their social intercourse quite apart. Only among the young do you see the sexes walking together; for whom else is Bishopsgate Street Without studded with flower-girls? Among the dingy crowd flit like butterflies the gorgeous children of the not-quite-poor. In azure or cherry-coloured satin frocks, white silk stockings, and white satin shoes, these amazing bunches of finery mince to and fro through refuse and sun themselves from dust-bins.

But the open-air life of London has its strict limit. The veins of strollers, you observe, begin to clot into groups. The groups seem to correspond with the frequent public-houses, and you observe on the broad-faced church clock that it is eight minutes to one. Here is the true emotional moment of London's Sunday. Each little knot sorts itself—cigars and white skirts and stockings opposite the saloon bar, clays and shawls and Jack and Tommy opposite the public, jugs and bottles in their appointed place. The long hand crawls slowly over the five minutes mark; now it is more than half-way to the hour. The loll of elaborate unconsciousness which first screened the waiters gives place to the tense pose of listening. A footstep inside and the raising of a bolt—the door rolls back with a glimpse of somebody in white shirt-sleeves. There is no affectation of uncertainty: every man goes straight forward inside, as ships glide into port. In a twinkling the houses are all full, and before the last man is well in the first comes out wiping his lips with the back of his hand.

THE GUILDHALL

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

THE *Guildhall* was originally built in the time of Henry IV. (1411), but it has been so much altered that though the walls were not much injured in the Fire and only had to be reroofed, very little can be said to remain visible of that time except the crypt. The front, by *George Dance*, is a miserable work of 1789.

Here it was that, after the death of Edward IV., while his sons were in the Tower, on June 22, 1483, the Duke of Buckingham addressed the people, and after cunningly dwelling on the exactions of the late king's reign, denied his legitimacy, and, affirming that the Duke of Gloucester was the only true son of the Duke of York, demanded that he should be acknowledged as king.

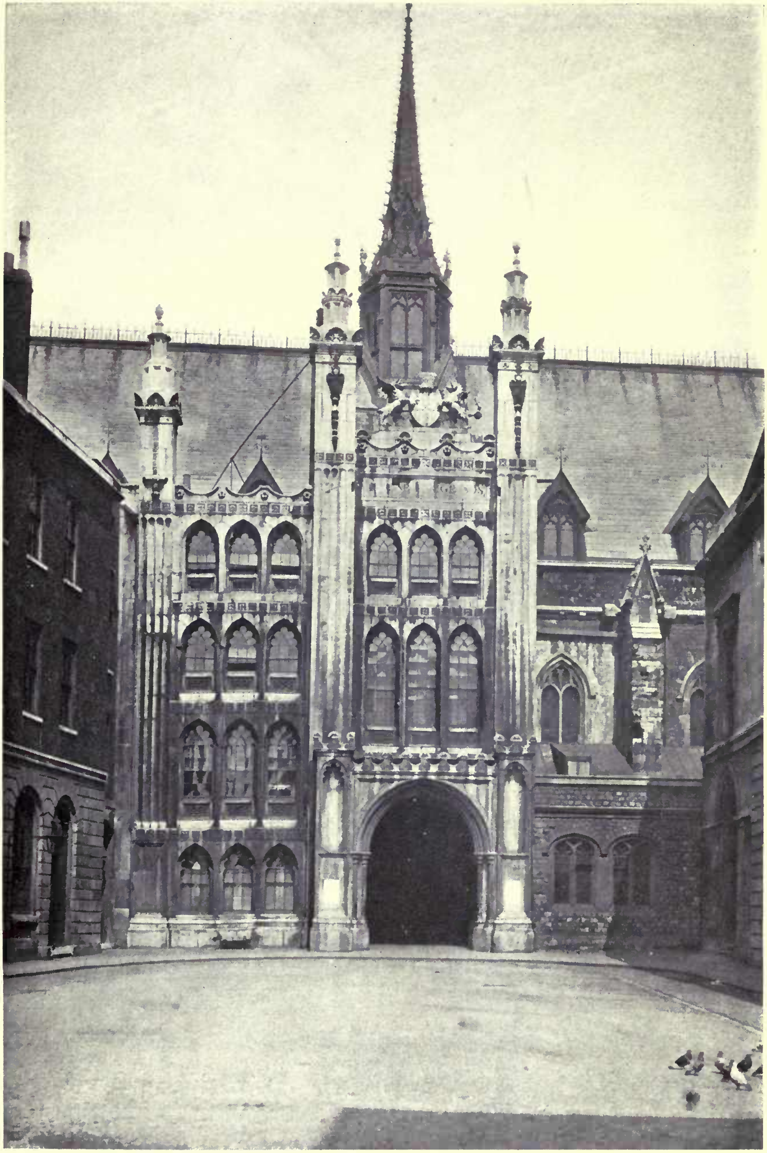
In 1546 the Guildhall was used for the trial of Anne, daughter of Sir William Askew of Kelsey in Lincolnshire, who had been turned out of doors by her husband (one Kyme) because she had become a Protestant. Coming to London, to sue for a separation, she had been kindly received by Queen Katherine Parr, and was found to have distributed Protestant tracts amongst the court ladies. In the Guildhall she was tried for heresy, and on being asked by the Lord Mayor why she refused to believe that the priest could make the body of Christ, gave her famous answer—" I have heard that God made man, but that man can make God I have never heard." She was afterwards cruelly tortured on the rack to extort evidence against the court ladies, and on July 16, 1546, was burnt at Smithfield.

It was also in the Guildhall that the Protestant Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, a personal friend of Edward VI., was tried, April 17, 1554, for participation in the Wyatt rebellion against Mary, and was acquitted by his own wonderful acuteness and presence of mind.

Here, on the other side, in 1606, took place the trial of Garnet, Superior of the Jesuits in England. He had been arrested at Hendlip House near Worcester for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. The rack having failed to extort a confession, he was induced to believe, whilst imprisoned in the Tower, that he might confer unheard with another Jesuit, Oldcorne, who occupied the next cell. Two listeners wrote down the whole conversation, which was produced as criminatory evidence at the Guildhall, and he was condemned to death and executed in St. Paul's Churchyard, after which he was honoured by Catholics as a martyr.

Among the other trials which have taken place here, have been that of the poet Surrey, in the time of Henry VIII., and of the poet Waller, during the Commonwealth.

The *Guildhall* (152 feet long, 50 feet broad) has a glorious timber roof and vast stained windows of modern glass, through which streams of coloured light fall in prismatic rays upon the pavement. High aloft at the western extremity the giants Gog and Magog, which used to bear a conspicuous part in the pageant of Lord Mayor's Day, keep guard over the hall, and still look, as Hawthorne says, "like enormous playthings for the children of giants." They were carved in fir-wood by one Richard Saunders, and are hollow. Being presented to the Corporation by the Stationers' Company, they were set up in the Hall in



THE GUILDHALL.

1708, and typify the dignity of the City. There is an old prophecy of Mother Shipton which says that "when they fall, London will fall also." In 1741, one Richard Boreman, who lived "near the Giants in the Guildhall," published their history, which tells how Corineus and Gogmagog fought with all the other giants in behalf of the liberties of the City, and how all the other giants perished, but these two were reserved that they might make sport by wrestling like gladiators with one another—and how the victory seemed to incline to Gogmagog, who pressed his companion so heavily that he broke three of his ribs; but at last, in his desperation, Corineus threw Gogmagog over his shoulder and hurled him from the top of a cliff into the sea, which cliff is called Langoemagog, or "the Giant's Leap." The four huge and ugly monuments against the lower walls of the Hall are only interesting from their inscriptions. That of Lord Chatham is by Burke, that of Pitt by Canning, that of Nelson by Sheridan, while that of Beckford is engraved with the speech with which he is said to have abruptly astonished George III. and which, says Horace Walpole, "made the king uncertain whether to sit still and silent, or to pick up his robes and hurry into his private room." The speech, however, was never really uttered, and was written by Horne Tooke.

Amongst the rooms adjoining the Guildhall is the *Alderman's Court*, a beautiful old chamber richly adorned with carving, and allegorical paintings by *Sir James Thornhill.* It is a room well deserving of preservation, having been rebuilt by Wren immediately after the Fire, and originally built in 1614.

The *Common Council Chamber* contains a fine statue of George III. by *Chantrey.* At the east end of the chamber is an enormous picture of the Siege of Gibraltar, Sept.

1782, with Lord Heathfield on horseback in the foreground, by *Copley*. Of the other pictures we may notice—

Alderman Boydell, a fine portrait, by *Beechey*.
Lord Nelson. *Beechey*.
The Murder of Rizzio. *Opie*.
The Death of Wat Tyler. *Northcote*.
Queen Caroline of Brunswick. *Lonsdale*.
Queen Victoria. *Hayter*.
Princess Charlotte. *Lonsdale*.

The Court of the *Old King's Bench* has remains of a Gothic chamber of 1425. It contains a noble picture of Charles Pratt, Lord Chancellor. Camden, painted for the City in honour of his speech on the discharge of Wilkes from the Tower, by *Sir J. Reynolds*. The beautiful chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, adjoining the Guildhall, built c. 1299 and rebuilt 1431, was pulled down in 1822, up to which time, "to deprecate indigestion and all plethoric evils," says Pennant, a service was held in it before the Lord Mayor's feast. Its site is now occupied by the ugly court-rooms on the east of the Guildhall Yard, which are decorated with portraits by *Michael Wright* of all the judges who sate at Clifford's Inn to arrange the differences between landlord and tenant during the process of rebuilding after the great Fire.

No one should omit to visit, by a staircase at the back of the Hall, the beautiful *Crypt* of 1417, which survived the Fire. It is divided into three aisles by six clusters of circular columns of Purbeck marble, and is 75 feet in length and 45 in breadth. Maitland (1789) mentions it as "the Welsh Hall," because the Welsh were at that time allowed to use it as a market for their native manufactures.

From the east end of the Guildhall a staircase leads to the Library. On the landing at the top are statues of Charles II. and Sir John Cutler, brought from the demolished College of Physicians in Warwick Lane. The society had thought themselves obliged to Sir John for the money to raise their college, when that in Amen Corner was burnt in 1666, but after the statue was erected in gratitude, "the old curmudgeon made a demand of the pelf," which the society was obliged to refund to his heirs.

The handsome modern Gothic *Library* contains a very valuable collection of books—old plays, ballads, and pamphlets, relating to the history of London. The full-length portraits of William III. and Mary II. are by *Vander Vaart*. In a room on the right of the side entrance is a valuable collection of drawings of Old London and of New London Bridge.

The *City Museum*, in a vaulted chamber, is open from 10 to 4 in winter, and from 10 to 5 in summer. It contains a collection of interesting relics of Old London, including—

The Inscription about the Fire, from Pudding Lane.

The painted Statue of Gerard the Giant, from Gerard's Hall in Basing Lane, destroyed in 1852.

Roman pavement found at Bucklersbury, 1869.

The Foundation Stones of Old London Bridge and Old Blackfriars Bridge.

A number of curious old London *Signs*—St. George and the Dragon from Snow Hill; the Three Crowns from Lambeth Hill; and the Three Kings (Magi) from Bucklersbury. Here also is the famous *Sign of the Boar's Head*, erected in 1668, when the house was rebuilt after the Fire, to mark the tavern in East Cheap, the abode of Dame Quickly, "the old place in Eastcheap," beloved by Falstaff. Washington Irving describes how, having hunted in vain for the tavern, he found the sign "built into the parting line of two houses" which stood on its site.

An old Chimney-Piece from Lime Street, from the house of Sir. J. Scrope (*ob.* 1493), rebuilt in the 17th century, where Sir J. Abney kept his mayoralty, 1700, 1701.

Returning to Cheapside, *Queen Street*, on the right, was formerly Soper Lane, from the makers of soap who inhabited it. After the Fire it became the resort of the "Pepperers," *i. e.*, wholesale dealers in drugs and spices. On the right of Queen Street opens *Pancras Lane*, containing a precious little oasis which was the burial-ground of that old church of which William Sautre, the proto-martyr of the English Reformation, burnt March 10, 1401, was priest.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

F. W. FAIRHOLT

A LOVE of sight-seeing was a characteristic feature in our forefathers, and the remark made by Trinculo, in *The Tempest* that "when they will not give a doit to a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian," was a most truthful saying. This feeling generated the frequent display of pageantry on public occasions; more particularly when the Mayor of London was installed in his office—an event anciently commemorated with a degree of pomp of which spectators of a modern "Lord Mayor's Show," can form but little conception and which was intimately associated with the office in the eyes of the ancient citizens. These *Ridings* as they were termed, occurred so often also on the public entries into London of our kings or their consorts, or of foreign potentates and ambassadors, that they became matters of constant expectation with the gayer classes, and were ardently looked forward to by the City apprentices, as an excuse for a holiday. Chaucer, speaking of the gay apprentice, "Perkin Revelour," says that

——" when there any riding was in Chepe
Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,
And till that he had all the sight yseen
And danced well, he would not come agen."

The origin of these Ridings may be traced to the early part of the Thirteenth Century; for when King John, in the year 1215, first granted a Mayor to the City of London, it was stipulated that he should be presented, for approval, either to the King or his justice. From this originated the procession to Westminster, where the King's palace was situated; and as the judges also sat there, it was necessary for the citizens in either instance to repair thither, which they did annually, on horseback. A water procession, however, came into vogue earlier than is generally imagined; the accounts of the Grocers' Company for the year 1436 contain items of expenditure for "hiring of barges," for such water processions nineteen years before the date of their supposed introduction by Sir John Norman, who is lauded by the City Laureate, Middleton, in his Pageant for 1621, called the *Sun in Aries*, as "the first Lord Mayor that was rowed to Westminster, with silver oars, at his own cost and charges." The Thames watermen, who found the alteration of most essential service to them, gratefully recorded their sense of it in a ballad, the only two existing lines of which are the often-quoted

"Row thy boat, Norman,
Row to thy Leman."

Although the old chroniclers have left us a pretty complete series of descriptions of royal entertainments, and processions through the City, we meet with nothing that will inform us of what the Lord Mayor's own pageantry consisted, as exhibited in his honour, on the day of his entrance upon the duties of his office, until the year 1533, when the unfortunate Anne Boleyn came from Greenwich to Westminster, on the day of her coronation; the Mayor and citizens having been invited by Henry to fetch Anne from

Greenwich to the Tower, and "to see the Citie ordered and garnished with pageauntes in places accustomed, for the honour of her Grace." Accordingly "there was a common counsail called, and commandment was given to the Haberdashers (of which craft the Mayor, Sir Stephen Peacock, then was), that they should prepare a barge for the Bachelors, with a wafter and a foyst, garnished with banners and streamers, *likewise as they use to do when the Mayor is presented at Westminster*, *on the morrow after Simon and Jude*. Also other crafts were commanded to prepare barges and to garnish them, not only with their accustomed banners and bannerets, but also to deck them with targets by the side of the barges and to set up all such seemly banners and bannerets as they had in their halls, or could get, meet to furnish their barges, and each barge to have minstrelsy." Here, then, we are furnished with a good idea of the annual civic procession by water to Westminster, in the description given by Hall, of the barges of the Mayor and company. "First, before the Mayor's barge was a foist or wafter full of ordnance, in which was a great dragon continually moving and casting wild fire, and rounde about stood terrible monsters and wild men casting fire and making hideous noises;" this vessel served to clear the way for the Mayor's barge, which "was garnished with many goodly banners and streamers, and richly covered; in which barge were shalmes, shagbushes, and divers other instruments, which continually made goodly harmony. Next, after the Mayor followed his fellowship the Haberdashers, next after them the Mercers, then the Grocers, and so every company in his order; and last of all, the Mayors' and Sheriffs' officers, every company having melody in his barge by himself, and goodly garnished with banners, and some garnished with silk and some with arras and rich carpets;

and in that order they rowed downward to Greenwich towne, and there cast anchor, making great melody."

Among the pageants exhibited upon land on the day of the Lord Mayor's "inauguration," one was generally introduced, if possible, in punning allusion to the name of the Mayor. The earliest on record, of this kind, is described by Lydgate, in his account of the reception of Henry V. by the citizens of London, on his victorious return from Agincourt, in 1415, and which far surpassed in splendour that of any of his predecessors. John Wells of the Grocers' Company was Mayor, and three *wells* running with wine were exhibited at the conduit in Cheapside, attended by three virgins, to personate Mercy, Grace, and Pity, who gave of the wine to all comers; these wells were surrounded with trees laden with oranges, almonds, lemons, dates, etc., in allusion to his trade as a grocer. In the same way Peele's Pageant of 1591, *Descensus Astreæ*, which was written for the mayoralty of William Web, contained a similar allusion; for "in the hinder part of the pageant did sit a child, representing Nature, holding in her hand a distaff, and *spinning a web*, which passeth through the hand of Fortune, and is wheeled up by Time." In 1616, when Sir John Leman was Mayor, "a *lemon-tree* in full and ample form, richly laden with the fruit it beareth," was exhibited; and to give it due importance, its fabulous virtues were enforced by the five senses, who were seated around it, "because this tree is an admirable preserver of the senses in man; restoring, comforting, and relieving any the least decay in them."

From 1639 to 1655 no pageants were exhibited; the unhappy civil wars of England broke out, and the City became one of the strongholds of Puritanism. Isaac Pennington, who was Mayor in 1643, rendered himself eminently conspicuous by "the godly thorough reformation" he practised in the City. At his orders Cheapside was demolished, and St. Paul's desecrated: a wit of the day sticking a bill to this effect upon the door:—

"This house is to be let,
It is both wide and fair;
If you would know the price of it,
Pray ask of Mr. Mayor."

During the mayoralty of Sir John Dethick, in 1655, the first restoration of pageantry took place; for on the day of his inauguration he exhibited the usual realization of the arms of the Mercers' Company, of which he was a member —the crowned Virgin, who rode in the procession with much state and solemnity. The number of pageants yearly exhibited continued gradually to increase until 1660, the year of the Restoration of Charles II., when the Royal Oak was exhibited as the principal feature of the day's display, and gave title to Tatham's descriptive pamphlet; after which period they gradually increased the splendour and importance of the Shows, which contained many allusions to the blessings of the Restoration and the *virtues* of Charles II., in contradistinction to the days of Oliver.

Pageantry again revived during the reign of William III., but the spirit of the old Shows had departed, and the inventive genius of the City Laureates had fled with it.

The last City Poet was Elkanah Settle; he had been preceded by Peele, Munday, Dekker, Middleton, Webster and Heywood, the dramatist; John Taylor the Water Poet, Tatham, Jordan and Taubman. The last public exhibition by a regular City Poet, was in 1702, on occasion of the Mayoralty of Sir Samuel Dashwood, of the Vintners' Company, and it was, perhaps, as costly as any. The patron saint of the Company (St. Martin) appeared, and divided his cloak among the beggars, according to the ancient legend; an Indian galleon rowed by Bacchanals, and containing Bacchus himself, was also exhibited; together with the Chariot of Ariadne; the Temple of St. Martin; a scene at a tavern entertainment; and an "Arbour of Delight," where Silenus, Bacchus, and Satyrs were carousing. Settle also prepared an entertainment for 1703, which was frustrated by Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, who died on the 28th of October, the day before its intended exhibition.

The last attempt at resuscitating the glories of the ancient Mayors, being so unfortunately frustrated, and the taste for such displays not counterbalancing that for economy, no effort was made to revive the annual pageantry, and the display seems to have sunk to the level at which it has remained for more than a century; the barges by water, or a single impersonation or two on land, being all that were exhibited.

Hogarth, in his concluding plate of the "Industry and Idleness" series, has given us a vivid picture of the Lord Mayor's Day in the City, about the middle of the last century, Frederick Prince of Wales, and his Princess, are depicted seated beneath a canopy at the corner of Paternoster Row, to view the procession. Other spectators are accommodated on raised and enclosed seats beneath, the members of the various companies having raised stands along Cheapside, that of the Mercers appearing in the foreground, while every window and house-top is filled with gazers, the streets being guarded by the redoubtable City Militia, so humorously satirized by the painter, and one of whom, anxious to honour the Mayor, discharges his gun, as he turns his head aside, and shuts his eyes for fear of the consequences.

The Mayor's coach, with its mob of footmen, the City companies, the men in armour, and the banners, present as perfect a picture as could be wished of this "red-letter day" in the City.

THE CROSSING OF LONDON

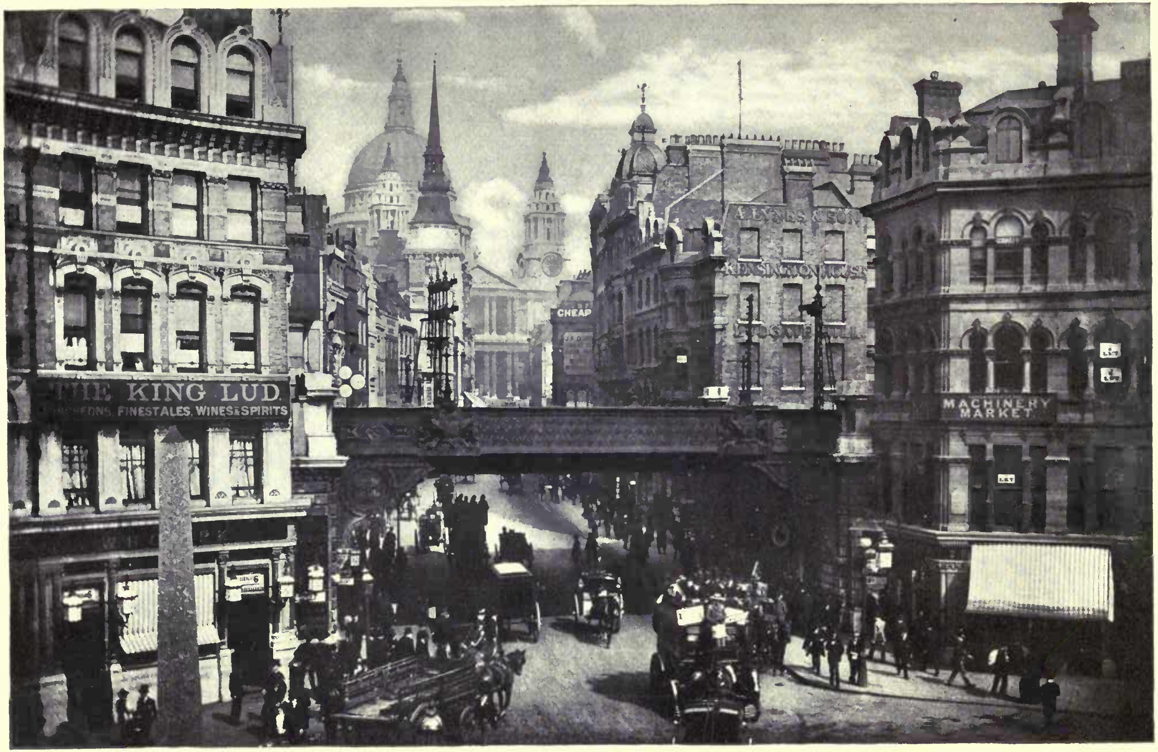
G. W. STEEVENS

AT half-past nine, on a dull, close morning, I set out, alone and unarmed, to cross London on foot from end to end. The feat may have been performed by other explorers, principally tramps, but few, if any, have lived to think it worth mentioning. I would be the Nansen or Stanley of London.

I happened to live exactly on the hem of London. If you go out by the back gate you are in market-gardens and dairy-farms, presently among coppices and downs, and so on to the sea. If you go out of the front door you are in a London street with little shops and big vans and board schools. The house used to be a country dwelling for a rich merchant or a retired diplomatist still interested in affairs: hither he drove down from town to enjoy his fruit-trees and rose-garden, his lawn and old elms. There are still a dozen such on this south-western fringe of London; but now that the tide of London's slum has washed up all about them, rich merchants desire them no more.

All I had to do, then, for my adventure was to make for the heart of London—say, Trafalgar Square—and go on straight till I came out on the other side. I should have the monster then in section, and be able to see the grain of it, so to speak.

There was not likely to be much, I told myself, to stir reflection or imagination in the suburbs that I have known since I was a boy. But going along for the first time in


THE KING LUD
FINEST ALES, WINES & SPIRITS
CHEAP
MACHINERY MARKET
LET

LUDGATE HILL.

life, with the idea of London in my head, I soon recognized my mistake. Merton, Tooting, Balham, and Clapham are not names like Runnymede or Marston Moor. Nothing ever happened at any of them except rare and transitory murders, and they are not peopled by saints and heroes and men of genius, nor yet by melodramatic blackguards and victims. They are quite commonplace—in short, suburban.

Yet, you find yourself giving them, as members of London, a significance and even a distinct individuality apiece. Merton is nearly all new, shabby and patchy—the type of a district that has never been quite sure whether it is growing up as a suburb or as a village by itself—that worst of its kind, a village close to a great town. Even now it is not quite sure that it is London. You do not see the morning and evening crowds stream in and out of its stations. Little glimpses of it are rural—a little grey bow-windowed coaching-inn, a tar-boarded mill by a black pool, or the leaves and blossoms of horse-chestnut trees rising off a backwater of the Wandle like a great altar covered with tapers. But the most of it is too poor and bewildered even to be vulgar. The tiny shops crouch and tuck in their elbows, afraid of being squeezed by London. The jerry-built £40 houses spread out their terraces flauntingly; but as yet they have not quite conquered the land, and little patches of rubber-strewn, half-hearted green lie derelict between old and new. You can see that this outermost suburb is London in the making—all sorts of houses, all sorts of employments, all sorts of people—not yet quite sure of its destiny, and waiting for London to come and mould it to the shape that London will.

A high wall with a big, brown, broken-windowed house—inside the gates a litter of tree-trunks, and bavins so newly cut that they are still trying to bud—ushers you into Tooting. There is no need to tell you what that means. It is the custom to smile at the very mention of Lower Tooting, but even I remember it as a narrow, huddled, red-roofed village street, and charming. Now they have brought down the tram-line, and they are widening the road in front of the new £40 terraces; the new shops are already getting middle-aged. Even at this late hour gentlemen with bags, in frock-coats and tall hats, are running after the Blackfriars Bridge tramcar. And when you get to Balham the process of Londonizing is complete. The last double-gated houses with stables are coming down; the line of shops in the second-hand Mount Street style is almost continuous; in the streets that take off from the high road the villas—fifty pounders now, many of them, and even more—are like peas in a pod.

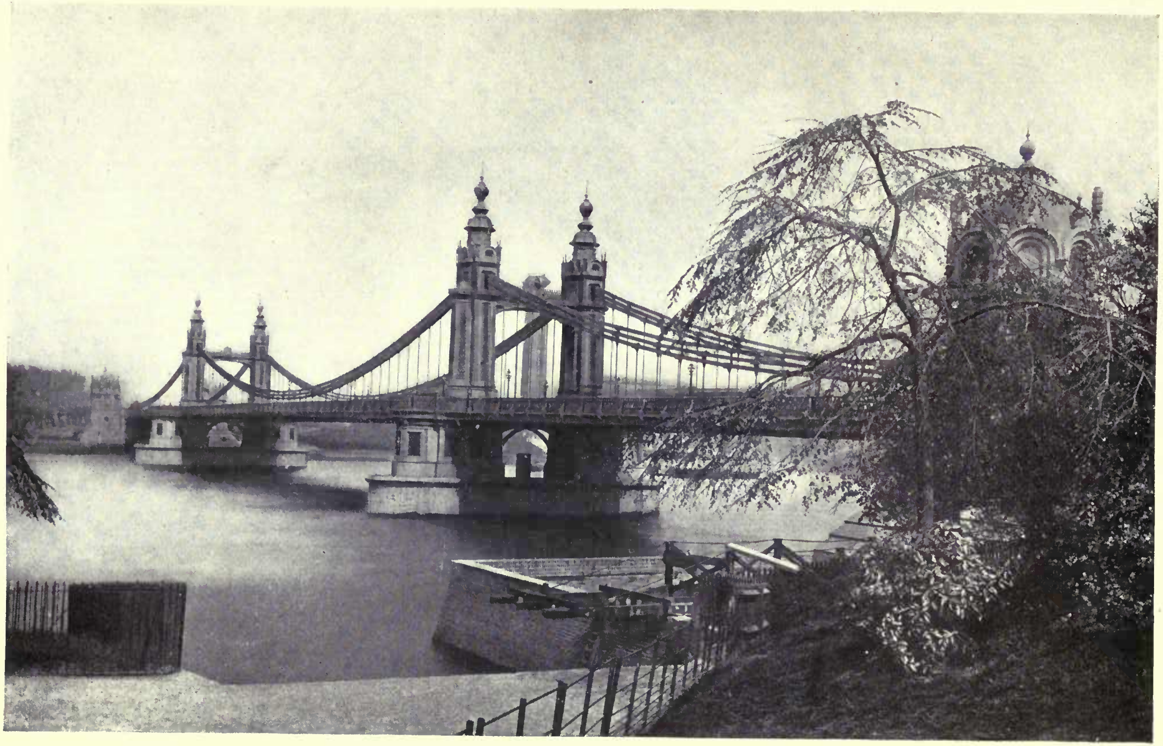
Balham is frankly suburban. It owes its existence to the demands of inner London—of the seat of government, of the commercial centre of the country, of the world's broker—for more men than actual inner London can house. The shops live on the villas, and the villas live on London proper. Balham is a parasite—the type of a suburb. But though it has been nothing else in my recollection, yet there is somehow a change. It seems that London, which appears the most conservative of all great cities, is continually changing after all. The shops seem different from what they were. Ten years ago they were all single and small, and the business was the property of the man who lived above it. Now a few have grown and added window to window, and the others seem to be dying out. Now you see names like Lipton or Freeman, Hardy, and Willis—names you know from advertisements—instead of simple, struggling Smithers or Perkins. Amalgamations and jointstock companies are crushing the life out of our old friends; another generation and there will be no more shopkeepers in London—only shareholders and directors and managers.

Another feature in the shops I seemed to notice as new and spreading. Even the smaller businesses seem shy of being known by personal names. They give themselves titles now—the Far-Famed Cake Company, the Ten Per Cent Wine Stores, the Assembly-Rooms Dining-Rooms. You find the same tendency in such different places as New York and Port Said; but in London it is novel. It means, presumably the same thing as the appearance of the branches of large firms—that we do our marketing nowadays not with men, but with names. It is no longer the shopkeeper you deal with—the man you know—but the name; and, that being so, of course you have the highest-sounding names possible. Now Clapham—a suburb of quite a respectable antiquity, which sowed its wild oats of Methodism as long ago as Thackeray's time, and has now settled down into a general-purpose suburb, like the modestest of them. Here, too, the population must have thickened vastly in the few years I have known it. But what arrests me principally is the Common, where, as a boy, I plucked gorse—illegally—and jumped ditches, and even found an occasional red blackberry. Now—O County Council!—now there is a painted iron band-stand, with painted iron chairs stacked round it, and a municipal refreshment-room, where they sell mineral waters and buns. The poor thing—transplanted child of France or Italy, where out-of-door cafés flourish in their native air and soil—is small and dark; nobody seems to be buying anything in it, nor does it seem to wish to sell; plainly it is saying, "I am an orphan, far from my native land." And then all the grass is railed in nowadays, till the paths look like corridors in a prison.

Yet let us be just even to the London County Council. In my youth nobody seemed ever to be taking the least care of Clapham Common; now it is plainly looked after and cared for, and that very sensibly. In the days when you found red blackberries, you hardly found grass for a cricket-pitch; now the bare places are resown by sections and the young turf enclosed, so that the whole place is at least green. Green—that is all you can say for it, and all you can expect in the middle of such a beleaguerment of houses. The cheerless, artificial-looking, green-baize green, too, that grows under a sky which has no colour but only weight—but still green and so far grateful.

Now I came down into Battersea—down the gradient and down in the world. Hitherto London had grown comelier towards its rich centre; now comes a header into poverty. Dingy and hard-working and poor—here was the poor man's suburb, a new phenomenon. Highly honest and respectable, the Queen's Road, with well-built houses, is as clean as anything could be among so many chimneys. It is a poor quarter, but not a slum—the home, not of vice, but of honourable labour. Choking in the reek of the town, seamed with railway viaducts, pitted with goods-stations, Battersea yet commands at least as much respect as pity.

Past the Park—another testimonial to the care and prudence of the London County Council—over the trembling bridge, into Chelsea, where the poor are housed. It is not beautiful, though the trees are green here and there; but the masses of model dwellings, where alleys were, are the sign of a great reform enacted in our lifetime all over London, and still going on. And now—as abruptly as you



CHELSEA BRIDGE.

entered—you quit poor man's London again. Round a corner, in a second, you are out of suburbs and in the centre. Behind you flannel petticoats are drying from the windows. Before you roll the carriages of the Belgravians, under the wing of Buckingham Palace.

London's effects are broad, but they should be melodramatic enough for anybody. I made a half-way house of a club, reflecting, with a foolish sense of a great discovery, that the clothes which had been seemly in Balham and offensively rich in Battersea seem a kind of nakedness in St. James's Street.

In the centre, the real London, along Pall Mall, through Trafalgar Square, along the Strand and Fleet Street, I noticed that I noticed nothing. In the suburbs, whether poor or well-to-do, I found things worth remarking, even when I knew the districts quite well. But the heart of London gave no such suggestions: it was just there to be accepted. These streets are not especially beautiful or supremely important. They are not so elegant as Mayfair, or so imperial as Whitehall, or so rich as the City. Yet, somehow, they are the heart of London. To them and from them sets the full tide of London's blood. Clubs and theatres and newspapers are their chief features—parasitic institutions all, in their way. They are not elements of the city's life, but amenities of it: they reflect rather than constitute London. We do not live there, and most of us do not work there. Yet if you wanted to lay an ambush for a man your likeliest place would be there: you would get him in time, between St. James's Palace and Ludgate Circus. You can hardly ever pass along this line without seeing somebody whom you know if only by his portrait.

I struck up Fetter Lane—one of the inside seams of London. I had read of a proposal to improve and renovate it in 1863, but I judged it must have fallen through. If you like antiquarianism, know that this street was named after the *faytours*, or loafers, that infested it in early times: there are a few left still. Across Holborn Circus, and in Charterhouse Street, you come on a second, more sombre epitome of London. Here is Smithfield, that supplies London's kitchen; St. Bartholomew's Hospital, that instructs many doctors, and tends London when it has fallen under a dray. Farringdon Road is the same sort of supply depot; only here you get London at its most dramatic and its most ironical. Underneath towering wholesale warehouses, whence clanking cranes drop great bales into broad vans, trail lines of the smallest and most retail tradesmen in the world. Indoors they sell by the ton; outdoors, by the ha'porth: and you can buy an odd volume of a set of seventeenth-century sermons, or a portrait in oils of somebody else's grandmother with a hole through it, or a condemned pair of opera-glasses, or a brass handle from somebody else's door.

The costers' stalls stop at Clerkenwell Road; but the character of the quarter remains. You go through a cañon of warehouses on one side, and artisans' dwellings on the other—each as tall and sheer, as grim and dingy, as the other. I have always been rather puzzled what to make of Clerkenwell. None of its buildings seem to have any fronts,—it seems a city of backs. I now begin to think that this is the outward symbol of its essential character. It appears to be the store-room and box-room of London—a place where things are kept, a place where they emerge when you want them. Accustomed to have things when you want them, you forget in your ingratitude the very existence of the store-room till you stray into it. If you buy tobacco from Salmon & Gluckstein, or pills from Warner's

Safe Cure, it never occurs to you that there must be a place where they fix the prices and concoct the drugs. But, of course, there is; and here you find them both in Clerkenwell Road. Presently, after crossing into Old Street, you are assailed by a vigorous and familiar smell, half acid, half sickly: you have come to the place where they make Champion's vinegar. The explorer records such discoveries with a peculiar satisfaction. You would expect everybody to know where these things be; yet he alone among travellers has tracked them to their sites, and gazed with emotion at their unveiled sublimities.

By the time you have got so far along Old Street the landscape has changed again. The gloomy walls of building sink, the roadway widens. Clerkenwell Road looks half-deserted; Old Street bustles and tinkles with animation; you seem to have come again to a place where live people, not commodities. Yet the place seems to wear a more homogeneous aspect than, for instance, Battersea, where people of all trades seem merely to live and buy their necessaries. Look into the shops and you get the clue: you are coming into the home of furniture-makers. Here is a turner's; there a window full of brass knobs and drawer-handles; beyond, they seem to specialize on upholstery; at the corner is a timber-yard. Presently I pass the end of Curtain Road—a sheer street of furniture-dealers, the metropolis of the trade. Every other man you meet is employed about furniture in one way or another. In the streets that radiate from Shoreditch Station almost every other house is a workshop or a warehouse or a dealer's. Within a mile are concentrated more than half the furniture-makers of London.

Up to now I had traversed all my route before; now I plunged boldly into the virgin forests of Kingsland Road.

To my shame, I have to report no discoveries. I observed that it was very, very long—pavements are not such easy going to anybody accustomed to anything else—but for the rest it was a street of the inner suburbs, full of omnibuses and tramcars, flanked by a railway, lined with shops, dotted with stalls, adorned with vast public-houses. Kingsland High Street was not different: I struck off eastward, desiring to refresh the soles of my feet on Hackney Downs. From the reports of geographers I determined that I must be very near them.

I passed through streets of residential suburb, the analogue of the newer parts of Clapham. So far, to judge from my route, London seemed a series of concentric belts, like a target. The bull's-eye was somewhere about Trafalgar Square; there was the central meeting district, the central business district—Clerkenwell and Pimlico; the poor suburbs—Hoxton and Battersea; the better-off suburbs—Hackney and Clapham. With the analogies came the cold thought that Hackney Downs might be even as Clapham Common. With the thought came a railway bridge, and beyond it a smoke-drenched island of green with a notice-board, and on the board—yes; I knew it—Hackney Downs. There is a manufactory of something noisome near it, and the black fumes from its stack rolled all over, voluptuously throttling the poor little bit of green—if such are the lungs of London, give me asphyxia. Again, the County Council had done its best, enclosing the place with iron hurdles along the footpaths, so that the land might grow grass and cricket as rotation crops. There was grass to look at, certainly; but grass under the leaden sky again, with the additional torture of the black smoke—once more the vicious, poisonous green-baize of poor London's only spring-time.

Hackney Downs behind me, I looked for my north-eastern Balham, and found it in Clapton. Clapton has still a few decorous green-brown garden walls and houses left, but I turned out of it very soon. Now, pounding along the Lea Bridge Road—going a little short and footsore by now—I was in the straight. The Lea Bridge Road would surely take me clear out of London. The scenery was promising—scanty grass, waterworks, a railway station that seemed to have gone to sleep, railway viaducts without stations or houses. But, for all that, tram-lines still pursued the road, and I never lost sight of houses. Courage, however: it could not be far. From the top of the next rise I should surely see the country.

What I did see, to my disgust, was London beginning all over again. A green with the vamped-up remnants of a village on one side, and then streets on streets again. I came to cross-roads with trams and 'buses radiating everywhither. The London pavements were beginning to crawl up my shins. Still, there was hope: it was just like Tooting—down to the very reappearance of the Far-Famed Cake Company, which appears to hide its fame in very remote tracts. Still the dauntless explorer toiled on. Now there appeared a mass of trees before me, a gate, and within it grassy slopes. I pressed on with fresh vigour. Now I was walking under elms and chestnuts; now——

London again! A regular main-street of it, confound it! With shops almost up to the Balham standard. Had I turned round inadvertently, and was I heading straight back into it again? Now came a hill, with the mocking tram-lines running up it, eligible residences on either hand. I had finally decided that the thing was endless. There was no edge of London at all. . . . Aha! Trees and grass! And not only that, but trees beyond them, and trees beyond. And blossoming hawthorn. And especially no houses. I felt like Stanley emerging from darkest Africa. Epping Forest, and no more London!

It had taken over four hours and a half of actual walking, from which I infer that the distance was a little short of twenty miles. It took me, by tram-car, omnibus, train, cab, train, and omnibus, three hours to get back again.

IN PRAISE OF LONDON FOG

M. H. DZIEWICKI

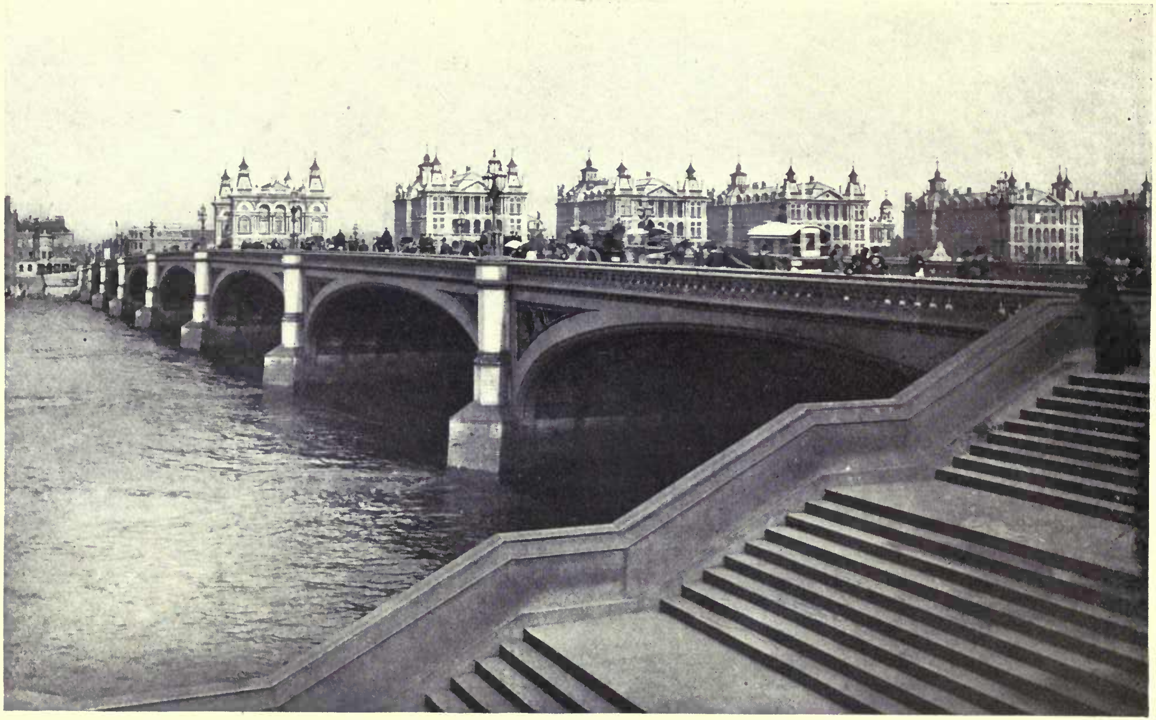
IN many respects, London has no advantage over other cities; in several points, it is even inferior to some. The good taste shown in the architecture of its palaces and public buildings is not unfrequently questionable, to say the least. The West End itself contains few mansions that would not find their equals in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin. The old monuments, scattered here and there about the town, are hardly more curious than those of most other nations, and sink into complete insignificance when we remember those of Rome. The public gardens and parks, trim and well-kept as they are, exhibit nothing that, to a greater or less extent, is not to be found in every wealthy capital of Europe. But that which can be seen nowhere but in London—that which gives it its peculiar stamp and its special beauty—is its night and its fog. Night in London!

Stand upon Westminster Bridge, and gaze at the innumerable glories reflected back by the Thames; the avenues of gas lights and rows of illuminated windows, repeated in the heaving waters, and trembling and undulating as the waters heave; the solitary electric lamp that shines out from the immense station of Charing Cross; the red, blue and emerald green lanterns on the railway bridge far away, and the long cloud of white smoke that iris-like, takes the colour of each lantern over which it rolls, while it marks the passage of a fiery messenger along the rails;

the lights of the swift, graceful steamboats below, plying upwards against the tide, or downwards with it, and making the brown waters foam and sparkle; the factories on the south side of the river, all ablaze with a thousand radiances; the long straight line of lamps, that stretches as far as the eye can see above Westminster Bridge, where Lambeth Hospital faces, not unworthily, the great Houses of Parliament: and with all these splendours surrounding you, and in the midst of this whirlpool movement ever more and more rapid, ever louder and louder, as the great city swells to vaster dimensions year by year—go and talk nonsense about the stars and the light of the moon! Prate about cornfields and green grass, sheep and oxen, when you see, streaming past you over the bridge—out of the darkness, into the darkness—thousands of living fellow-creatures, all of them thinking and willing, many of them loving and hating, some of them like unto holy angels, and some like fiends from hell! Oh, the dread intensity, the wonderful meaning, the turbulent grandeur of the scene! Starlight and moonlight may indeed embellish it; the towers of Westminster, silvered with celestial radiance, may indeed look more splendid than when they loom, black and solemn, out of the lamp-light and starless obscurity; still, to my mind, these occasional interferences add but little to the scenery, and their absence does not matter much. What would the fairest of capitals—Venice, for instance—be at night, without those lamps of Heaven? Only London gives out enough light to be, like the Medusa, beautiful by its own phosphorescence.

London by night, from Westminster Bridge, is darkly picturesque; in Drury Lane, wildly picturesque. It now remains for us to see London weirdly picturesque.

I was crossing the narrow bridge for foot-passengers that



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

runs by the side of the Charing Cross railway bridge. It was broad daylight—that is, as broad daylight as we got all that day. And yet I could see neither whence I came nor whither I was going. Men and women, like shadows, some passing one way, some the other, came out of invisible regions, and vanished into regions invisible. I looked downwards: I could just see the turbid waves below me, and their uneasy undulations to and fro. I looked upwards: a faint, hazy, bluish tint told me that there was a sky overhead. But in all the broad expanse before me, I could not tell where the dark-brown hue of the Thames melted into the pale azure of the firmament. Nothing could be distinguished—absolutely nothing. The nearest bridges above and below, the houses on either side, Cleopatra's gigantic Needle, the boats and coal-barges—if, indeed, any were then moored upon the river—were completely out of sight. I was suspended in the air between the dimly-seen sky and the dimly-seen waters, on a bridge that neither ended nor began, or rather, of which the beginning and the end were a few yards off from me on either side. A dozen feet or so of railing, right and left; trains constantly whizzing by, with thundering noise and exploding fog-signals; human beings, indistinct in the near distance, distinct for a moment while they pass, and then again at once indistinct and swallowed up in the cloud; a most perfect gradation from the seen to the unseen, through all possible varieties and shades—would not such a sight be eminently worthy of a great painter's pencil, or a great writer's pen?

Or take another point of view: Waterloo Bridge on a foggy evening; not, however, when the vapours are densest, but when they just begin to thicken, rising from the Thames. How the eye plunges down the long vista of lights—some fixed, some mobile—in the vain endeavour to distinguish Blackfriars Bridge, otherwise than by the stream of sparks that flit backwards and forwards upon it! And the eddying mists—now thicker, now thinner, as the wind's direction changes—make the lights twinkle like the stars of heaven, and more than they; some appear all but extinguished and then again revive suddenly, while the accumulated fog is driven hither and thither, up or down the stream. To use a homely comparison, the vanishings and reappearances of the lamps in the uncertain distance are not unlike the train of scintillations that we see running on the black and shrivelled surface of paper which has just been burnt.

And has not a foggy morning its beauties too? I was not long ago journeying from Clapham to Westminster on the top of an omnibus, while a thick mist, curling and shifting about, alternately hid from view and partially revealed the rows of houses that glided past us like grey spectres. Above their roofs, but scarcely above them, the red sun peeped, or rather bounded along to keep pace with us—which he did. Sometimes he was for an instant concealed behind chimney-stacks, steeples, or public edifices, and then he again showed his fiery orb, broad and brilliant. And, as we pass before Kennington Park, the skeleton trees one after another cover the golden globe with a delicate, black, ever-changing network of branches—a sight not to be despised. Now we turn away: our direction has changed, and the sun disappears. Shall we no more see him beaming jovially and genially into our faces—not a god too bright to be gazed at, but the familiar companion of our journey? Yes, there he is again!—again, though but for a short time, we see him bounding along the horizon, as if to bid us farewell.

Now all that effect is owing to the fog. Say what you will against it, I still maintain that no one can truthfully deny the picturesque beauty obtained by the agent that, instead of letting you shut your eyes from the dazzling sunbeams, brings the great Giver of light himself into the landscape, and contrasts his living, burning globe of flame with the cold angular outlines of the grey shrouded houses and the dead leafless boughs of the desolate trees. Is not this contrast beautiful? Yet nobody notices it, because it is at our doors. . . . In the weird indistinctness that it sheds upon everything in this world of London—clothing the Houses of Parliament with phantom drapery, effacing the hands on the dial of the Clock Tower, and annihilating to the eye the mighty dome of St. Paul's, while leaving its foundations and walls intact—the fog throws the glamour of mystery over all, and thus gives a touch of poetry to a wilderness of buildings that would by themselves be too prosaical, too matter-of-fact.

But it may be said that I plead for the fog in general, not for the London fog. What is there of the beautiful in this dingy yellowish monster, shedding flakes of black snow all round, and almost stifling you in the thick folds of its close embrace? I own that this dinginess, this jaundice hue, this combination of smoke and mist that gives the very sun a "sickly glare" and extinguishes the electric lights at a hundred yards, seems to be, and is, repulsive. But take away the idea of mere annoyance, of trifling inconvenience, which the fog suggests, and try to substitute that of a terrible calamity of which it might be either the cause or the accompaniment; you will no longer say that the fog's appearance is "horrid" or "disgusting," but rather confess it to be fearful and grand in the extreme. When you see at the end of a long interminable street a thick volume of fog settling down and rolling onwards in triumph, fancy that it is the plague-cloud, conveying deadly germs into every household that it reaches; or imagine that London, besieged by the enemy, is burning, and that the fog-signals are the detonations of shells from hostile batteries; or think that Vesuvius, when about to overwhelm Pompeii, began by rolling forth such a cloud down its sides. You will soon find it terribly picturesque. And, therefore, if the fog is not so, that arises only from our associations, disagreeable indeed, but without the element of grandeur that might attach to them.

London, the metropolis of the world, is unique; it is meet that its beauties should be unique also. At the hour when the charms of Nature vanish from sight, or only come forth if the heavens lend their aid, London, all the year round, spreads before all beholders a constant panorama of splendour and of brilliancy. In the lowest depths, in the mud-abysses of this ocean of humanity, we often and often perceive wild glimpses of rude and savage, but joyful and exuberant life. And at those seasons when the enchantment of verdure ceases in the groves, when the magic of sunlight loses its power in meadow and field, the enchantment of another magic lends to the buildings and the streets of London a mysterious charm for him who has eyes to see.

SLEEPLESS LONDON

G. W. STEEVENS

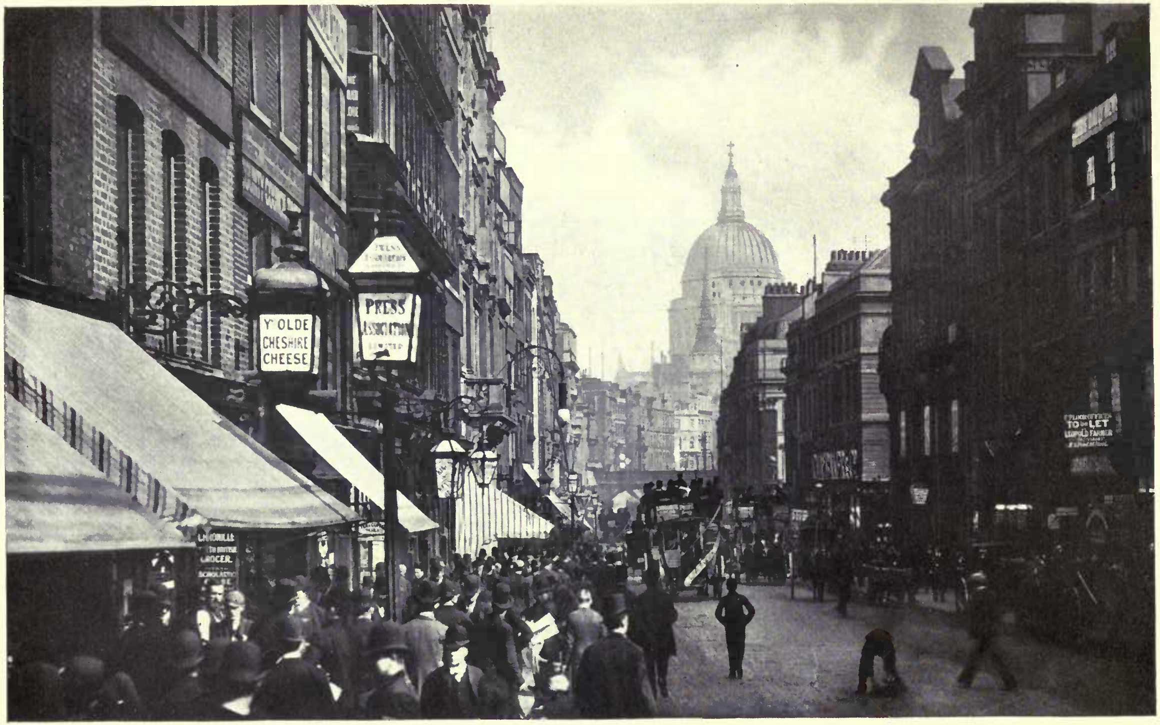
THE hardest-worked of London's thoroughfares is Fleet Street; its bedtime is from one to three. These are the hours men seize upon to wash it: by the time the last suburban home-goers have reached Ludgate Hill the vestry men are out with their hose to sluice the poor tired thing down. It is almost empty. A hansom or two lies in wait for the infrequent editor. The policeman stands in a reverie to read the bill of fare of the long-cold restaurant, and haply wonders what "choux-fleurs au gratin" might be.

You go back at three—when the rest of London has got soundly to its nest—and Fleet Street, hardly dry from its morning tub, is in the flush of its morning's work. A dull grinding roar runs surf-like along its two shores—the sound of many printing machines. Carts are moving through winding alleys out of gas-lit stables. Piles of newspapers grow up on its pavements, and presently one by one the carts clatter away. The muffled shriek of whistles and the clang of distant buffers remind you that the railway stations—they also—never sleep.

Clatter and whistle and clank—yet with it all Fleet Street is unearthly still. You miss the background—the roar, that orchestration of the London streets which in the daytime accompanies and harmonizes all the leading notes. At night the roar is gone; a cart comes round a corner with a crash that almost startles. It is the same with sight as with sound. It seems a paradox, but the night is the only time when you can see London. In the daytime if you tried to look up you would be knocked down. Moreever, it never occurs to you to do any such thing; the over-driving torrent of traffic keeps the eyes down, and you forget that the buildings are anything more than the frontiers of the roadway.

Go down to the Embankment, for example, where you can watch the Thames. Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges are coronets of lamps; between them the venerable river is half seen, half divined through his mantle of mist. He is darkly turbid in the yellow gaslight, and you can smell his nakedness; yet he is very great and deep and strong, bearing up the heavy barges lightly, running, winding, powerfully yet not violently, through the heart of the City, reminding us that we are of the sea. One barge drifts past like a phantom; the clink of the windlass on another insists on making itself known more intimately than by day. Here, again, London never sleeps; but, ever carrying, scavenging, seething, inspiring, the most wakeful of all Londoners is the Thames.

"Whispering terrible things, and dear"—to all of us—whispering of trade and empire to some, but whispering perhaps something else, not less terrible and dear, to these shadow-shapers on the Embankment benches. They, too, are part of sleepless London—because they must be. The rule is that you may sit on the Embankment seats, but you must not doze there; and that rule the police enforce. So you see dim forms rise up at the *reveillé* of the policeman's boot, and walk themselves awake again, passing on to the next seat. But that is full—three old men and an old-young woman, their clothes swaddled round them as far as they will go. A boy—thank heaven for boys!—has had


Y' OLDE
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FLEET STREET AND LUDGATE HILL.

the idea of hiding himself behind one of the parapets near the river police station and sleeps profoundly. So does a gentleman with a white tie showing over his coat, sitting with his head swinging outboard as if it would break off and tumble into the tall hat which rolls at his side. Snoring richly, he is—for the moment—the happiest man on the Embankment. For the rest of them—they are London's bad dreams.

There are three things, you soon perceive, for which London will not wait—food, letters, and newspapers. The paper-carts are still clattering towards the stations, and there is nothing to compete with them but the four-horsed parcel-post vans and the market wains. They both breathe of the country, and altogether at night London is very much nearer to the fields outside than she is by day. The post-vans have come up by road from anywhere within fifty miles, for all the world like stage-coaches: they are a suggestive comment on our loose control over our railways.

The big draught-horses and big waggons have not come so far; but they have come far enough to give you a smell of apples and turnips, almost as sweet as hay. At Covent Garden you find them slowly choking up the maze of little streets. Porters pass slowly up and down; work is in full swing; but again all is curiously silent. The men are too sleepy to give you the full benefit of their mixture of country and cockney; there is no sound but the scrunch of heavy wheels, backing to their unloading places, and the slithering of heavy iron-shod feet on the sticky cobbles, as the luckier horses file off to their stables. The bait-stable might come straight from a farm—just a big whitewashed blank with a manger along one end; the smell of this, too, has stolen some sweetness from the fields. Covent Garden is half lit and half asleep; Smithfield, on the other hand, flares with light and echoes with strong voices. Through the broad streets you are guided by meat-waggons of a form seldom seen by daylight—a sort of railway horse-box on wheels, but with open sides, which show you half-oxen hanging, each in its own compartment, from the roof. Through the alleys about little Britain you may follow a steady stream of salesmen, brisker than the vegetable people of Covent Garden. And the big market is a blaze of light and colour.

But London is not all belly; the General Post Office is an island of gaslight, and the red mail-carts are lumbering off after the newspapers towards the early trains. But go on to Cheapside, and at last you come to what you sought—London asleep. Here, indeed, the city is paved with silence. The very policeman hardly breaks it—for most of his time he is bending over locks to see if anybody is out a-burgling. You can look down glades of houses, all asleep, and see not a single living thing. And all the time, dim as the light is, you find yourself discovering beauties and interests passed a hundred times unsuspected in the broad light. The City churches, by day those survivals of a dead past, now become the focusses of hitherto unnoticed street-scapes. The Bank is mean, and the only interesting thing about the Royal Exchange is its grasshopper. But a church of St. Peter lets a serene classical face into the architecture of Cornhill that dignifies all the street, and the key on the top of it is the dominant note of a whole eye-full. Near it you see an ornate Gothic porch, where, till now, you have only seen ornate stockbrokers. Queerest of all is a little country Quaker meeting-house, right in the middle of Bishopsgate Street, a couple of very old shops for its lower storey, going by the name of St. Ethelburga's. I seem to have heard of it in some connection with Mr.

Kensit, or Father Black, or some other church-brawler; but who did ever set eyes on it in Bishopsgate Street?

Time has been crawling on—you must try walking aimlessly all night before you can realize how slowly time crawls. Now it is half-past five. Pacing half asleep along Bishopsgate Street, you meet a working man, striding smartly, his dinner in a red handkerchief. Behind follow another and another, then two, then a group. You notice that they all step onward as with a purpose, very differently from the loafers of the night. These must be morning people, beginning their day, not ending it. Then you turn the corner of Liverpool Street, and a thick column of men is streaming out of the Great Eastern Station, heading across the road, plunging forward into the streets all around.

And suddenly, all at once, it is morning. Dawn steals up shyly under electric lamps, but now you see that the sky has lightened from dark grey to nearly white. Things begin to clothe themselves in their day colours. You feel the breath of the morning on your face and its indefinable stirring in your blood—yes, even in Finsbury you feel it. People crowd in round every corner, from every opening as at a cue; they might be the chorus filling up the stage of an opera. From Broad Street now as well as Liverpool Street, on foot, on bicycles, leaping down from the tailboards of railway waggons, they come and come. A public-house, closed a moment ago, is suddenly open. From nowhere spring up men at every corner selling morning papers. For two hours they pour in steadily; faster and faster the stations vomit them out, till succeeding trainloads merge into one continuous torrent of people. Nearly all are men—which is the characteristic of the land where the working man brings a cup of tea to his wife's bedside—

while abroad a large proportion would be women. The wonder is whither are they all bound. For though London is clearly awake and has already absorbed its thousands, it hardly seems less empty than before. A few men at work on a building, an electrical engineer on a doorstep just getting to work at his dynamos, a man removing a dust-bin—that is all, so far. London is so vast that all this crowd soaks in no deeper than this. But all the fringe is waking now, and every station pours in its fresh hordes. Presently the shops are opening. The first Tall Hat rises splendidly on the scene. London is awake indeed.

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH

EDWARD WALFORD

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH—one of the finest parochial churches in the kingdom—in spite of the barbarous mutilation which it underwent when its nave was pulled down, is now almost the sole remaining object of "Old Southwark." In spite of the loss of its original nave, it is deservedly styled by Mr. A. Wood in his *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of London*, "the second church in the metropolis, and the first in the county of Surrey." It is one of the few parish churches in the kingdom possessing a "lady chapel," still perfect.

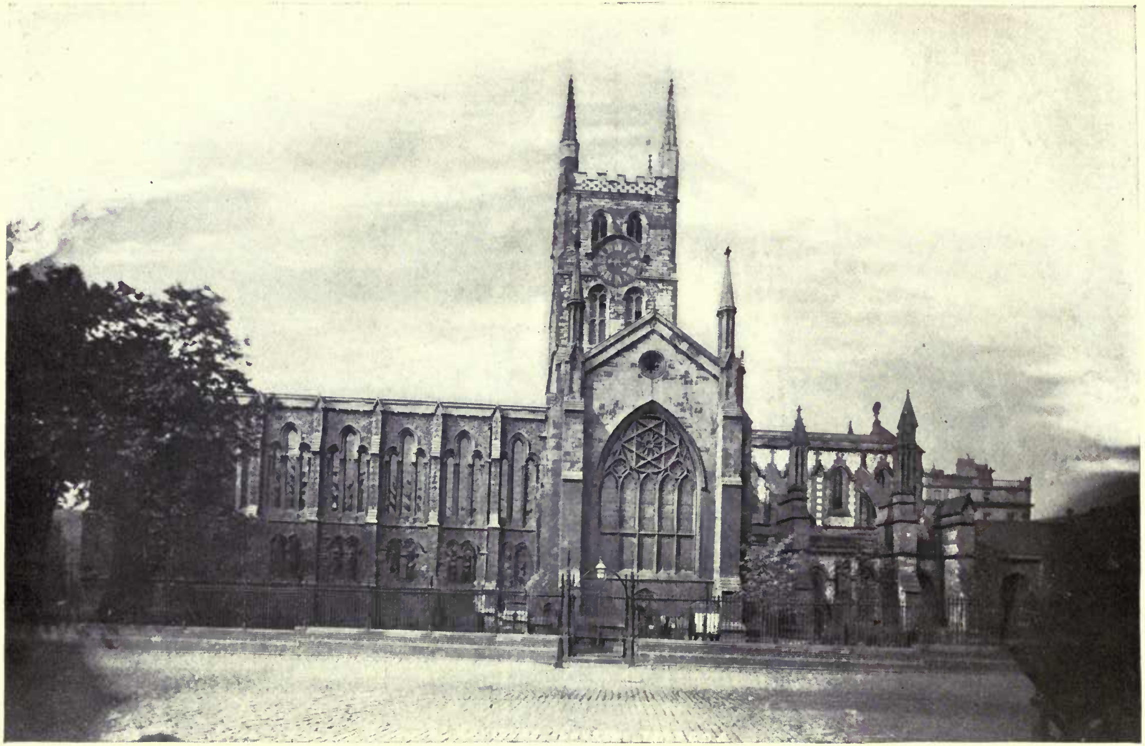
Before the Reformation it was styled the priory church of St. Mary Overy, and its early history is almost lost in the mists of tradition. There is a curious legend connecting the building of the original London Bridge with the Church of St. Mary Overy, but it is has been much discredited. The story is related on the authority of Stow, who chronicled it as the report of the last prior, Bartholomew Linsted:—"A ferry being kept in the place where now the bridge is builded, at length, the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden, named Mary, who, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits of the said ferry, builded an house of Sisters on the place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's Church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry. But afterwards the said house of

Sisters being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of timber, as all the other great bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good reparation; till at length, considering the great charges which were bestowed in the same, there was, by aid of the citizens and others, a bridge builded with stone."

Long after good Mary Audrey (or Overie) died—if, indeed, she ever lived—a noble lady named Swithin changed the House of Sisters into a college for priests; and in 1106 two Norman Knights, William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncey, re-founded it as a house for canons of the Augustine order. Giffard, then Bishop of Winchester built the conventual church and the palace in Winchester Yard close by. It was in this priory that the fire broke out in 1212, when the greater part of Southwark was destroyed, and another fire breaking out simultaneously at the northern end of London Bridge an immense crowd was enclosed between the two fires, and 3,000 persons were burned or drowned. The canons thus burnt out established a temporary place of worship on the opposite side of the main road, which they dedicated to St. Thomas, and occupied for about three years until their own church was repaired.

The church was then dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen. In 1273, Walter, Archbishop of York, granted an indulgence of thirty days to all who should contribute to the rebuilding of the sacred edifice, and towards the end of the following century the church was entirely rebuilt. Gower, the poet, it is stated contributed a considerable portion of the funds.

In 1404 Cardinal Beaufort was consecrated to the see of Winchester, and two years later was celebrated in this church the marriage of Edmund Holland, Earl of Kent.



ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

with Lucia, eldest daughter of Barnaby, Lord of Milan. Henry IV. himself gave away the bride "at the church door," and afterwards conducted her to the marriage banquet at Winchester Palace. It was in this church, too, a few years subsequently (1424), that James I. of Scotland wedded the daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and niece of the great Cardinal, the golden-haired beauty, Jane Beaufort, of whom, during his imprisonment at Windsor, the royal poet had become enamoured, doubting, when he first saw her from the window, whether she was

"A worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature."

At all events, the King describes her in his verses as

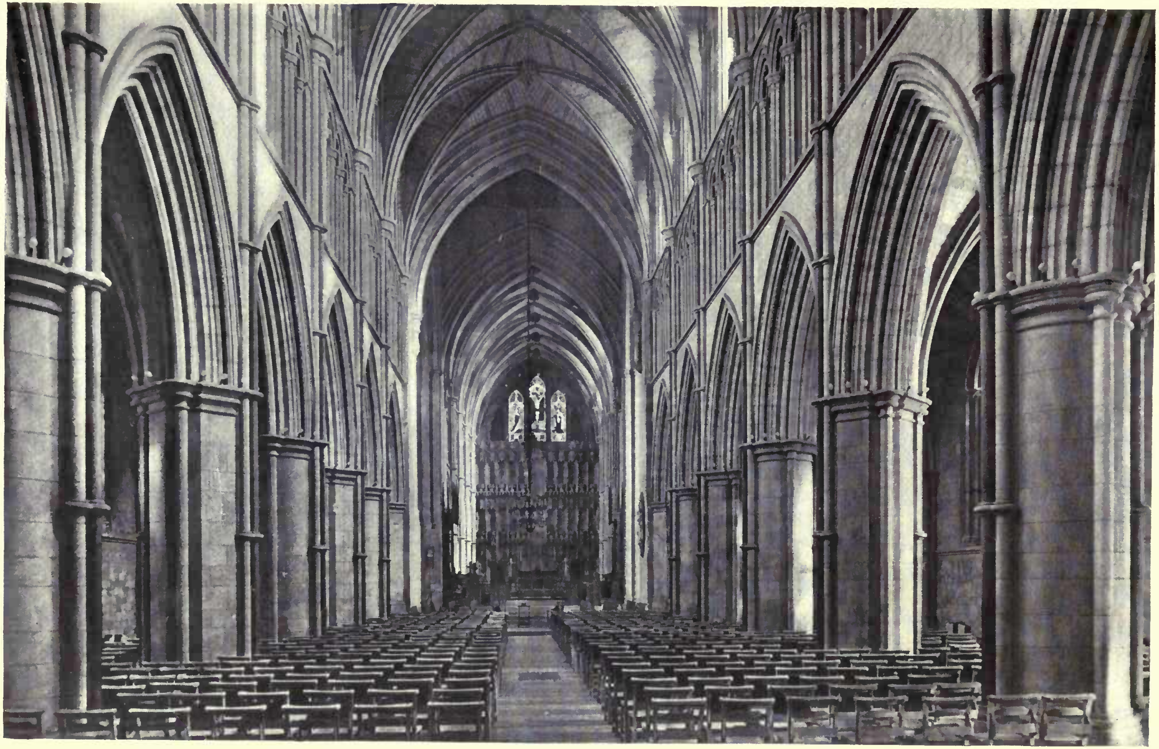
"The fairest and the freshest yonge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour."

The marriage feast on this occasion, too, was kept in the great hall of Winchester Palace, and in a style befitting the munificence of the cardinal. The marriage, as we are told, was a happy one, and the bards of Scotland vied with each other in singing the praises of the queen, and in extolling her beauty and her conjugal affection. In 1437 James was murdered by his subjects, his brave queen being twice wounded in endeavouring to save his life.

At the dissolution of religious houses in 1539, the priory of black canons—for such was that of St. Mary Overy's—of course shared the general fate of monastic establishments; but the last prior, Bartholomew Linsted, had the good fortune of obtaining from Henry VIII. a yearly pension of £100. The inhabitants of the parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Margaret-at-Hill—which latter church stood on the west side of the High Street, on the spot till recently occupied by the Town Hall—purchased, with the assistance of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, the stately church of St. Mary. The priory church was also at that time purchased from the king, and the two parishes were united under the title of St. Saviour's, the priory church having been recognized by the name of St. Saviour's for nearly thirty years before. At the same time the church wardens and vestry were constituted a "corporation sole." Six years before that period a dole had been given at the door of the church, and so great was the crowd and pressure on that occasion that several persons were killed. In pre-Reformation times this church was the scene of many religious ceremonies and public processions. One of these, conducted with great pomp and ceremony, is described by Fosbroke in his economy of monastic life, as follows:

> "Then two and two they march'd, and loud bells toll'd;
> One from a sprinkle holy water flung;
> This bore the relics from a chest of gold,
> On arm of that the swinging censor hung;
> Another loud a tinkling hand-bell rung—
> Four fathers went that singing monk behind,
> Who suited Psalms of Holy David sung;
> Then o'er the cross a stalking sire inclined,
> And banners of the church went waving in the wind."

Various alterations and restorations have at different times been made in the fabric of the church. The Lady Chapel, at the eastern end, is a relic of the older edifice. The tower of the church was repaired in 1689; and in 1822 a complete restoration of the fine Gothic edifice was commenced. The brick casings with which generations



ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK (interior).

of Goths had hidden the beautiful architecture were removed; groined roof and transepts were restored, and a circular window of rare beauty added. But even in this great work the taste of the age, as represented by the vestry and churchwardens, interfered; the noble vista of the long-drawn aisle was broken, and a new and sorry modern nave constructed in its place.

The edifice is very spacious and is built on the plan of a cathedral. In its style of architecture, excepting its tower, it somewhat resembles Salisbury Cathedral. It comprises a nave and aisles, transepts, a choir with its aisles, and at the eastern end, as above stated, the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, or, as it is most commonly called, the Lady Chapel. Contiguous, but extending farther eastward, was added a small chapel, which in time came to be called the Bishop's Chapel, from the tomb of Bishop Andrews having been placed in its centre. This latter chapel was entered from the Lady Chapel under a large pointed arch. The chapel itself was rather over thirty feet in length, and had a stone seat on each side, and at the east end. However, as it was thought to injure the effect of the eastern elevation of the church, as seen from the new bridge road, it was taken down in the year 1830. A view of the Bishop's Chapel, from the last sketch that was taken of it, is given in Taylor's *Annals of St. Mary Overy.*

At the intersection of the nave, transepts and choir, rises a noble tower, thirty-five feet square and one hundred and fifty feet in height, resting on four massive pillars adorned with clustered columns. The sharp-pointed arches are very lofty. The interior of the tower is in four storeys, in the uppermost of which is a fine peal of twelve bells. Externally, the tower, which is not older than the Sixteenth Century, somewhat resembles that of St. Sepulchre's

Church, close by Newgate. It is divided into two parts, with handsome pointed windows, in two storeys, on each front; it has tall pinnacles at each corner, and the battlements are of flint, in squares or chequer work.

THE THAMES AND ITS BRIDGES

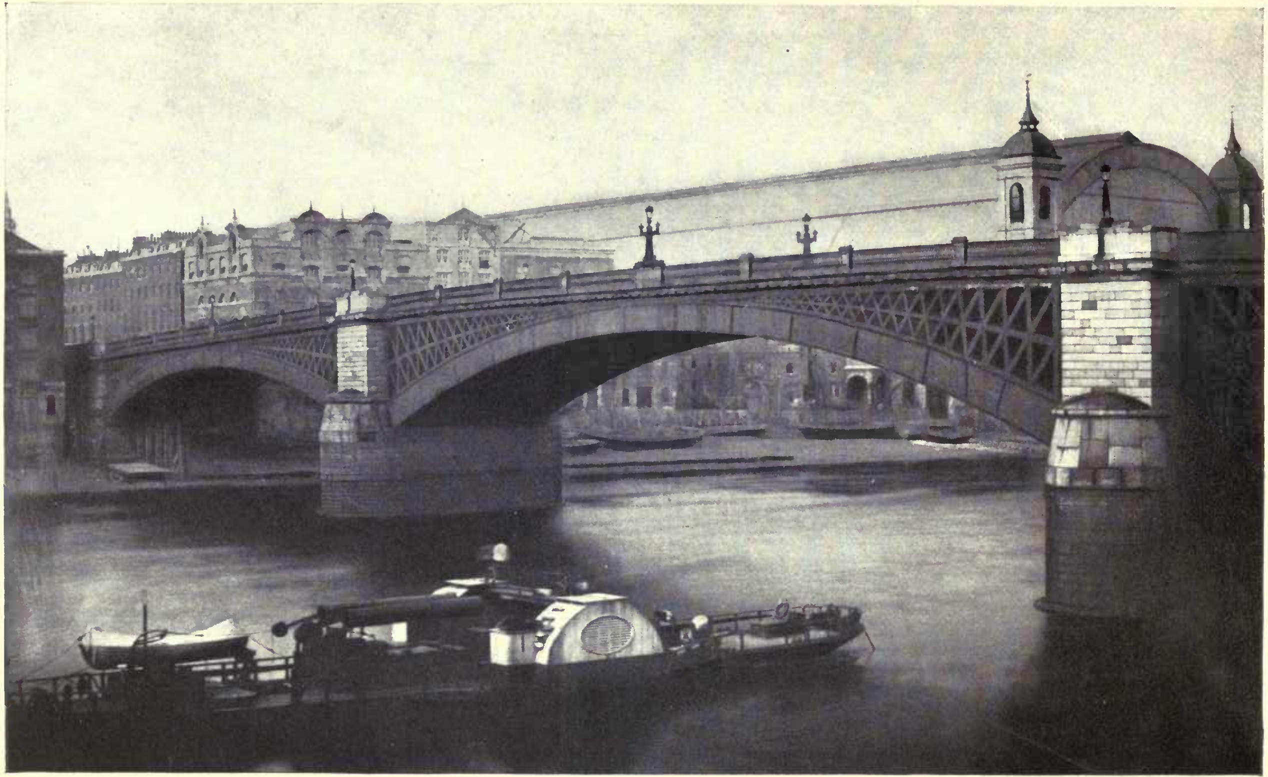
THEODORE ANDREA COOK

TO the southeast of the Cotswolds a little streamlet rises in the meadowland beneath the hills, and between the fields of Glocestershire and Wiltshire glides gently towards Oxford, widening as it goes. Its waters ripple more gaily as they flow beneath the arch of Folly Bridge, past all the college barges, as if they knew very well that it was only for the races of the various boat clubs that they are there at all. This river has had its first youthful taste of the pleasures of a larger world, and hastens on to Henley, where between the Berkshire and the Buckinghamshire shores it breaks into the best stretch of racing-water in the Kingdom, and puts on all its brightest attire for the Royal Regatta. Past many a waterside mansion and many a busy town, the current moves towards the sea, gathering in volume and strengthening in memories as it goes. At last between the counties of Middlesex and Surrey the river flows majestic, Thames confessed.

As we shall see, the work that Thames is asked to do to-day is neither so pleasant nor so picturesque as in those older days when the citizens found in their great water highway not merely a means of transit from one end of London to the other, but an opportunity for endless pleasure and pageantry as well. The river may well fancy that we are anxious to hide its very waters from our sight, so many are the bridges that now bind one bank to the other in a well-nigh continuous band of overarching streets and railways. Yet if a man will follow the winding of the stream, from Chelsea only, he will see more of the life of that city, of which it is still so great a part, than in almost any other way. There are no booksellers along the Embankment, as Sala once suggested, as on the pleasant quays where you may loiter happily along the banks of Seine; nor is it possible for the whole distance to keep the actual brim of water by your side.

Really to see all that the river may be disposed to show, you must float upon its surface in whatever craft shall offer, through the crowd of barges, tugs, and steamers, beneath iron girders, where the trains are rattling to and fro, below stone arches where the roar of traffic echoes, past tall chimneys pouring smoke into the sky, past churches innumerable, with the great dome of St. Paul's above them all; past the strong curve of the Embankment, to the sheds and warehouses and cranes of London Pool, where the crowded masts of blackened craft lie huddled side by side, where the great docks open out, and the merchandize of every sea is pouring into the greatest city of the world.

And of all this that is on the surface and that meets the eye at once, the strongest impression you will take away is that of a multitude of bridges. There is no greater testimony to the growth of London, as I have pointed out before. Until 1750, Old London Bridge stood alone, and alone had to suffice for all the purposes of commerce and communication. Every bridge we see now has been built within this century. By 1865 these had cost nearly four millions sterling, apart from what had been laid out by the railway companies. It is but very lately that we have seen the Tower Bridge opened to fresh streams of traffic from both banks. The illustrations which accompany these lines will



SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

give a better idea than most of us have realized before of what these bridges are, and of the shores from which they spring. And to these presentations of what is with us now, I would fain add something of what they have replaced. As we float down the stream it will be easy to listen to the memories that are echoing beneath their arches as we pass out of the west towards the sunrise and the sea.

The old ferry at Lambeth Palace disappeared in 1750, when the opening of old Westminster Bridge brought a payment of £2,205, by way of compensation to the revenues of the See of Canterbury. Here, between Westminster and Lambeth, the Archbishop had the patent of the only horse-ferry on the Thames at London. The charges in the last century used to be 2*s.* for a man and horse, 2*s.* 6*d.*, for a coach and six and 2*s.* for a waggon. Small wonder that the Archbishop needed some equivalent. The public got their compensation in the suspension bridge we have to-day; and they would be somewhat impatient now, I fancy, if they were asked to cross by the old methods, even if they felt that they were swelling the Archbishop's fees by the process. The first bridge at Westminster had been built by a Swiss, Charles Labelye, who calculated that twice as much stone was used in its construction as had been built by Wren into the fabric of St. Paul's. Magnesian limestone was the special kind employed, and before the middle of this century its enormous weight had to be reduced by lowering the roadway which only preluded its complete destruction soon afterwards. So St. Paul's survived, which only shows that bulk is not invariably lasting. But the old bridge is worthy of recollection, if only for the sonnet Wordsworth wrote on it.

It was in 1859 that the new bridge was begun, built of iron and concrete, timber, brick, and granite, the cheapest of the London bridges in proportion to its size, and the widest of them all. From the river you may scarcely see it at its best; but from the Surrey side its broad approach makes a fine foreground to the Houses of Parliament on the other bank. Charing Cross Bridge is frankly utilitarian. But a little further on, at the bottom of Villiers Street, there is an absolutely useless and very beautiful water-gate, which was built by Nicholas Stone, after the designs of Inigo Jones for Duke "Steenie." Its position will give some idea of the height to which Sir Joseph Bazalgette raised up the roadway from the river.

Of this Victoria Embankment you get a good view from Waterloo Bridge, which Canova is reported to have considered as the finest bridge he had ever seen, while Baron Dupin considered it to be worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars! After all this, its "Grecian Doric columns" are something of a disappointment, though the nine massive arches leave an impression of implanted strength that has its value. It was designed by John Linnell Bond and built by Rennie in 1817, on the second anniversary of Wellington's victory. Its cost of half-a-million was doubled by the expense of its approaches.

I can never see Cleopatra's Needle without thinking of Gautier's beautiful lines to the obelisk in Paris, which is bewailing the dust and vulgar turmoil of a modern city; while its sister, on the silent desert sands, laments her centuries of stately solitude. Three thousand years ago the rose-coloured granite of this time-worn monument was brought out of Syene; it has seen the Egypt of Abraham and Moses: and it looks somewhat out of place between the bridges of Charing Cross and Waterloo. When Shelley's dream shall have come true, and "London shall be an habitation of bitterns . . . when the piers of

Waterloo Bridge shall have become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream," then perhaps the obelisk will still be standing, above the tide of time, outlasting the ruins of yet another civilization.

But there is little chance of becoming sentimental with Blackfriars Bridge ahead; more particularly if you remember that when Robert Mylne of Edinburgh laid its first lines of Portland stone in 1760, the sum of £21,250, 17*s.*, 6*d.* was paid to the Waterman's Company, for the privilege of their Sunday Ferry. It was repaired in 1840, and Joseph Cubitt made the new bridge later on, with granite pedestals that still are waiting for the statues of our kings. But high above the houses on the left rises St. Paul's, seen best from the river whose bridges seem frequently to have suggested the desolation of the city. For it was a ruined St. Paul's that was the famous subject of that sketch imagined by Macaulay, "when some traveller from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge." That artistic wanderer would not have had so good a view as is presented here; as you may see, if you pass on with the stream beneath John Rennie's Bridge of Southwark to London Bridge beyond. Here is the best link with that old London whose cathedral we have just been looking at.

Since the first piles of wood that in 994 were driven in opposite St. Botolph's Wharf, there have always been arches across the river at this spot. Before Canute came over, the old structure was renewed; and two more wooden buildings still were raised before, in 1209, the first "stone bridge with buildings on it" was erected by Isembert, who had done good work of the same kind before at Xaintes and Rochelle. There was a gate-house at each end; and in the midst a chapel (as may be seen across the Rhône at Avignon), beneath whose ruins, when the river bed was excavated in 1828, the bones of the pious founder, Peter of Colechurch, were discovered. John Rennie's workmen found many relics besides: spear-heads and weapons, coins of Augustus and Vespasian, money from almost every European country, tokens from Venice, counters from Nüremberg: all the scraps that every busy century had dropped as its citizens hurried to and fro across the water. On this bridge many strange things happened. Fire and siege it has seen, insurrections and popular uprisings, national rejoicings, public funerals, sudden calamities. In 1212 three thousand persons were burnt to death by a fire which destroyed each end, a fact which shows with terrible clearness how many houses were crowded together on that narrow space. In 1264 De Montfort repulsed Henry IV. here, and the people attacked the Queen's barge, as she was trying to get through one of the arches. Here in 1415 Henry V. rode in triumph after Agincourt; across the same bridge seven years later he was carried upon his bier to burial.

Here, among the crowded shops whose sign-boards hung across the roadway, lived Holbein and—long afterwards—Hogarth. Printsellers and booksellers abounded here always. Pinmakers, too, did congregate here; and there is a story of a haberdasher, born near the central chapel, who never got a minute's sleep when he went into the country, for lack of the murmur of the swirling tide beneath him that had lulled his slumbers since his infancy. There is the same uncanny stillness in the air when you have left Niagara. But upon Old London Bridge the sign-boards were not the only decorations. The gate-houses at either end were generally fringed with traitors' heads.

In Queen Elizabeth's day the most striking erection on the bridge was Nonsuch House, near the drawbridge, all of woodwork "made in Holland, marvellously carved and gilt." By 1666 these houses were all burnt in the Great Fire, and though rebuilt once more they were finally demolished in 1737. The old bridge fell after them into Lethe in the first quarter of this century, and New London Bridge was opened by William IV. and Queen Adelaide in 1831.

Sir John Herschel once announced that London occupies nearly the centre of the terrestrial hemisphere. What he may have meant to be taken in a scientific sense may certainly be applied figuratively to the extent of London's commerce.

Were statistics allowed, I could produce a most astounding and perfectly accurate list of the recorded items seen by Howell and taken in at the port of London during one day, on September 17th, 1849. But the wonders of the Custom House I must leave to your imaginations.

I have not mentioned the

> "Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

It was by boat that State prisoners were taken to Traitor's Gate at the Tower, and by river, too (sometimes even to the same entrance, unfortunately), that royal visitors went down in stately barges to the Tower or to Greenwich. By river also the Star Chamber prisoners were taken to the Fleet, and at Wapping was "Execution Dock." All of which things may serve as a grim reminder that Thames could tell you more than you have seen upon his surface.

But there was light as well as shadow in the old days of the river's history. Then men held sports of all kinds on the water, joustings and battles upon boats (as may be still seen in Provence), where each champion carried spear and shield, or fought with staff and buckler from a wherry. Wagers were still settled too, and races rowed among the watermen, of which "Doggett's coat and badge" is a survival. Then, too, every great house had its pleasure-barge and wherry, and the royal craft went to and fro, all gay with gold and tapestry. Cardinal Wolsey invariably "took his barge" to Putney. Sir Thomas More handed over his "barge and eight stout watermen" to his successor in the chancellorship. Beneath coloured awnings, companies of the citizens went out for holiday jaunts to visit the "Folly on the Thames," a floating "summer-house with music," between Somerset House and the Savoy. Pepys went about so entirely by way of the river, that he makes especial note of going anywhere by land. Only 150 years ago there were forty thousand names on the lists of the Watermen's Company, which helps to explain the large sum paid them in compensation when Blackfriars Bridge was built. The river, in fact, was the only safe and comfortable highway from one end of London to the other. In the dirty ill-paved streets men rode on horseback and women were carried in their litters. Only those walked who could not help it.

Even when a hard winter came, our ancestors were not to be denied their fun upon the Thames. For on January 24th, in that long frost of 1634, which lasted from the beginning of December until well into February, Evelyn says that he saw on the frozen river, "bull baiting, horse and coach races, puppet plays and interludes, cookes and tippling places, so that it seemed a bacchanalian triumph." The days of such hard frosts, apparently are over, and it is strange that they were so much more frequent in the earlier centuries. In many other ways Nature now seems stinting of her wonders to a generation which openly tries to get along without her. There was a dolphin, in the Fifteenth Century, who frequently visited the bridge; and swans and salmon were to be seen in plenty under its arches. In 1749, upon a fatal seventh of June, thirty-five salmon were netted below Richmond! Even as late as 1783, a two-toothed cachalot was captured above London Bridge. But watermen and wonders alike have disappeared. The old landing-places remain much the same, but all else is changed.

And the great opportunity the river always gave seems to have gone with them. For when shall such sights be seen again as when the dead body of the great Elizabeth "was brought by water to Whitehall"; or when the state barges of the twelve great Companies welcomed Charles II. at Hampton Court and escorted him along the river to his palace; or when the bier of Nelson was rowed from Greenwich to the Admiralty in 1806? The romance of Thames is vanishing. The "Confraternity of Bridge Builders" has passed the limits of its old beneficence. The next century will, no doubt, see the Thames at London hiding in its tunnel.

LAMBETH PALACE

WILLIAM GASPEY

ALONG the river-bank, we pass through ancient Lambeth, the old mansions and palaces of which have either utterly disappeared, or been converted into huge warehouses, wharfs, manufactories, distilleries, and other places of business. The original *High-street*, a narrow alley, the wooden tenements on the north side of which overlook the Thames, is a curious specimen of the architectural taste of our ancestors. The extreme narrowness of this thoroughfare is a sufficient indication that, at the time it was formed, walking on foot was the common mode of transit from one place to another within the limits of the town, and that carriages were as little used for the purposes of conveyance by the people generally, as balloons are at this time. Quitting this gloomy avenue, we find ourselves in front of that venerable edifice, *Lambeth Palace*, for many years the chief seat of the Primate of all England. It is supposed that upon the ground occupied by the palace the Countess Goda had a residence; but, not to dwell upon the legendary history of the place, it will suffice to say that Lambeth Palace was built in 1189 by Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, and rebuilt by Archbishop Boniface (principally as it now stands) in 1262. Archbishop Chicheley, in the reign of Henry V., erected that portion of the building known as the Lollards' Tower. He was a persecutor of the followers of Wicliff, and the tower derived its name from a room appropriated to the imprisonment of the followers of that reformer, who were called Lollards. This room is twelve feet by nine, planked with elm, and some rings and staples to which the captives were chained remain. The Roman Catholics were in their turn imprisoned there, Queen Elizabeth committing several persons of rank to this place. The gate-house was built by Archbishop Morton in 1490, and the library was begun by Archbishop Bancroft in the reign of James I., and carried on by Dr. Juxon, the prelate who attended King Charles at the place of execution. Archbishops Laud, Sheldon, Tenison, and other prelates, contributed munificently towards the library; and Dr. Charles Manners Sutton, at his own expense, caused a catalogue of the valuable manuscripts to be printed, and partially opened the archiepiscopal library to the public. The long gallery was erected by Cardinal Pole. It is ninety feet long by sixteen broad, and its walls are covered with portraits chiefly of primates. In the great dining-room, which is about thirty-eight by nineteen, there are portraits of all the archbishops consecutively from Laud to Cornwallis. The great hall, which was destroyed during the civil wars, was rebuilt by Juxon at an outlay of £10,500. It is ninety-three feet long by thirty-eight, with a Gothic roof constructed of timber. The guard-chamber, fifty-six feet by twenty-seven and one-half, which is supposed to have been built at the commencement of the fifteenth century, is roofed like the hall. The chapel, which was raised by Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1244 to 1270, and in which, ever since its foundation, all the primates have been consecrated, is seventy-two feet by twenty-five, and in height thirty feet. A handsome screen divides it into two compartments, an inner and outer chapel. Archbishop Parker, who died in 1575, is buried under the communion table. Some modern additions in the Gothic style, called the *New Buildings*, were made to the palace by Archbishop Howley, after the designs of Mr. Edward Blore the architect. The park and gardens attached to Lambeth Palace are laid out with great taste, and comprehend eighteen acres, rather less than a fourth of which is covered by the kitchen garden. Description can but imperfectly convey an impressal of this feudal-episcopal relic of early ages; the artist, perhaps, may succeed in rendering the delineation more vivid, but to be properly appreciated its ancient walls, heretofore the inflexible gaolers of the early Reformers, should be visited.

Before quitting this venerable edifice, it will not be unprofitable, briefly to notice some of the leading points in its individual history.

In 1345, John de Montford, Duke of Brittany, did homage to King Henry III. in Lambeth Palace. When Wat Tyler and his rabble outraged all propriety in 1381, and made the levelling of all distinctions, and the fusion of all property, the bases of his reform, a portion of his gang beheaded Archbishop Sudbury, then lord high chancellor, plundered the palace, and with the barbarous instincts of licentious mobs, burnt most of the goods, books, registers, and remembrances of chancery. During the civil wars between Charles I. and the Puritans, the palace was again the obnoxious point of attack to the disaffected. Laud, the primate, had become unpopular in consequence of having advised the King to dissolve parliament. In May, 1641, a paper, the authorship of which was attributed to John Lilburne, was affixed to the Old Change, recommending the apprentices to rise and attack the episcopal residence. On the 11th of May, five hundred men besieged the palace, but the prelate, who had received prior information of their mischievous purpose, fortified the old keep, and the rioters, after an investment of two hours, signalized themselves by no exploits more illustrious than the demolition of a few windows. Several of the ringleaders were captured, and one of them was executed for high treason. Lambeth Palace did not long remain impregnable to the assaults of democracy, for in 1642 the House of Commons ordered that the archiepiscopal rents should be received by a committee of their own members, and appropriated to the service of the commonwealth. Towards the close of that year it was converted into a prison for royalists, Dr. Anthony Leighton being appointed the keeper, an unfortunate fanatic who had been cruelly treated by the Star Chamber, having had his ears cut off, and both his nostrils slit for writing a book called *Zion's Plea; or, An Appeal to the Parliament.* If the like punishment were now inflicted upon the writer of every trashy, inflammatory, and unsaleable pamphlet against constituted authorities, what a crowd of ungainly physiognomies would be displayed by our scribblers of milk-and-water treason. After the death of Charles I., Lambeth House, as it was frequently called, was purchased by Colonel Scott, one of the regicides, who was executed at Charing Cross in 1660, and Matthew Hardy. They pulled down the great hall, converted the chapel into a dancing-room, and sold the furniture and the movables, except the wood and coals, which were reserved for the use of the soldiers. Among the prisoners confined here during the civil wars were the Earls of Chesterfield and Derby, and Sir Thomas Armstrong, who was afterwards put to death as an adherent of the Duke of Monmouth. The library was preserved by an ingenious device of the learned Seldon, who interested himself with the ruling powers to have the books placed in Trinity College, Cambridge, on the assertion that the college had a reversionary right to them on the abolition of episcopal jurisdiction. In the time of Archbishop Sheldon the books were restored to Lambeth Palace.

WINE

G. W. STEEVENS

WE all knew Blackfriars Bridge Station, and we all know the shell of it that remains. But I wonder how many even of the people that rumble through its echoes a dozen times a-week know that they are passing over 600,000 bottles of champagne.

It feels rather like seeing a ghost when you come out again to the bit of platform after many years. There is just a tiny patch of it left, giving on to nothing: you might be on a cliff overhanging an ocean with pulsing trains for rollers. The offices behind the platform are utterly alone in the thick of London. Therein sit the quiet commanders of trucks and good engines, and order hither and thither champagne enough to intoxicate the whole population of any city, save London, in the whole British Empire.

Think of 600,000 bottles! I do not know how far they would stretch in the direction of the moon; but you may take it that there is enough champagne in this one cellar under Blackfriars Bridge Station to give a glass to every adult in London. While, if it all belonged to you, it would take you, drinking a bottle a-day, over 1,600 years to get to the end of it.

Among hydraulic lifts and cranes you go down into the cellar. By dim gas-jets you see a narrow gridiron of passages leading in every direction; the houses that make the streets are all cases of champagne. Cases piled up to the roof, their white sides gleaming pallidly in the half-light—here a block of Moët & Chandon, a terrace of Veuve Clicquot, an alley of Perrier Jouet, a broken suburb of Pommery. Every single case has its name branded on it, and also its own stencilled number. Not one can be lost; and when one particular number is demanded it must be found in its proper street and taken out into the cramped roadway, and then all its deranged fellows built up again: which gives you an idea of the enormous unsuspected toils that go on about and above and below you every day in London.

This storage of champagne is the symbol of quite a new change in the wine trade. Less than twenty years ago the cellar stood empty. In those days the wine merchant bought what he thought he could sell, paid the duty, brought it home, kept it until he sold it; if there was any sudden demand beyond the capacity of his cellar, he sent over to France for what was wanted, and the demander had to wait until it came. But when the duty on sparkling wines went up from 2*s*., first to 6*s*., then to 7*s*. 6*d*., it was not so easy for the merchant to pay the Customs people out of hand and wait till the wine was sold to get his money back.[1] So the wine was stored in bond, either at Dover or at Blackfriars. It was found, moreover, that champagne kept in a temperature of 58° to 60° matured faster than it did in the cold cellars of Epernay. Finally, there arose a firm of carriers (G. & I. Porter) which did to the wine trade exactly what Cook & Son have done for passengers.

They bring the wine—or brandy, if you like; it is all one to them—away from the vineyard, and store it any-

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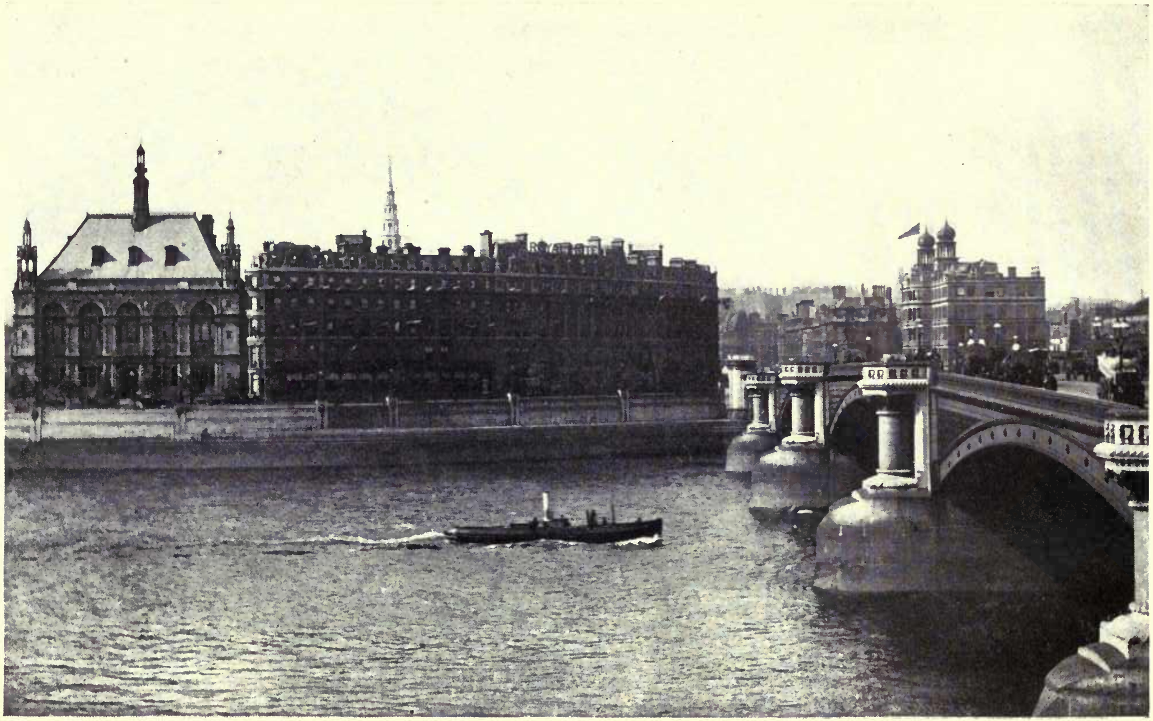
[1] As a matter of fact, the war, which proved to be the tragedy of George Steevens's career, has at this moment (1900) sent the duty flying to no less sum than 8*s*. 6*d*.—ED.



BLACKFRIARS' BRIDGE.

where—Calais, Boulogne, La Rochelle—where cellarage is cheap. It is not theirs, you understand, but the merchant's who bought it; they carry and store it for him. But if he wants it suddenly, instead of sending all the way to Epernay or Cognac or wherever it may be, he lets the carrier know what he wants, and across and up from Calais it comes in a couple of days; the carrier clears it at the Customs House, and the merchant has only to sell it to the customer. This carrier system saves time and trouble and —as the carriers, like Cooks, give better terms than a small individual—money too. Not a single day passes but this firm brings across the Channel orders—anything from a dozen bottles to 40,000—for a score of different merchants. The wine you drank last night came neither from London nor from its native vineyard; the chances are that this day last week it was lying in a cave at Calais or under Blackfriars Bridge Station.

Yet another change lies in the rise of the big cash houses, which issue periodical price-lists; you know them, of course. The old style of merchant, giving all but unlimited credit to most of his customers, kept the prices floating that he might recoup himself for the outlying of his money. But now, with the price-lists disseminated everywhere, the lowest cash price tends to become the normal price. The small merchant—especially in the provinces—finds that his customers only come to him for odds and ends to supplement their London orders, and then complain that he, giving credit, asks a higher price than the big merchant who exacts cash. In time the little man will die out of the wine trade, as already he is beginning to die out of everything.

If, therefore, you want to see a big cellar, with 40,000 dozen bottles or so to inflame your imagination, go to one of the large wholesale dealers. Deep down under the by-streets about Mark Lane or Eastcheap are streets and stairways, corners and squares, all built of bottles. There you will find yet another example of the perpeptual changes of London—the most conservative of capitals—that metamorphoses itself from day to day under your very eyes.

You learn with a chill shock that cellars are no longer expected to be dirty. You may see the old style and the new without travelling more than ten yards underground. To the first you go down a sort of hatchway out of a flagged yard. You bend under an arch, turn into a vault, and go down a narrow sloping passage with a stumbling-step at the bottom. You tread in pools of water; ooze drips from the sweating roof on to your hat. With it droop stalactites of cobweb and mildewed fungus; and they grow over the bottles till these look like rows of black tumours. In the new cellar everything is as clean underground as it is in the manager's office above. You go down stable staircases with sharp corners; you walk on concrete; a slight dampness on the wall attracts instant attention. The bottles in the bins flash in the electric light; the rows of dignified pipes at rest on their scantlings of ship's timber are almost as well dusted as your furniture. Indeed, there is no room for mildew in such a cellar; space is as dear under the City as on its surface. So that a bin is let into every recess of the huge pillars of masonry that support the tiers of offices and the web of by-streets above. In time the wine-town with its myriad battalions of dumb, reclining bottles—so wealthy, so potent, yet so still and silent—becomes almost eerie. You pass from aisle to aisle, up a staircase, round a corner, under an arch, down a staircase: it seems endless—a new submerged city supplementary to the one you know. Now a heavy door suggests an emergency exit to a basement, a lift and dim skylight show we are under a street; and always through the gaps in the bins you see the caves and towers of brickwork—the firm-set feet of London.

The place is full of newly invented plant. There is a vat wherein twenty people could sit down to dine, with pumps and hose to work it; there is a tiny thing like a brass taper-holder that a push of a button transforms into a wand tipped with electric light for examining the cleanness of barrels and jars. Electric light, in truth, has been a godsend to cellarmen; they can now keep the bins both light and cool. Here, too, is the newest corking-machine—a creature which takes the cork in iron fingers, squeezes it along a slot to a round end over the bottle that compresses it to the right size, then shoots down with a bolt from above—and behold the closure is hermetical. There are still thousands of people not yet old who remember when the wine was bottled at home—a week chosen when there would be no callers to announce or guests to wait on, and the butler and footman very dirty in the morning and dirty and tired in the afternoon, and perhaps the least bit inarticulate at night. It was not hurried over, that time of bottling.

Everything changes—the very vintages die and new ones rise up and usurp their places. Even I have drunk '47 port, though unworthily, and '74 champagne; but now they are well-nigh impossible either to buy or to drink. Yet port and champagne maintain themselves sturdily in the new age, and fear not the challenge of whisky. They subsist of all qualities, too. Dessert port must still be good, though a degenerate age prefers to remain above the table; champagne this generation now drinks from the beginning of dinner to the end. On the other hand, the housewife who treats herself to an occasional bottle of wine buys cheap port; the poor and pretentious buy cheap champagne. Sherry is all but dead, however, and white claret of good vintages still holds its own; the consumption of Burgundy is increasing. The one endures, the many change and pass. Vintages perish and whole brands decay; but Wine endures for ever.

WATERLOO BRIDGE

PERCY FITZGERALD

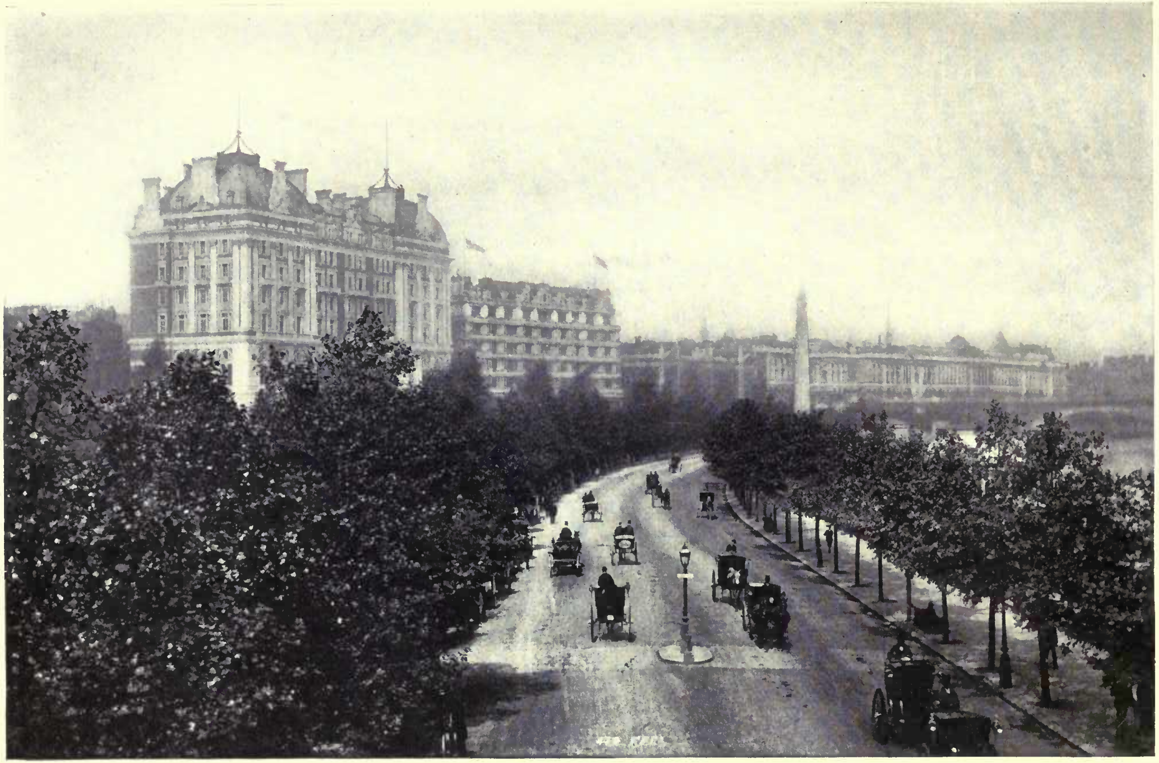
DESCENDING now to the river's side we may think what amazing progress has been made in developing and adorning this noble stream, and all within twenty years! Three or four great monumental bridges, the almost Roman Embankment; the railway running under ground, the red-brick terraces at Chelsea, the palatial hotels at Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridge; Northumberland Avenue now built over on both sides, the many statues; the large and flourishing plane trees, and the gardens! What a change from the sludgy sloppy land and foreshore, the mean barges and fringe of poor houses and shanties, and the "Adelphi Arches" of evil name. It has now quite an air of state and magnificence.

The Embankment itself was a prodigious change from sedgy shore and "slob" land; but the change on the Embankment itself within a few years has been something extraordinary. Great terraces, vast rows of mansions are rising along its banks, and impress us with a sense of state and splendour. Within half a mile or so we have the rich and original Houses of Parliament, Westminster Bridge, the New Post Offices, the enormous terrace of Whitehall Mansions, the National Liberal Club, the great Hotel Metropole, the Charing Cross Bridge, the Adelphi Terrace, and the superb Waterloo Bridge. Strange to say, the other side of the river is old London still, mean warehouses and shanties disfiguring the shore.

Then we come to Cleopatra's Needle, with its odd and romantic adventures. As we stop to look, its extraordinary history rises before us. It is certainly one of the oldest monuments existing, after its long sleep in the sands; its being made a present to the English, and left neglected because impossible or difficult to remove. As all know, it was brought here by Sir Erasmus Wilson, was cast off and lost in a storm, recovered again, and finally happily moored off the Embankment. Here, by some elaborate pneumatic operations that consumed months, it was successfully raised. It may be said that the "fitting up" of the obelisk has been done inartistically, the plinth, base, etc., being of the modern fashion, and rather out of keeping.

But the great glory of our river is Waterloo Bridge. This remarkable monument deserved Canova's praise, who declared that "it was worthy of the Romans." It is really more a roadway than a bridge, and grandly and loftily is it carried through the air, the approaches being made to suit it, a reversal of the common operation.

This noble structure spans the river with the dignity of an aqueduct. It is really a fine, impressive work, such as could hardly be conceived in our time. There is no graceful bend as in ordinary bridges; it is a stately, *straight* road carried across the broad river. No wonder it has excited the admiration of foreigners, and a French critic has spoken with rapture almost of its merits. Here are his words: "If in the course of Revolutions, the nations of a future age should one day demand where was formerly the new Sidon, and what has become of the Tyre of the West, which covered with her vessels the sea, most of the edifices devoured by a destructive climate will no longer exist; but



EMBANKMENT FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE.

the Waterloo Bridge will exist to tell remote generations 'here was a rich and powerful city.' The traveller on beholding this superb monument will suppose that some great Prime Minister wished by many years of labour to consecrate for ever the story of his life by this imposing structure. But if tradition instruct the traveller that six years sufficed for the undertaking, that an association of private individuals was rich enough to defray the expense of this colossal monument, worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars, he will admire still more the nation which prompted the work."

The author of this eloquent passage did not know that a private company had expended over a million in their project and were fairly repaid their outlay; but his admiration would have been increased had he foretasted that the work would have been finally purchased by the wealthy Metropolis, and presented as a free gift to the citizens.

The Waterloo Bridge toll-gate now seems part of ancient history. Elderly people of a new generation will be saying to their children, "I recollect when there was a turnstile here and toll-houses, and every cab was stopped to pay twopence," while a careless and "superior" allusion in a leader might run, "People will smile to think how those of the last generation, hurrying to catch the train, could have so calmly and patiently submitted to this importunate levy!" The public, however, grew so deft and experienced that the traveller was always ready with his cash, while the toll-man, cooperating, handed out the proper change in a second. This he contrived by long practice and a sense of touch, having a number of pockets, one for pennies, another for silver, etc. Many years ago Dickens was taken down the river of a night by the police, and heard from one of the toll-men some curious experiences concerning the suicides for which the bridge was then in high fashion. "The Bridge," as the toll-man informed him, was originally named the Strand Bridge, but had received its present name at the suggestion of the proprietors when Parliament resolved to vote three hundred thousand pounds for the erection of a monument in honour of the victory. Parliament took the hint," said Waterloo, with the least flavour of misanthropy, "and saved the money." Of course the Duke of Wellington was the first passenger, and of course he paid his coin, and of course he preserved it ever more.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

PERCY FITZGERALD

PEOPLE often lament that the old Cathedrals, both in England and abroad, are so crowded up, and incrusted by mean buildings and streets; but do they gain when these are cleared away? One of the most picturesque glimpses of the Abbey is to be obtained from a point *vis à vis* to the Peers' entrance, near the equestrian statue. There is a perfect old-world charm over this little corner, at the end of which the great arched buttress of the Chapter House—a happy bit of restoration—shows itself. The air of repose and tranquillity is extraordinary. You would think you were in an old rural town.

We are so familiar with the great Westminster group of buildings, the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall, that we scarcely can appreciate the imposing magnificence of the site and disposition. But foreigners are often struck with astonishment and admiration at the vast elaborate workmanship and detail; and certainly for a modern work the Parliament House is singularly successful in the effort to reproduce the old Gothic. The irregularity and originality of the treatment of the two towers, the *flèche*, etc., is worthy of all praise. Of course faults may be detected, and it is said there is a monotony in the repetition of the panelling, which suggests wood-carving, as though wrought by machinery. When the plans were discussed, it was proposed to raise the platform on the river side to the full level of the ground in Palace Square, or rather to that of the

Bridge, and this would certainly have had an imposing effect. But the difficulty was what to do with Westminster Hall. There was an angry controversy between Pugin and Sir Charles Barry, and between those who represented them, as to their respective shares in the design, a point which the impartial spectator will have little difficulty in deciding. Pugin's spirit is to be recognized everywhere and in all the details, and it was impossible that so pervading an influence should not have its effect in the constructive portions also. Barry's other works offer nothing like this—nothing so free or fanciful. The luxuriance of florid details is indeed extraordinary, and the lavish profusion of ornament seems to belong to some gem of a private chapel rather than to the surfaces of so vast a building. But it is melancholy to note the evidence of decay, and this delicate tracery, though apparently preserving its shape and form is mouldering away. Any "under-cutting" in this climate is doomed. The *general* decay of the main stone-work which caused such alarm many years ago has happily been arrested; a vast quantity of the decayed material has been cut out and renewed. But there is a constant repair going on, and little "crow's nests" are to be always seen crusted round one or other of the delicate "finials."

Some palpable mistakes, due to economy, can be detected at once. The intention of the architects in designing so long and so low a structure was to relieve it by the two Towers, which were to "carry up" the eye—like spires. The great Victoria Tower, whose enormous proportions can only be appreciated when we are close to it, seems as vast and massive as the Tower of the Town Hall at Ypres—that wonder of the world. Yet the whole idea of its imposing height has been sacrificed: it is indeed difficult to

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

believe that it is as high as the dome of St. Paul's. As Fergusson says "the Victoria Tower partly dwarfs the portion of the building near it. Yet in the original design it was intended to be six stories in height, which increase would have lessened the sense of breadth, making it more airy. Unfortunately the architect had the weakness of often changing his original purpose, consequently the entrance, instead of being only of the height of two stories of the building as at first proposed, now runs through and makes the adjacent House of Lords ridiculous. If the size of the gate is appropriate, the Lords are pigmies. Worse than this, at the back of the great arch is a little one, one fourth its height through which everything must pass. The counterpart of all this is the House, which looks much smaller than it really is."

The fact is, that when the Tower was approaching completion the House of Commons in a fit of economy, interposed and refused to allow it to be carried its proper height. It is now therefore some thirty or forty feet too short. Its proportions seem clumsy and stinted, and it is really unpleasant to contemplate. The *flèche* that rises from the centre of the building is really beautiful and elegant, covering (which few would suspect) the great central Hall, and, with these various towers and spires forms a charming assemblage, to which the Abbey unhappily does not contribute, for its central tower ought to be furnished with a *flèche*, or an octagonal lantern, like the one at St. Ouen at Rouen. Wren, it is known, prepared a design, which however was laid aside.

As we look up at the Clock Tower, it suggests some curious recollections—first, associated with the "Big Ben" within, which has its history. Few may recollect that it was so named after Sir Benjamin Hall, then Commissioner of Works. Unnoticed too, perhaps, by the incurious is the fact that "Big Ben" has long been cracked, but has done his work effectively for years. Yet the hoarse, rather jarring tone betrays this damage hourly. Forgotten also that it was designed by a bell amateur, Mr. Becket Denison, and that there was a controversy and discussion which long raged fiercely about the bell. It could not be even settled what note it uttered. It is astonishing to think that the large hand of the clock is over fourteen feet long. From the elaborate open-work character of the "cap," or head of the clock-tower, as well as from its function of holding a number of bells large and small, for which there is no room save in the body of the tower itself, it was intended that the whole should be pierced, and have an airy, open treatment like a church spire. This was actually the architect's design, as will be seen from the slits that run all the way up. These, however, he was forced to "glaze," and fill in with windows, which gives the whole a heavy, clumsy air, instead of a lightness and elegance. The system of lighting the dials is elaborate, and the cost enormous. There is quite a fire-chamber behind. Offenders against Parliamentary discipline have been consigned to the Clock Tower for custody; and, as may be imagined, the chief portion of their sufferings, night and day, must have been the alarming booming of the bells, which were quite close to their ears.

The great embarrassment for the architect of the Houses of Parliament was Westminster Hall, which stood in the way and seemed really irreconcilable. If left detached, with a space between it and the new building, there would be little room for the latter between it and the river; if combined with it, it was incongruous, being of a totally different style. The latter course was adopted, and it was turned into a sort of vestibule or entrance hall to the two Houses. On æsthetic grounds this was a blunder, for it has lost its significance as a separate work, and has always been in protest, as it were, against its degradation. From the outside every one may conclude that here are two distinct buildings, yet on entering it is found to be merely a passage or approach for the other. Barry was so sensible of this that he determined to hide or screen it altogether, and he left designs for a building to be carried in front, and which was to go round the whole yard. There was to be a grand imposing tower, with arched entrance gate at the corner, facing Parliament Street. This costly scheme was never carried out, and instead, the Hall has been taken in hand by Mr. Pearson, fitted with a cloister and buttress, battlements, etc., after his own style. This of course only imparts a more general discrepancy, for its general plainness and rudeness of treatment make the details of the new building appear trivial; while in return their minuteness and delicacy causes the Westminster Hall to appear yet more rude and rough.

What shall be said of the magnificent interior of the Hall, its unique open and bewildering roof, a marvel of construction, with its history and traditions and trials? But it is curious, as we walk through it, to see how completely the effect has been destroyed. By opening out the end and adding ascending steps, with a passage beyond, its purpose has been changed, and the sense of space and size abolished. You merely pass through it, instead of entering it and staying there. It is no longer a great chamber. There is a handsome stained glass window seen beyond, of the style called "Perpendicular," a portion of which, strange to say, is cut off by the beams of the roof. It was, however, Barry's intention to raise the roof all through by hydraulic machinery—an intention that never will be carried out, and so the blunder or eyesore remains.

It is curious what uncertainty exists as to the roof of this fine Hall. It is generally supposed to be made of Irish oak, as stated by Macaulay in his account of the trial of Warren Hastings. Others maintain that it is of Normandy chestnut, others again that the roof alone is of chestnut and the ribs of oak.

Every one is familiar with the two Chambers, with their fine and gorgeous decorations, enriched brass and iron work, carvings, paintings, etc. The House of Commons originally had an elegant open roof, elaborate to a degree, and furnishing the leading "note" of the chamber. It was found at once that the speeches were inaudible, and the architect was allotted the ungrateful office of destroying his own work—having to set up a flat panelled ceiling many feet below his tracery and Gothic work. This has answered perfectly, and the space between is utilized for lighting purposes. It may be added that when it was determined not to proceed further with Barry's designs, the Palace was completed by his son, a low colonnade being added, the ornamental details of the Clock Tower being continued to the ground. The *grilles* and railings which were also added seem like the colonnade, but have not the same elegance as the building, and offer a different treatment.

The Gothic clock-face caused the architect a vast deal of thought, and it was only after many experiments that the existing mode of attaching it to the tower was devised. It is considered very successful. Prince Albert, it is said, insisted that the whole upper portion should be of metal. The tower has, within the last few years, been turned into a sort of beacon or gigantic lamp-post—not, indeed, to give light or a warning of danger—but to announce to whom it may concern that the House is *not* up. This acts as a pernicious schoolmaster, and insensibly preaches what is mean and degrading. The tower was a useful and faithful servant, "Big Ben" booming out—albeit a little hoarse and cracked—the hours by day, the huge illuminated dial telling the hour by night. But a gap was made in the fretwork over the dial, and an ugly semicircular lantern thrust out, which gives out a fierce glare while the House is sitting. The handsome Clock Tower is now present to our minds as a sort of gigantic candlestick, with the associations of smoke, fierce heat, flare, and glare. The light is not hung out from the tower beaconwise, but the tower itself is the beacon.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WASHINGTON IRVING

When I behold, with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how there resorte,
Living in brasse or stony monument,
The princes and the worthies of all sorte;
Doe not I see reformde nobilitie,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And looke upon offenseless majesty,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?
And how a play-game of a painted stone
Contents the quiet now and silent sprites,
Whome all the world which late they stood upon,
Could not content nor quench their appetites.
Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanitie.
Christolero's Epigrams, by T. B., 1598.

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster school, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost

WESTMINSTER ABBEY (interior).

subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre from one of the neighbouring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The grey walls are discoloured by damps, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads, and other funeral emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the key-stones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusty splendour. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky, or a passing cloud; and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavouring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eyes were attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times; (Vitalis. Abbas. 1082, and Gislebertus Crispinus. Abbas. 1114, and Laurentius. Abbas. 1176.) I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon the gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave.

I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown.

And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together, and justled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn, I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies: some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armour, as if reposing after battle; prelates, with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armour. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader; of one of those military enthusiasts, who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction—between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fiction, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the Sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the overwrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly: and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honourable lineage, than one which affirms, of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear;—the rumbling of the passing equipage; the murmur of the multitude; or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the death-like repose around; and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along and beating against the very walls of the sepulchre.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps leads up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendour of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold grey fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder,—his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing.

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence; this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness, than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valour and beauty of the land; glittering with the splendour of jewelled rank and military array; alive with the tread of many feet, and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again upon the place; interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure signs of solitariness and desertion. When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world; some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands; some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets: all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honours—the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day, but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the chequered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-labouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal!—And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound.—And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away, and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I arose, and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen, lie mouldering in "their beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness?—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonour to which it must soon arrive? how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away; and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude? For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered; some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonoured!

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me: the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

WHITEHALL

WILLIAM GASPEY

THE *Palace of Whitehall* was originally built by Sir Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, in the reign of Henry III., and was, at his death, bequeathed by him to the Convent of Black Friars, in Holborn. In 1248, that body disposed of it to Walter de Grey the Archbishop of York, and it was inhabited by the prelates of that see until the time of Wolsey, and was called *York House.* It was almost entirely reconstructed by the luxurious cardinal, who dwelt here for some years, in a style of splendour to which churchman had never yet aspired. "Here," writes Mr. Jesse, "he accumulated his vast libraries and exquisite picture galleries. The walls of his apartments were covered with hangings of cloth-of-gold and tissue, and his tables with velvets, satins, and damasks of various hues. The great gallery is described as a scene of unparalleled magnificence; and in two other apartments, known as the Gilt and Council Chambers, two large tables were covered with plate of solid gold, many of them studded with pearls and precious stones. The household of this haughty churchman consisted of 800 persons, many of whom were knights and noblemen. These numerous retainers were clad in the most magnificent liveries; even the master-cook of the cardinal was dressed in velvet and satin, and wore a chain of gold round his neck. Wolsey was the first clergyman in England who wore silk and gold, and this not only on his person, but on the saddles and trappings of his horses. As a priest, he rode on a mule, the trappings of which were of crimson velvet and the stirrups of silver, gilt." In December, 1529, when this proud ecclesiastic fell into disgrace with his royal master, he surrendered his palace into the hands of Henry; soon after which, the name of York House was prohibited, and that of Whitehall substituted in its stead. Whitehall was much enlarged by Henry VIII. He bought and enclosed the ground now called St. James's Park, and formed a tennis-court, cock-pit, and bowling-green, the site of which are now indicated by the Treasury offices. He also erected a gallery overlooking the tilt-yard on the spot, now partially covered by the Horse Guards and Dover House. These structures were joined to the old palace by a noble gateway and arch, designed by Holbein. The gate was removed a century back to facilitate the widening of the street. At this palace, in January, 1533, Henry was privately married to Anne Boleyn; and in January, 1548, that tyrant expired here, having, only a few days before, sent that accomplished gentleman and poet, the Earl of Surrey, to the scaffold. Queen Elizabeth kept the first Christmas after her succession in Whitehall, which became one of her most favoured residences. Her successor, James I., also held his court here, and the pageantry for which, during the last reign, Whitehall had been celebrated, continued to prevail. The present *Banqueting House*, which is the work of Inigo Jones, was erected by James I. It was originally contemplated to extend it 1,150 feet along the bank of the Thames, and to the same distance in front of the present street of Whitehall. The extravagant habits of James I., and the civil war which disturbed the reign of his successor, prevented the completion of this design. The Banqueting House was begun in 1619, and finished in about two years, at an outlay of £17,000. It is a stone edifice of two stories, ornamented with columns and pilasters. The splendid room, in which James I. held his fêtes—where Charles I. so often dined in state with his queen—where Cromwell gave an entertainment to a puritanical parliament—and where Charles II. loved to exhibit himself in the dance—is now converted into a chapel, founded by George I., where service is performed morning and evening. On the accession of Charles I., Whitehall presented scenes of unwonted taste and magnificence. Masques were frequently performed here, Jonson being the laureate, and Inigo Jones the artist. Not only was Whitehall celebrated for the high character of its entertainments, but it became famous as a palace of hospitality, eighty-six tables, well supplied, being laid out daily. In an old work, entitled, "The Present State of London," and dated 1681, we find that "the king's servants being men of quality, by his majesty's special order, went to Westminster Hall in Term time, to invite gentlemen to eat of the king's viands; and in Parliament time, to invite the parliament's men thereto." The picture gallery in this palace was deservedly famous, for it included twenty-eight paintings by Titian, eleven by Correggio, sixteen by Julio Romano, nine by Raphael, seven by Parmigiano, besides several of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rubens and Vandyke. But a more dismal history attaches to Whitehall, which is now chiefly associated with the commission of a national tragedy, reflecting dishonour on the memory of its perpetrators, and which no expedient could justify, no after-repentance atone for. The Banqueting House, so often the scene of gaiety and of domestic enjoyment, was the room whence Charles I. passed, through a passage broken in the wall, to the block. The scaffold was erected in the centre of the building, between the upper and lower window, in the open street before Whitehall. Cromwell afterwards became the occupant of the palace, where he died in 1658. Richard Cromwell was the next tenant, but his residence was brief; and a few days after he resigned the Protectorship, Whitehall was besieged by bailiffs and writ-servers, anxious to pounce upon the imprudent ex-Protector. In 1660, Charles II. went to Whitehall, and under his sanction all its former revelries were renewed. The old palace, in the time of the "Merry Monarch," was of an immense size and magnificence. It stretched along the river, and in front along the present Parliament and Whitehall Streets, as far as Scotland Yard, and on the other side of those streets, to the turning into Spring Gardens, beyond the Admiralty, looking into St. James's Park. The king, his queen, his royal brother, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, the great officers, and all the courtly train, had their lodgings within these walls; and all the royal family had their different offices, such as kitchens, cellars, pantries, spiceries, cider-house, bake-house, wash-yards, coal-yards, and slaughter-houses. The public stairs, or water entrance, to the palace, still remain on the spot where they existed in the time of Wolsey. Charles II. died in this palace, of apoplexy in February, 1685, after a very short indisposition, and not without suspicion of having been unfairly dealt by. Six days before his death, he was in his usual health. Evelyn, writing the day after this event, thus records what he had witnessed in the royal apartments of Whitehall so soon before the closing scene of the king's career. "I could never forget," said he, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'enight I was witness of; the king sitting and toying with his favourites, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine, etc.; a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery; whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at bassett round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen, who were with me, held up their hands with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!" In December, 1688, James II. and his queen left the royal dwelling and the kingdom for ever. In the following February, William III. and Queen Mary became occupants of the palace, abandoned by the Stuarts. But the glory of Whitehall was now upon the wane; and between 1690 and 1700, two destructive fires occurred by which the greater portion of this superb fabric was destroyed, the Banqueting House, that still remains, some offices, and the lodgings of a few of the nobility, being all that was saved from the general wreck. Besides the royal apartments, 150 dwellings, tenanted by the court officials and others, were consumed, and twenty other houses were blown up with gunpowder, to prevent the conflagration spreading. The Banqueting House, as previously mentioned, is now an episcopal chapel, where the garrison at the Horse Guards attend every Sunday.

The ground upon which the greater portion of the ancient palace stood, is covered by the district including Scotland Yard, Whitehall Place, Privy Gardens, Richmond Terrace, on the river side of the public street, and includes the mansions of the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Selkirk, and other members of the aristocracy. Privy Gardens consist of several elegant mansions behind the Banqueting House, divided from the main street by well-planted shrubberies, and commanding in their rear a free view of the panoramic scenery of the river.

CHANGES AT CHARING CROSS

AUSTIN DOBSON

LOOKING from that "coign of vantage," the portico of the National Gallery, upon what Peel called "the finest site in Europe," it is impossible not to think of its vicissitude. With the exception of St. Martin's Church, which is comparatively modern, the only antiquity now left to link the present with the past is the statue of Charles I., riding unhasting, unresting, to his former Palace of Westminster, and dating from a day when Trafalgar Square was but an irregular range of houses surrounding a royal mews. Only a quarter of a century ago stood in its vicinity an older relic still. If the stones that formed the fine Jacobean frontage of Northumberland House could have spoken, they would have pleaded that they knew of a remoter time when, in place of the royal martyr proclaiming from his pedestal, in Waller's turncoat line, that

> "Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,"

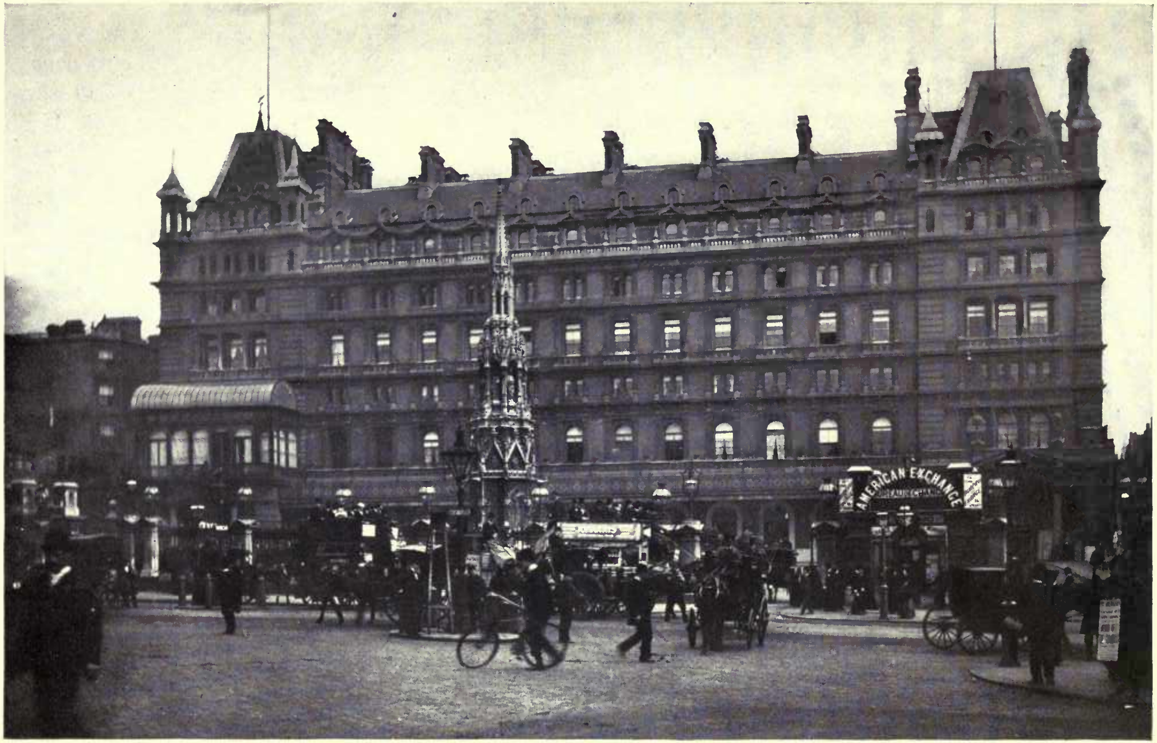
had risen the time-honoured cross which marked the last halting-place of Queen Eleanor's body in its progress to the Abbey. The old Cross again had more ancient memories than Northumberland House. It could recall a falconry—not unhaunted of a certain rhyming Clerk of Works called Geoffrey Chaucer—which was long anterior to the royal mews; and it remembered how—

"Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's pence,
And number'd bead and shrift,
Bluff Harry broke into the spence
And turn'd the cowls adrift,"—

the hospital of St. Mary Rounceval had preceded the great palace of the Percies.

In any retrospect of Charing Cross, Queen Eleanor's monument forms a convenient starting point, and from Ralph Agas's well-known survey of 1592 we get a fair idea of its environment in the reign of Elizabeth. At this date there were, comparatively speaking, few buildings in its neighbourhood. On the river side indeed, houses straggled from the Strand towards Whitehall; but St. Martin's was actually "in the fields," Spring Gardens was as open as "St. Jemes Parke," and where to-day stand Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, laundresses laid their clothes to dry. Along Hedge Lane, which began at the present Union Club and followed the line of Dorset Place and Whitcomb Street, you might, if so minded, carry your Corinna through green pastures to eat tarts at Hampstead or Highgate, passing, it may be, on the road, Master Ben Jonson from Hartshorne Lane (now Northumberland Street), unconscious for the moment of any other "humour" in life than the unlimited consumption of blackberries. By the windmill at St. Giles you might find him flying his kite, or (and why not, since the child is father to the man?) displaying prematurely his "Roman infirmity" of boasting to his ragged playmates of the parish school.

But to the sober antiquary the pleasures of imagination are forbidden; and the Cross itself has yet to be described. Unfortunately, there are no really trustworthy representations of it, and even its designer's name is uncertain. It was long ascribed to Pietro Cavallini, to whom tradition


AMERICAN EXCHANGE

CHARING CROSS.

also attributes the monument of Henry III. in Westminster Abbey. What is undoubted, however, is that it was one of several similar crosses erected by the executors of Eleanor of Castile; that it was begun by one Richard de Crundale, *cementarius*, and after his death continued by another of the family; and that its material came from Caen in Normandy, and Corfe in Dorsetshire. From Agas's map it seems to have been octagonal in shape with tiers of niches; and it was decorated with paintings and gilt metal figures modelled by Alexander Le Imaginator. It stood from 1296 until, by vote of May the 3d, 1643, the Long Parliament, in the same iconoclastic spirit which prompted the removal of the "Golden Cross" sign as "superstitious and idolatrous," decreed its demolition. "The parliament," says a contemporary Royalist ballad, still to be found in Percy's *Reliques*,

"'The parliament to vote it down
  Conceived it very fitting
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
  In the house as they were sitting.
They were told, God-wot, it had a plot,[1]
  Which made them so hard-hearted,
To give command, it should not stand,
  But be taken down and carted.'"

Other verses bewail its disappearance as a familiar landmark:—

"Undone, undone, the lawyers are,
  They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
  Now Charing Cros is downe."

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[1] This was Waller's plot of June, 1643, to disarm the London militia, etc., for which Tompkins and Chaloner were executed.

As a matter of fact, it was not actually "taken down and carted" till the summer of 1647. Part of its stones, says Charles's biographer, William Lilly, went to pave Whitehall, and others were fashioned into knife-hafts, "which, being well polished, looked like marble." *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Its site remained unoccupied for seven and twenty years. But here, in the interval, the regicides met their fate. Harrison, Cromwell's chaplain, Peters, John Jones, Carew, and others, all suffered "at the railed space where Charing Cross stood." Pepys, between an account of the wantonness of Mrs. Palmer and the episode of "a very pretty lady" who cried out at the playhouse "to see Desdemona smothered," has the following entry of Harrison's death, which he witnessed :—13th [October, 1660]. I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-general Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there were great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross."

From the overseer's books of St. Martin's, Mr. Peter Cunningham discovered entries of sums paid in 1666 and 1667 by "Punchinello, y^e Italian popet-player for his Booth at Charing Cross," and in 1668, there are similar records for the "playhouse" of a Mounsr. Devone. Then in 1674, the present "noble equestrian statue" as Walpole styles it, was erected, not too promptly, by

Charles II. . . . The pedestal, finally carved with cupids, palms, armour, and so forth, is attributed to Grinling Gibbons. Somewhere near it was the Pillory, where, every 10th of August, for several successive years, stood the infamous Titus Oates. Edmund Curll, too (upon the principle which makes Jack Sheppard one of the "eminent" persons buried in St. Martin's), was once its "distinguished occupant, for one of his scandalous publications; and later Parsons of the Cock Lane Ghost suffered here those amenities so neatly described by Robert Lloyd in his *Epistle to Churchill*:—

> "Thus, should a wooden collar deck
> Some woefull 'squire's embarrass'd neck,
> When high above the crowd he stands
> With equidistant sprawling hands,
> And without hat, politely bare,
> Pops out his head to take the air;
> The mob his kind acceptance begs,
> Of dirt, and stones, and addle-eggs."

To the right of King Charles's statue, upon a site now traversed diagonally by Northumberland Avenue, stood, until 1874, the last of the great riverside mansions, Northumberland House. Its façade extended from the statue towards Northumberland Street, and its gardens went back to Scotland Yard, into which it had a gate. Northampton House, as it was first called, was built about 1605, for Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, by Bernard Jansen and Gerard Christmas—Christmas, it is supposed, being responsible for the florid gateway or "frontispiece." From the Earl of Northampton it passed to the Suffolks, and changed its name to Suffolk House, a name which it retained until 1670, when becoming the property of the Percies it was again rechristened.

Towards 1829–30 the neighbourhood of Charing Cross began to assume something of its present aspect. Already four years earlier, the College of Physicians, leaving its home in Warwick Lane, had taken up its abode in a handsome building at the bottom of Dorset Place, close by the newly-erected Union Club. Then, about 1830, the ground was cleared for Trafalgar Square, and the C'ribbee Islands and the rookeries were "blotted from the things that be." In 1832, the present National Gallery was begun. Nelson's Column followed in 1840–9, and then, many years after, was finally completed by the addition of Landseer's lions. Since the National Gallery first became the laughing-stock of cockneys, it has been more than once enlarged; and even at the present moment further extensions at the back, of considerable importance to the picture-seer are said to be in contemplation. But it is needless to dwell at any length upon the present aspect of the place. It is too modern for the uses of the antiquary; and it may be doubted if time can ever make it venerable.

THE STRAND

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

THE most interesting approach to the City of London is by that which leads to it from Charing Cross—the great highway of the Strand, "down which the tide of labour flows daily to the City," and where Charles Lamb says that he "often shed tears for fulness of joy at such multitude of life." To us, when we think of it, the Strand is only a vast thoroughfare crowded with traffic, and the place whither we go to find Exeter Hall, or the Adelphi or Gaiety theatres, as our taste may guide us. But the name which the street still bears will remind us of its position, following the *strand*, the shore, of the Thames. This was the first cause of its popularity, and of its becoming for three hundred years what the Corso is to Rome, and the Via Nuova to Genoa, a street of palaces. The rise of these palaces was very gradual. As late as the reign of Edward II. (1315), a petition was presented complaining that the road from Temple Bar to Westminster was so infamously bad that it was ruinous to the feet both of men and horses, and moreover that it was overgrown with thickets and bushes. In the time of Edward III., the rapid watercourses which crossed that road and fell into the Thames were traversed by bridges, of which there were three between Charing Cross and Temple Bar. Of two of these bridges the names are still preserved to us in the names of two existing streets—Ivy Bridge Lane and Strand Bridge Lane; the third bridge has itself been seen by many living persons. It was discovered in 1802, buried deep beneath the soil near St. Clement's Church, and was laid bare during the formation of some new sewers. In the reign of Henry VIII., "the road of the Strand was still described as full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome." But the Strand was the highway from the royal palace at Westminster to the royal palace on the Fleet, and so became popular with the aristocracy. Gradually great houses had sprung up along its course, the earliest being Essex House, Durham House, and the Palace of the Bishops of Norwich, afterwards called York House; though even in Elizabeth's time the succession was rather one of country palaces than of town residences, for all the great houses looked into fields upon the north, and on the south had large and pleasant gardens sloping towards the river.

Till the Great Fire drove the impulse of building westwards and the open ground of Drury Lane and its neighbourhood was built upon, the Strand was scarcely a street in its present sense; but it was already crowded as a thoroughfare. Even in 1628 George Wither, the Puritan Poet, in his *Britain's Remembrancer*, speaks of—

> "The Strand, that goodly throw-fare betweene
> The Court and City: and where I have seene
> Well-nigh a million passing in one day."

It was in the Strand that (May 29, 1660) Evelyn "stood and beheld and blessed God" for the triumphal entry of Charles II.

As the houses closed in two hundred years ago and the Strand became a regular street, it was enlivened by every house and shop having its own sign, which long took the place of the numbers now attached to them. Chaucer and Shakespeare when in London would have been directed to at the sign of the Dog, or the Golden Unicorn, or the Three

Crowns, or whatever the emblem of the house might be at which they were residing. The signs were all swept away in the reign of George III., both because they had then acquired so great a size, and projected so far over the street, and because on a windy day they were blown to and fro with horrible creaking and groaning, and were often torn off and thrown down, killing the foot-passengers in their fall. Many old London signs are preserved in the City Museum of the Guildhall, and are very curious. The persons who lived in the houses so distinguished were frequently sirnamed from their signs. Thus the famous Thomas à Becket was in his youth called "Thomas of the Snipe," from the emblem of the house where he was born.

One only of the great Strand palaces has survived entire to our own time. We have all of us seen and mourned over Northumberland House, one of the noblest Jacobean buildings in England, and the most picturesque feature of London. The original design was by Jansen, but it was altered by Inigo Jones, and from the plans of the latter the house was begun (in 1603) by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, who was ridiculed for building so large a residence in the then country village of Charing. He bequeathed it to his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk, who was the builder of Audley End, and who finished the garden side of the house. It was then called Suffolk House, but changed its name (in 1642) when Elizabeth, daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk, married Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland. On his death it passed to his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy, who was twice a widow and three times a wife before she was seventeen. Her third husband was Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset, who was one of the chief figures in the pageants and politics of six reigns, having supported the chief mourners at the funeral of Charles II., and carried the orb at the coronation of George II. It was this Duke who never allowed his daughters to sit down in his presence, even when they were nursing him for days and weeks together, in his eighty-seventh year at Northumberland House, and who omitted one of his daughters in his will because he caught her involuntarily napping by his bedside. In his last years his punctiliousness so little decreased that when his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, once ventured to pat him playfully on the shoulder, he turned round upon her with, "Madame, my first wife was a Percy, and she would never have taken such a liberty." It was a son of this proud Duke who was created Earl of Northumberland, with remainder to his only daughter, who married Sir Hugh Smithson, created Duke of Northumberland in 1766. Added to, and altered at different periods, the greater part of the house, though charming as a residence, was architecturally unimportant. But when it was partially rebuilt, the original features of the Strand front had always been preserved—and as we saw its beautiful gateway, so with the exception of a few additional ornaments, Inigo Jones designed it. The balustrade was originally formed by an inscription in capital letters, as at Audley End and Temple Newsam, and it is recorded that the fall of one of these letters killed a spectator as the funeral of Anne of Denmark was passing. High above the porch stood for a hundred and twenty-five years a leaden lion, the crest of the Percies (now removed to Syon House); and it was a favourite question which few could answer right, which way the familiar animal's tail pointed. Of all the barbarous and ridiculous injuries by which London has been wantonly mutilated within the last few years, the destruction of the Northumberland House has been the greatest.

The removal of some ugly houses on the west and the sacrifice of a corner of the garden, might have given a better term to the street now called Northumberland Avenue, and have saved the finest great historical house in London, "commenced by a Howard, continued by a Percy, and completed by a Seymour"—the house in which the restoration of the monarchy was successfully planned in 1660 in the secret conferences of General Monk.

It is just beyond the now melancholy site of Northumberland House that we enter upon what is still called "the Strand." If we could linger, as we might in the early morning, when there would be no great traffic to hinder us, we should see that, even now, the great street is far from unpicturesque. Its houses, projecting, receding, still ornamented here and there with bow-windows, sometimes with a little sculpture or pargetting work, presents a very broken outline to the sky; and, at the end, in the blue haze which is so beautiful on a fine day in London, rises the Flemish-looking steeple of St. Mary le Strand with the light streaming through its open pillars.

The Strand palaces are gone now. In Italian cities, which love their reminiscences and guard them, their sites would be marked by inscribed tablets let into the later houses. This is not the way with Englishmen; yet, even in England, they have their own commemoration, and in the Strand the old houses and the old residents have their records in the names of the adjoining streets on either side the way. Gay, calling upon his friend Fortescue to walk west with him from Temple Bar, thus alludes to them:—

"Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienced friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls;
Me business to my distant lodging calls;

Through the long Strand together let us stray.
With thee conversing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's famed structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd, the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watchhouse stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers's—now no more."

COVENT GARDEN

MONTAGU WILLIAMS

"ALL a-growing and a-blowing!" Of all the sounds that reach my ears during the year, none gives me greater pleasure than this, the cry of the flower sellers. It brings glad tidings of sunshine, it is an assurance that fogs are a thing of the past, and it bids you watch for the coming of the swallow.

To the hard-working professional man the advent of spring brings new life, and its first pulsations are often induced by the sight of the daffodil on the street barrows.

It may not be generally known that the flower hawkers are an extremely industrious class. Their day commences at the earliest dawn, or even before, in Covent Garden Market, or one of the other centres whither the grower consigns his produce.

In my early days it was no uncommon thing for young gentlemen, after passing the night in a somewhat dissipated manner, to wend their way, in the small hours of the morning, to Covent Garden Market, in order to have a cup of coffee at the stall by the church, and, as they expressed it, "to see life with the costers."

It has been said, and with a good deal of truth, that the district known as Covent Garden has more literary, and, indeed, human interest than any other spot in modern or ancient London.

"Covent Garden" is, as everyone knows, a corruption of "Convent Garden." Some six hundred years ago the ground covered by the present market and the surrounding buildings was an enclosure belonging to the Abbots of Westminster. One part of the area was used by them as a kitchen garden, and another part as a place of burial. At the dissolution of the religious houses—so we learn from Thornbury—the property passed into the hands of the Duke of Somerset, on whose attainder in 1552 it was given by the crown to John Russell, Earl of Bedford, under the description of "Covent Garden, lying in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, next Charing Cross, with seven acres called Long Acre, of the yearly value of six pounds, six shillings and eight pence." The value of the land, I am informed, has since increased.

In 1630, or thereabouts, the large square was laid out, from the designs of Inigo Jones, by Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford. On the north was the Piazza that still exists, on the east another that has long since been destroyed by fire, on the south the blank wall bounding the garden of Bedford House, and on the west the church of St. Paul, which was also designed by Inigo Jones, and which is a familiar building in the present day. Along the southern wall stood a number of trees, and it was beneath their foliage that the fruit and vegetable market had its first beginnings. In 1689 Strype wrote: "The south side of Covent Garden Square lieth open to Bedford Garden, where there is a small grotto of trees, most pleasant in the summer season; and on this side is kept a market for fruits, herbs, roots, and flowers every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—which is grown to a considerable account—and well served with choice goods, which makes it much resorted to."

I may be forgiven for quoting another writer in reference to the change that time wrought on this spot. Walter Savage Landor put the matter thus: "The garden formal

COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

and quiet, where a salad was cut for a lady abbess, and flowers were gathered to adorn images, became a market, noisy and full of life, distributing thousands of fruits and flowers to a vicious population."

The market gradually developed, and in 1671 it was formerly established under a charter granted by the King to the Earl of Bedford. Wooden stalls and sheds, and other makeshift erections, met the requirements of the salesmen and women for a long time, and it was not until 1830 that the present market was erected. It was built by John, sixth Duke of Bedford, the architect being Mr. William Fowler; and an interesting circumstance in connection with its construction was that, while excavating for the foundations, some navvies came upon a quantity of human remains, which no doubt dated from the time when the Abbots used the ground as their place of burial.

In days gone by, Covent Garden was a very fashionable quarter. We read that, between 1666 and 1700, the folowing, among other distinguished persons resided in the Piazzas: Lord Hollis, Lord Brownlow, the Bishop of Durham, Lord Newport, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lucas, the Earl of Oxford, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Kenelm Digby, the Marquis of Winchester, Benjamin West, and Sir Peter Lely. King Street, Henrietta Street, and other thoroughfares in the immediate neighbourhood, were also crowded with "persons of quality," as the phrase runs.

Many and various are the memories that cling to Covent Garden. Looking back through a long vista of years, one can see, with the mind's eye, two monster conflagrations, separated by an interval of some five decades, in which former Covent Garden Theatres were totally destroyed. Again, to go still further back in the distance of time, it was on the Piazzas that Powell set up his famous peep-show, to which, a wit of the period declared, large congregations were attracted by the ringing of the bell at the neighbouring church.

At one end of the existing Piazza stood the Bedford Coffee Tavern, an establishment with which are intimately associated the names of Garrick, Foote, Quin, and many other notabilities; and in the immediate vicinity was Sheridan's resort, the "Piazza Hotel." Then, too, at the north-west corner of Covent Garden was Evans's, that famous meeting-place for men of wit and fashion, where, before clubs were known, it is stated that as many as nine dukes have dined on one evening.

The Strand and its environments never seem to go to bed. The stream of traffic flows on without intermission throughout every hour in the twenty-four, and it would be very difficult to say when the work of the night ends and the work of the day commences. The omnibuses of course stop running at a given hour; but before all the other passenger conveyances have vanished from the streets, vans laden with fruit, vegetables, hay, and other spoils from the country, come lumbering along. Early rising is the rule with labouring London.

Any of my readers who may visit Covent Garden Market in the small hours of the morning will see very much the same sights as those that were to be witnessed twenty or thirty years ago. On entering Wellington Street from the Strand you find the roadway choked with vans, carts of all shapes and sizes, and barrows. Every other street leading to the market is in the same congested condition. Who would have thought the world contained so many cabbages and potatoes as are to be seen here? Men bearing baskets and cases on their heads pass hither and thither, dodging each other with a dexterity born of long experience.

The shouts and oaths so freely exchanged are responsible for a deal of the prevailing din; but other than human throats contribute to it largely. I refer to those of the costers' donkeys. One of these animals, elated it may be by meeting so many fellow-creatures, gives utterance to a prolonged and well-executed bray. Others at once raise their voices in response, and in a moment all the donkeys in the street are exercising those vocal powers with which Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to endow them. One cannot help feeling very sorry for such of the occupants of the neighbouring houses as desire to sleep.

The manner in which the vegetables are packed in the huge market carts is extraordinary. You see loads of lettuces and cabbages ten feet high, roped and netted down so tightly that, when unloosened, you marvel how so many could have been pressed into the space.

The market itself is, of course, the scene of scenes. For incessant industry it is a veritable bee-hive. If you are disposed to stand about and watch what is going on, you must have a care for your head and your shins. The buyers, salesmen, and porters are no respecters of persons. With them it is work first and politeness afterwards.

If it is summer-time, the air is loaded with the fragrance of flowers, and the market is made beautiful with their colours.

"Now then for your dollars," shouts the eager seller; "we come here to sell, so make your choice and be sharp about it."

You turn to see by whom these words are spoken, when thump! you are nearly knocked off your feet by a burly, perspiring porter bending under a load of cauliflowers. "Why don't yer git out of the blooming way?" is his substitute for an apology.

There are plenty of beggars and loafers standing about, and, oddly enough, a little group of Sisters of Mercy and hospital nurses. What on earth are they doing here at such an hour? The answer is very simple—they are buying flowers, at market prices, to gladden the hearts of poor sufferers laid on beds of sickness.

Who is that individual in blue, standing in the middle of the avenue? He looks like a butcher—but no; what could a butcher be doing there? Well, absurd as it may seem at first sight, the supposition is correct. There he stands, steel on belt, with a basket of steaks and other pieces of meat. He shouts: "Buy! buy! buy!" On drawing closer you will find that the good man is doing a very brisk trade, and rapidly disposing of his stock. The market habitués, it appears, buy his meat and take it to neighbouring coffee-shops and public-houses, where they either have it cooked for them or perform the operation themselves.

Not the least interesting among those who every morning flock to Covent Garden are the women who sell buttonholes and nosegays in the street. Theirs is a most laborious life. They have to rise in time to attend the early morning market, and it sometimes takes them the whole of the day to dispose of their stock. While they are laying out their few shillings on roses, carnations, geraniums and maidenhair, they have to beware of the market thieves, who are always ready to pounce down upon goods that are left unguarded. When the women and girl flower sellers return to their lodgings after attending the market, they proceed to sort their stock and make up their buttonholes. It is extraordinary with what quickness and ability the latter operation is performed. A few flowers are placed together so as to form a dainty little spray, and they are then nimbly bound together with wire.

Strangely enough, the flower seller, as a rule, has no love for flowers. She knows that her customers like them, and appreciate a well-arranged buttonhole, but where the great attraction lies, she herself cannot understand. How seldom you see a flower girl wearing a flower! That her male associates should be insensible to the charm of their goods is less surprising. Probably the only personal use a coster ever made of a flower was to put the stalk in his mouth and chew it.

The number of male and female street flower sellers in London is very large. Several will often congregate together at a street corner, competing for the patronage of the public with great good nature. The women are nearly all dressed alike, with the same sort of hat and feathers, the same tartan shawls, short cotton dresses, and high-heeled lace-up boots, and the same kind of gold ear-rings.

Taking them as a whole, the flower sellers—men and women alike—are a very worthy class.

THREE OLD THEATRES

H. BARTON BAKER

IN the middle ages, the great Dominican monastery, which has given the name Blackfriars to the whole locality, stretched from Ludgate almost to the Thames, while on the opposite side of the Fleet, then a broad river, stood the Palace of Bridewell, a residence of Saxon, Norman and Plantagenet Kings, rebuilt by Henry VIII. for the reception of Charles V. It was given by Edward VI. to the city for a hospital and endowed with the revenues taken from the Savoy; in Elizabeth's time it became a prison. All that remained of the palace perished in the great fire, and upon the site was erected the notorious gaol which figures in one of the plates of Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress.*

The monastery was destroyed by the Tudor tyrant, and a church within its precincts, dedicated to St. Anne, was converted into a storehouse for properties used in court entertainments; and here "the Children of Paul's," who had been actors since the days of the Miracle Plays, rehearsed.[1]

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[1] "The Children of Paul's," who figure so largely in the dramatic history of Elizabeth and James's reigns, were the choristers of the cathedral. Plays were frequently represented by them, not only in their schools and in the private theatres, but sometimes at court. The Blackfriars, before it was taken over by Burbage and his partners, seems to have been devoted entirely to their use. The players were very jealous of their popularity, and it is to them that Hamlet alludes in the lines: "There is, sir, an aery of children, little eye-asses, that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't; these are now the fashion," etc., etc. See *Hamlet*, iii. 2.

In the next reign it became a tennis-court, and in 1596 James Burbage converted it into a theatre, the renowned Blackfriars, greatly to the horror of the Puritans, who swarmed in this neighbourhood, and who presented endless petitions to both Elizabeth, James and Charles to suppress this "sinful" place, as the crowds who flocked to it so blocked the thoroughfares that people could not get to their shops. It is worth noting that these snuffling hypocrites were dealers chiefly in feathers, pins and looking-glasses, and such like vanities, and that the players were among their best customers.

No picture of the theatre, in which many of Shakespeare's masterpieces were first produced, is known to exist; but from contemporary plays, more especially those of Ben Jonson, it is possible to give a vivid presentment of the interior of the building during a performance. The Blackfriars was a private theatre—that is to say, it was chiefly supported by noble patrons, who subscribed for boxes, and consequently it was conducted with greater decorum than was the Globe or the Fortune, or such like. Again, it was entirely roofed in, while the public theatres were partly open to the sky; and there were seats in the pit, a luxury not vouchsafed to "the groundlings" in the others.

To eyes accustomed to the glare of gas and electric light, the interior, lit up simply by candles, will appear plunged in semi-darkness. A silken curtain, which runs upon an iron rod and opens in the middle, at present conceals the stage. On three sides are tiers of galleries, to which the prices of admission are sixpence and a shilling, and to the small boxes or rooms beneath, two shillings and two and sixpence; these latter are rented by the aristocracy. The pit, in the public theatres, is filled with a noisy, nut-cracking, apple-eating, ale-drinking, card-playing, romping, flirting, riotous crowd, whose clamour frequently drowns the voices of the actors; but no such license is permitted here, nor would those sober citizens who sit attentive on their benches desire it.

In a balcony on one side of the stage are the musicians, who play before the play and between the acts, like the orchestra of a modern theatre; and very excellent music it is, for the musicians pay for the privilege of performing at the Blackfriars, as it recommends them to the nobility.

Hark! there is the triple flourish of trumpets, which announces that the play will now begin, and the curtains are drawn back on each side. As a tragedy is to be represented the stage is hung with black, and like the halls of the nobles, the boards are strewn with rushes; there is another curtain at the back, which is still closed; the walls at the sides are hung with arras.

Although the actors have not yet appeared, the stage is already half-filled with ladies and gallants, seated upon three-legged stools, some of the gentlemen lying upon the rushes at their ladies' feet and fanning themselves *à la* Hamlet and Ophelia. Here we have the *jeunesse dorée* of the court, the Mercutios, the Tybalts, the Romeos, the Benedicks, who in the play will see themselves reflected as in a mirror, just as in the dramas of our day we attempt to show "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." We have met the gallants strolling in the aisles of old St. Paul's, and dining at Dick Tarleton's Ordinary, noted their close-cropped hair, their huge ruffs, monstrous trunk-hose, their feet half-hidden by the splendid roses in their shoes. But here are the ladies in their pearled stomachers, their expansive farthingales, stiff with gold and silver embroidery, and their yellow dyed hair and glittering winged ruffs. At the back of each gallant stands a page, a veritable

Moth, whose duty it is to keep his master's pipe, moulded in silver or clay into many curious shapes, supplied with tobacco from "fine lily pots" that upon being opened smell like conserve of roses, while between a pair of silver tongs he holds a glowing coal of juniper wood to ignite the Virginian weed, so that the atmosphere resembles that of a modern music hall.

When the curtain at the back is undrawn it reveals an upper and a lower platform; the former, raised upon pillars ten feet high, is used when the scene[1] requires a double action; it serves for Juliet's balcony and the ramparts from which Prince Arthur casts himself. The actors are richly dressed in the costumes of the day; many of the nobility send them their cast off suits. But they are not dependent upon these, for Henslowe has entered in his *Diary* such items as the following: "£21 for two piled velvet cloaks at 20*s.* and 5*d.* a yard; £6 13*s.* for a lady's gown; £19 for one cloak." To appreciate the sumptuousness of this apparel we must bear in mind the relative value of money in that day and this.

And now the play begins, and proceeds amidst loud comments from the audience, complimentary and otherwise. If they do not like it, there are cries of "mew!" "blirt!" "ha, ha!" "light, chaffy stuff!" Would I could describe how Burbage and Will Kempe and Lowin and

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[1] Whether or not scenery was used in these *private* theatres is a point by no means certain. Considering the wonderful scenic effects which were common in the court "masques" (see Ben Jonson's *Masques*), I think it more than probable; how otherwise can we understand the stage directions in the plays of the period which indicate not only scenes but sets? This is no place to enter into such a discussion, but let the reader take up his Shakespeare or Jonson, or indeed any Elizabethan dramatist, and consider the matter for himself.

Shakespeare looked and acted, but of that we have no record; and here the wings of my Pegasus fail him and we drop down upon Nineteenth Century ground again.

DRURY LANE.

The ancient name of Drury Lane was the Via de Aldwych—hence Wych Street; but in the reign of Elizabeth Sir Robert Drury built a mansion with gardens upon the spot where now stands the Olympic Theatre, and from that time it has been known by its present appellation. The gallant Earl Craven, who was supposed to have been secretly united to James I.'s daughter, the titular Queen of Bohemia, was the next tenant, and during the latter part of the Eighteenth Century the noble house was converted into a tavern, known by the sign of the Queen of Bohemia. By 1805 the structure had fallen into such decay that it was necessary to pull it down. The ground was taken by Philip Astley, of amphitheatre notoriety, who thereupon erected, chiefly out of the materials of an old French warship, a naval prize "The Olympic Pavilion," and opened it as a circus.

Drury Lane was quite an aristocratic quarter in the Stuarts' days; the Marquis of Argyle and the Earl of Anglesey among others had mansions in it; but even in the time of Charles II. its inhabitants were mixed. Pepys tells us that Nell Gwynne lodged here when she was an actress, and some biographers assert that Nelly was born in the Coal Yard, at the Holborn end of the street, but this is very doubtful. By the opening of the Eighteenth Century, Drury Lane had begun to be known as a harbour of vice and squalor, and as such it has been notorious ever since. Goldsmith writes of "the drabs and bloods of Drury

Lane"; Pope in *The Dunciad*, indicates that it was the haunt of the hack-writer who,

> "Lulled by zephyrs through the broken panes,
> Rhymes ere he wakes,"

and Gay, in *Trivia*, writes of

> "Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes."

Hogarth here laid the scene of *The Harlot's Progress*, and references to the peculiar vices of the place will be found in *The Tatler*.

Drury Lane, from the time of James I. has been closely associated with the stage. The Cockpit, burned down in a 'prentice riot, and rebuilt under the name of The Phœnix, the first theatre erected within its precincts, was, like the Blackfriars and Salisbury Court, "a private house." Its memory was preserved until recently in Pitt Court, a noisome *cul-de-sac*, now covered by the model lodging-houses on the eastern side of the Lane. It ceased to be used soon after the Restoration.

Killigrew converted a tennis-court in Vere Street, Clare Market into a temporary theatre, which he opened on the 8th of November, 1660. It had a brief existence of less than three years, and it does not appear to have been used again until after the company was transferred to their new house of which I shall write directly. Vere Street would claim no notice here but for the fact that it was on its stage the first English actress made her *début*, 8th December, 1660, in the character of Desdemona. The name of the lady who inaugurated such a revolution in things theatrical, as women's parts had hitherto been performed by boys, is unknown, though it might have been either of the beautiful sisters, Anne or Beck Marshall, so frequently mentioned by Pepys, or Prince Rupert's favourite, Mrs. Hugues, who figures in De Grammont's Memoirs.[1]

Charles II. granted Henry Killigrew, a groom of the chamber, a patent, still extant, for the erection of a theatre upon an old riding yard in Drury Lane. Four successive houses have stood there. The first, which cost only the modest sum of £1,500, was opened on 8th April, 1663, and destroyed by fire nine years afterwards. The second, built from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, was plain and unpretentious, and thereby offered a striking contrast to Davenant's splendid theatre in Salisbury Court. Its records were, however, unique; it stood through six reigns, and was the scene of the triumphs of Betterton, Booth, Garrick, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Pritchard, Peg Woffington, Miss Abington, Mrs. Siddons, etc., etc. By 1791, the house had fallen into such decay that it had to be pulled down. A magnificent and colossal building, which could accommodate 3,611 people, or nearly 600 more than the present theatre, was opened on 12th March, 1794, and perished in the flames on 24th February, 1809. The loss was so enormous that it was not until 10th October, 1812, that the Drury Lane of to-day was ready for the public. A host of delightful recollections are associated with this famous Temple of Thespis, but the exigences of space forbid me even to glance at them.

But as I have attempted a picture of the Blackfriars in the days of James I., I will now essay a companion sketch of Drury Lane in the days of his grandsons. The theatre is of moderate dimensions, and lit only by candles; footlights are unknown, and will be until Garrick introduces them from Paris, and the stage is illumined only by a ring of candles dependent from "the flies." The orchestra occupies a side balcony, as it did at the Blackfriars; the deep proscenium projects in a semi-oval form to the front bench of the pit; there are no stage boxes but an entrance on each side for the actors. The auditorium consists of two tiers of boxes, divided into compartments; at the sides are balconies, and a 12*d.* and 18*d.* gallery.

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[1] This was not the actual *début* of a woman upon the English stage. In 1656 a Mrs. Coleman took the part of Ianthe in the opera of *The Siege of Rhodes*. This was probably a private performance at the Cockpit, either in defiance of or by connivance of the law, for the stringent suppression of the theatres was beginning to be relaxed at that time.

In the boxes, which are almost exclusive to the court, with their heads affectedly posed on one side, languish the Sir Fopling Flutters and Sir Courtly Nices, a raree-show of gaudy velvets and satins, slashed, laced, spangled and covered with streaming ribbons. Their inane faces, spotted with black patches of various shapes, are half-hidden by huge periwigs, veritable cascades of hair of every shade from flaxen to black. Lounging back in their chairs, they languidly pass silver or gold-mounted combs through their rippling locks, to display the whiteness of their hands and their jewelled fingers, and their ruffles of *point de Venise*, while some wear gold-fringed and embroidered silk gloves, buttoning up to the elbow, the cuff of the coat or doublet not coming lower. Standing behind their chairs, lacqueys sprinkle their wigs and handkerchiefs with delicate essences from gold and crystal flaçons, while they themselves titilate their nostrils with pulvilio from gold and jewelled snuff-boxes, lest the odour from the groundlings should "nauseate" them. A lady kisses her hand to one of these beaux from an opposite box; he rises, bows almost to his knees, and, in doing so, contrives to jerk the whole mass of his periwig over his face, and as he rises again throws it back without ruffling a curl. To another enters *un bon camarade*. With what effusiveness he greets him in a jargon of French and Italian, and kisses him upon both cheeks, amidst shouts of derision from "the groundlings," whose choice sport it is to bait the fops.

The male butterfly is so gorgeous that the female is almost eclipsed by him. The faces of most of the ladies are concealed by silk visors, a necessary reserve, considering the very *free* dialogue of the play, though here and there some Phryne braves the leers of men, preferring to display her charms.

But what a hubbub of laughter, jesting, hissing, quarrelling, jumping on seats, tumbling over seats, scrambling and screaming rises from the half-crown pit during the intervals. The more sober part of the audience occupy the centre, while the sides are given up to the gallants and the vizards. Ladies of quality, hiding their identity beneath their masks, share the license of this Agapemone with the nymphs of Covent Garden. In Fops' Corner, men of mode mingle with the Temple beaux, threadbare wits, knights of the post and adventurers of every description. "Fine Chaney oranges! Fine Chaney oranges!" is a cry that resounds on every side, and the buxom vendors drive a thriving trade with their fruit at sixpence each, while the gallants toy and flirt with them.

Up in the galleries the fun is yet more fast and furious. The Olympians pelt the boxes with apples and oranges, and salute the Laises and Phrynes of the court with epithets more truthful than decent. Abagails, sempstresses from the New Exchange, and Lindabrides from the Stews, better on the example set by their superiors. When the curtain draws up, another audience is revealed to the occupants of the auditorium, which hem in the stage.

THE HAYMARKET.

When Sir John Vanbrugh, in 1704, proposed to build a theatre at the bottom of the Haymarket, all to the north of it was pasture land and it was argued that the city, the Inns of Court, and the middle part of the town, from which came the chief supporters of the theatre, would be beyond the reach of an easy walk, and coach hire would be too hard a tax upon the pit and gallery. Houses, however, had been erected close by in Charles II.'s time, and in 1692 the roadway was formed on its present lines, but the air was still so pure that laundresses bleached their linen upon the hedges of Hedge Lane, which stretched from what is now Pall Mall East to Tyburn Road; and the farmers of Kensington and Chelsea sold their hay there three times a week, as they had done since the days of the Tudors.

The Queen's Theatre, however, as it was called until the accession of George I., when it became The King's, was built and opened in 1705. But it proved such a disastrous failure at first that it was let to Owen Swiney for £5 a night! After oscillating for a while between drama and opera, in spite of the ridicule and opposition of such potent publications as *The Spectator* against this exotic species of entertainment, it finally settled down to an opera-house.

Vanbrugh's great theatre was burned down in 1739, set on fire, it was believed, by the leader of the orchestra out of revenge. It was a dull heavy building of red brick, roofed with black glazed tiles, and with a frontage only thirty-five feet wide, in which were three circular-headed doors and windows. Upon its site rose the building which many of us remember, first opened in 1791, to fall a prey to the flames in 1867. It was rebuilt two years later; but the history of the third house was one of disaster and finally of degradation until its demolition. A handsome new theatre, bearing the old name, now occupies its site.

No spot in Europe can show a grander record of lyric genius than that south-west corner of the Haymarket; every great singer from Nicolini, the male soprano to Tamberlik and Mario, from Faustina and Cuzzoni to Christine Nilsson and Titiens, has sung there; the operas of every celebrated composer, from Handel to Verdi and Gounod, have been heard there; every famous ballerina from Mlle. Sallé, who first introduced the opera ballet into London in 1734, to Taglioni, Ellsler and Rosati have pirouetted there. That spot has echoed to the notes of the wonderful Farinelli, for whose powers of execution no composer could write passages difficult enough, for whom, while he was singing, the orchestra forgot to play, overwhelmed by his genius; to the *bravura* and *fioturi* of Catalani, who could leap two octaves; to the voice of that transcendent artiste, Pasta, of whom in her decay Viardot said: "She is like the *Cenacolo* of Da Vinci at Milan, a wreck of a picture—but that picture is the greatest in the world"; to the wonderful B flat of the incomparable Rubini, which he once gave forth with such vigour that he fractured his collar-bone; to the thunderous bass of Lablache. Here was the scene of the Jenny Lind *furore;* and have not many of us the glorious notes of Titiens and the dulcet, silvery ring of Nilsson's voice still echoing in our ears? Who in the present day can realize that dancing, vulgarized as it is now, was ever the poetry of motion? Yet who could have been more poetical than the ethereal grace of Taglioni, the intoxicating sorcery of the divine Ellsler, the ideality of Lucille Grahn, the dazzling brilliancy of Carlotta Grisi, the fascinating verse of Cerito.

In 1720 a small, wooden theatre, which with all appliances cost only £1,500, was built on the eastern side of the street, and came to be known as "the little theatre in the Haymarket." First opened by a French company, it passed into the hands of mountebanks and rope-dancers, until Harry Fielding undertook it, in 1730, and produced his own comedies, burlesques and farces, one of which, for holding Sir Robert Walpole up to ridicule, brought about, in 1737, the stringent Theatrical Licensing Act, by which the London theatres were restricted to two, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. From that time until 1766, when Samuel Foote obtained a patent to open the house during the summer months, the little theatre led only a vagabond existence, its managers and actors being more than once arrested for breaking the law.

After being repaired, patched, renovated, the original building, or rather all that remained of it, was pulled down in 1820, and the theatre of Webster and Buckstone took its place, which, though greatly altered by the Bancrofts, remains practically the same. It is probably a unique circumstance in the history of theatres that the Haymarket, during the hundred and seventy-eight years of its existence has never suffered from fire, and only once from any serious accident—on the occasion of the visit of George III. to the house, February, 1794, when the crush at the pit door was so great that fifteen people were killed and twenty seriously injured.

But theatrical riots have been by no means uncommon at the little theatre. The most curious of these occurred in 1805. Dowton announced for his benefit an old burlesque, *The Tailors*, which had been brought out by Foote; it was a satire upon the sectorial craft, who convened an indignation meeting of its members, and resolved to oppose the performance with might and main. A letter was sent to the *bénéficiaire* signed DEATH, warning him that 17,000 tailors would attend to hiss the piece, and that 100,000 more could be found if wanted. The actors laughed. But on the evening the knights of the needle contrived to secure, with few exceptions, every seat in the house, while a mob of tailors clamoured round the doors. When Dowton appeared, some one threw a pair of shears at him, then the whole audience bellowed and roared, and the crowd outside answered with bellows and roars and attempted to storm the house. Magistrates were summoned, special constables called out, but all were helpless against the overwhelming odds; so formidable did the riot become that it was only quelled by a detachment of the Life Guards, who after taking sixteen prisoners put the rest of the mob to flight. The Haymarket was the last theatre which was lit by candles, gas not being introduced there until 1837, the first year of Webster's tenancy.

The Haymarket, in addition to its two theatres, was always noted for exhibitions, notorious among which was Mother Midnight's Oratory (1750), a sort of Barnum's show of monstrosities and trained animals.[1] Monkeys and dogs did acrobatic performances and danced a minuet; a bear beat a drum; birds spelled names and told the time by the clock; turkeys executed a country dance; there was a cat's concert to ridicule the opera, by which the inventor cleared thousands; a man who smoked out of a red-hot pipe and ate burning sulphur; giants, dwarfs, ventriloquists, dancing bears.

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[1] See "Horace Walpole to George Montagu," 9th January, 1752, for a full account of the oratory.

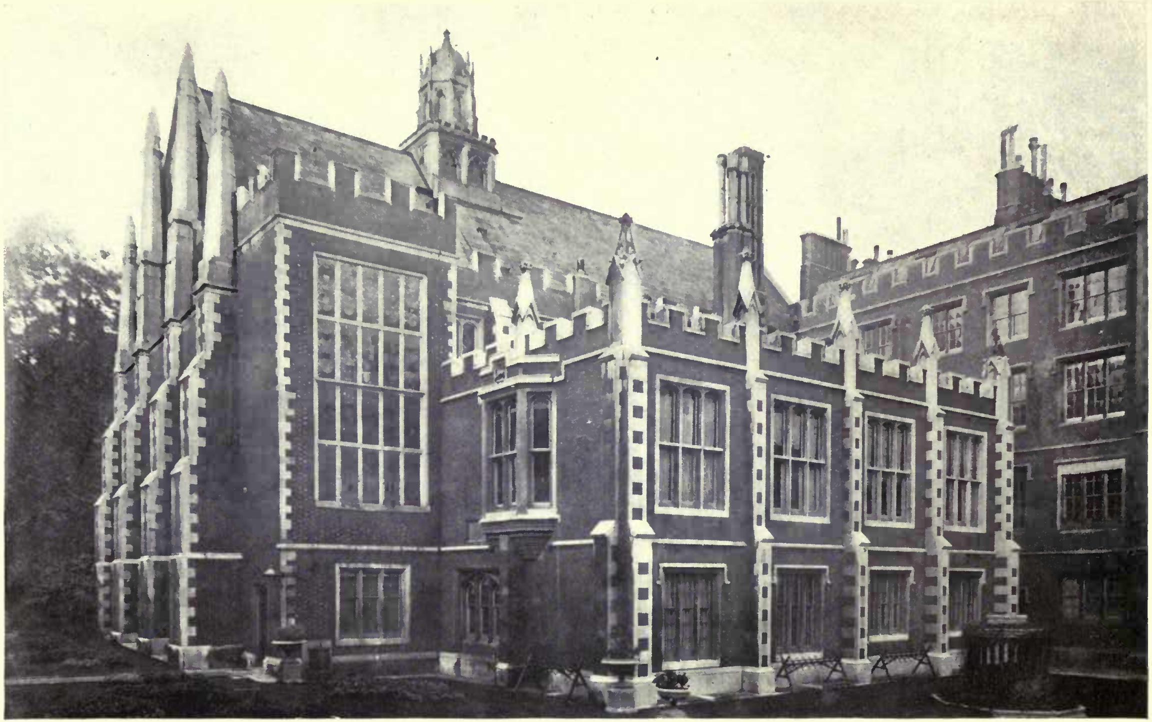
THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

W. J. LOFTIE

SOME profane person has compared the Middle Temple to a beautiful woman with a plain husband. But the Inner Temple has its own beauty, some of it of a very substantial character. The real "Queen Anne" style can be studied there at great ease. Some nooks and corners are distinctly picturesque, and the charming view across the lawn to the embankment and the Thames—even though the Surrey hills of Charles Lamb's description are seldom, if ever, visible now—has been enhanced in the foreground by the addition of our old friend from Clement's Inn, the blackamoor.

Granting all this, and not forgetting the perfect model of a gentleman's town house offered us by Wren in the Master's lodge—for though it is on territory common to both Inns, like the chapel, it is geographically in the Inner Temple—still we are forced to confess that there is superior beauty, greater grace, better grouping in the Middle Temple. Its lawn seems wider, its trees are higher, its hall is older, its courts are quainter than those of the other member of this inseparable pair. I am not satisfied with the library, yet it has its good points, and was immensely admired as an example of the revived Gothic style, and by none more than myself, when it was first built. A little sense of the necessity for proportion even in Gothic buildings robs it of much of its exterior charm, but the interior goes far to redeem it. The new garden buildings have no such redeeming features, nor have Harcourt Buildings; but perhaps they set off the rest. The courts by which we enter from the north-west are among the best features, and when we pass through an old wrought-iron gate, and, turning southward in an ancient and spacious court, see before us the fountain, the hall, the terrace, the green slope, and the embankment and river beyond the library, we feel that so far the charm of the place is as complete as ever. So much for beauty; the literary and historical associations of the Middle Temple, it must be allowed, are chiefly of an imported character. The lawyers are not so much to us as some other people. We think of the King-maker and his puppets, of Shakespeare, of Goldsmith, of Johnson, of Porson, of Dickens; and not so much of Blackstone, Clarendon, Somers, Dunning, or Talfourd. Of course, some great men, men great apart from their legal qualifications, were lawyers, and "of the Middle Temple." Fielding, the novelist, was a barrister of this Inn. His chambers were in Pump Court. We cannot be sure that Sir Walter Raleigh was a lawyer, but he described himself about 1570 to be "of the Middle Temple." Another great fighting man was a student here for some time, Sir Henry Havelock. His name among the Templars comes upon us unexpectedly. Yet he was a pupil of Chitty's before he went to India. Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, made no figure as a lawyer, yet he was called in 1660. He had chambers in Middle Temple Lane, and there in January, 1679, his books and papers, coins and medals, were destroyed by fire.

This fire was far more destructive to the Temple than the Great Fire of twelve years before. If any of the residential part of the ancient buildings remained, they were



MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

now destroyed, together with the Cloisters. It broke out at midnight in Pump Court, and raged for twelve hours. The weather was cold, the Thames frozen, and the water supply inadequate. It is said that the barrels of ale from the butteries were put into the pumping engines, a story which may have originated from the burning of part of the Inner Temple Hall, when, no doubt, the beer-cellar would be consumed. The flames were finally subdued by the use of gunpowder. The chapel was saved, as well as Middle Temple Hall, but in addition to Pump Court, Elm Tree Court, and Vine Court, a part of Brick Court was also destroyed. Notwithstanding this calamity, the Middle Temple presents some old features wanting in the other Inn. Apart from the church, already described, which has few visible signs of antiquity left, some of the courts rebuilt after 1679 are now old enough to have grown picturesque, while the massive, well-proportioned entrance gateway from Fleet Street was designed by the great Sir Christopher himself, and built in 1684. It replaced a Tudor gateway, which Aubrey tells us was set up by Sir Amias Pawlet, who appears both to have designed and also built it, at his own expense, in payment of a fine laid upon him by Wolsey. It was decorated with the Cardinal's arms, and Pawlet's own shone in the window glass; but the stonework was so mouldering that the whole edifice had to be taken down.

Once we are within the gate, the curious old buildings, assuredly much older in parts than 1684, will strike the visitor who enters after the newness and bustle of Fleet Street. The slope is steep, and leads down, through another and very different building, to that part of the Temple Garden which owes its existence to the Thames Embankment. A picturesque gateway here, even a plain but well-proportioned one, like Wren's at the top, would have been a conspicuous ornament to the neighbourhood.

The first corner we come to is that of Brick Court, which is open to the lane on the eastern side. It is said to have been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to have been the first part of the Temple made of brick, and to be alluded to by Spenser in the *Prothalamion*, where he speaks of the "bricky towers." But the court is sacred to the memory of a greater than Spenser. It was in No. 2 that Oliver Goldsmith breathed his last, in April, 1774. His rooms were immediately over those of Sir William Blackstone, who, engaged on his *Commentaries*, is said to have complained of the constant racket above. Goldsmith had first lived in Garden Court, but the house next door to No. 3, which still exists, has been pulled down.

Leaving Brick Court, and continuing down Middle Temple Lane we arrive, opposite the hall, at a wide paved platform or terrace; beyond or to westward of the terrace is the fountain—not the same fountain as that of which Lamb wrote so amusingly, but a new one, a provokingly new one, with a terra-cotta bird in the centre. To the right some steps lead up to New Court and Devereux Court, and on the left there are steps down to the gardens and the library. There are shady trees overhead, but Goldsmith's rooks no longer caw in them. Altogether, this seems to be the most pleasing part of the Temple—the part most often alluded to by essayists and novelists. No one can forget what use Dickens made of it in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Here John Westlock met Ruth Pinch: "Brilliantly the Temple Fountain sparkled in the sun, and laughingly its liquid music played, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced, and peeping out in sport among the trees plunged lightly down to hide themselves, as little Ruth and her companion came towards it." In another place (chapter xiv.) there is a fuller description of the fountain:

> "There was a little plot between them, that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way; and that was past the fountain. Coming through Fountain Court he was just to glance down the steps leading to Garden Court and to look once all round him, and if Ruth had come to meet him, there he would see her—not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain and beat it all to nothing. For, fifty to one, Tom had been looking for her in the wrong direction, and had quite given her up. . . . Whether there was life enough left in the slow vegetation of Fountain Court for the smoky shrubs to have any consciousness of the brightest and purest-hearted little woman in the world is a question for gardeners and those who are learned in the loves of plants. But that it was a good thing for that same paved yard to have such a delicate little figure flitting through it; that it passed like a smile from the grimy old houses and the worn flag-stones, and left them duller, darker, sterner than before—there is no sort of doubt. The Temple fountain might have leaped up twenty feet to greet the spring of hopeful maidenhood that in her person stole on, sparkling, through the dry and dusty channels of the Law; the chirping sparrows, bred in Temple chinks and crannies, might have held their peace to listen to imaginary skylarks, as so fresh a little creature passed; the dingy boughs, unused to droop otherwise than in their puny growth, might have bent down in a kindred gracefulness to shed their benedictions on her graceful head; old love-letters, shut up in iron boxes in the neighbouring offices, and made of no account among the heaps of family papers into which they had strayed, and of which, in their degeneracy they formed a part, might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness as she went lightly by."

In the south side of the pavement of Fountain Court is the famous old Hall. It was built in 1572, when Plowden was Treasurer. It is a hundred feet long, forty-two feet wide, and forty-seven feet high, and the proportions are admirably suited to give a feeling of space and lightness. Mr. Wheatley considers the roof, with its hammer-beams, "the best Elizabethan roof in London." The screen is also very rich and handsome, and is always, but erroneously, said to have been made of spoils taken from the Spanish Armada; but the records of the Middle Temple show that it was made at least thirteen years before the Armada was defeated. There are many interesting associations about Middle Temple Hall, but the most interesting is that which connects it with Shakespeare. In 1597 a student called John Manningham was entered on the books of this Inn. For two years, from 1601 to 1603, he kept a brief diary, which is preserved among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum (No. 5353). Until it was discovered, in 1828, that it contained a notice of the performance of *Twelfth Night* in 1602, the date usually assigned to that play was 1614. The diarist says, on 2d February: "At our feast wee had a play called 'Twelve Night or what you will,' much like the 'Comedy of Errors,' or 'Menechmi' in Plautus; but most like and neere to that in Italian called 'Inganni.'" There cannot be any kind of doubt that Shakespeare's play is referred to in this entry. Manningham goes on to describe the plot: "A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in general termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, etc., and then when he came to practice, making beleeve they tooke him to be mad." Charles Knight, as an enthusiastic

Shakespearian scholar, waxes almost eloquent over this passage. In the supplementary notice to the play in his "pictorial" edition he writes: "There is something to our minds very precious in that memorial." The fact is, as he very well knew, our sources of information as to Shakespeare are of the rarest and vaguest character. "What a scene," he exclaims, "do these few plain words call up before us! The Christmas festivities have lingered on till Candlemass. The Lord of Misrule has resigned his sceptre; the fox and the cat have been hunted round the hall; the Masters of the Revels have sung their songs; the drums are silent which lent their noisy chorus to the Marshal's proclamations; and Sir Francis Flatterer and Sir Randle Rackabite have passed into the ranks of ordinary men." At this point Knight refers in a footnote to Dugdale's *Origines Jurdiciales*, or, as he spells it—one of the few misprints in this careful book—"Judiciales." Dugdale describes what he calls the solemn revels on "All-Hallown Day and on the feast day of the Purification of our Lady," and mentions the fines imposed on those who failed to attend and on those who refused to "carry up wafers" to the Auncients' table. "When the last measure is dancing, the Reader at the Cupboard calls to one of the Gentlemen of the Bar, as he is walking or dancing with the rest, to give the Judges a song: who forthwith begins the first line of any Psalm, as he thinks fittest; after which all the company follow and sing with him." Dugdale gives a full but tedious account of the ensuing ceremonies: of the selection of a competent number of utter barristers who accompany the Reader to the buttery, of the towels with wafers in them, of the wooden bowls filled with "Ipocras," of the "low solemn congee;" and so on until the judges depart, escorted "the Court Gate, where they take their leaves of them."

From an architectural point of view, the Hall of the Middle Temple is a building of great interest. It is, I think, Mr. Gotch who has pointed out the survival of the old Gothic in the windows, after every other detail had become Italian. There are numerous examples at Oxford of this fact, and there, indeed, the Gothic tradition lived on through two generations. But if we look critically at the interior of the Middle Temple Hall we perceive—excluding a certain intrusion of modern details by a "restorer"—that everything belongs to the renascence period, everything is strictly Elizabethan except the windows. Plowden was Treasurer in 1572, and, so far as an architect—or, to use the Shakespearian phrase, a surveyor—was employed, he had orders to do the best he could, gathering the best masons, the best carvers in stone and wood, and, above all, the best glaziers. It will be remembered that in 1572 window glass was still expensive, and only to be had in small pieces. The designer of the hall was at the mercy of the glaziers, and they were at the mercy of the makers of glass. Their traditions were all Gothic, like their glass; so it comes to pass that we have the delightful incongruity which helps so much to make the picturesqueness of the hall. The windows are but slightly pointed, it is true, but the point is in each panel of the lead-work, whereas in the wooden roof there is not only no point, but a pendent from the apex of the arch like a keystone. The modern stained glass is of the wrong kind of incongruity. It should have been of the kind, so rare in England, which we see in the cathedral of Brussels or the church of Gouda; but, instead, it has been made to look as if it belonged to the time of Edward IV. or earlier still, and it is, therefore, or purports to be, about a hundred years older than the fabric in which it is placed. This is an anachronism of a kind very common of late. For instance, in a church of the latest Perpendicular style, known to have been built in 1509, an eminent architect has placed Thirteenth-Century fittings, and has lined the chancel with tiles of the same character, so that Lyneham Church enjoys the distinction of having been furnished and decorated three hundred years before it was built! A very similar anomaly, but not quite so flagrant, may be seen at Trumpington Church, near Cambridge. We can imagine how successive "restorers" must have longed for leave to attack the Middle Temple screen, which, in spite of its being in front of a Gothic window filled with mediæval glass, is aggressively rich in a style of Elizabethan so advanced as to be almost Palladian. The engaged Tuscan columns in the lower part are very late in style, but the upper part shows the true date, 1574.

The heraldry in the hall is very interesting, much of it apparently being of the same date as the building. The oldest shields are in the two bay windows which flank the daïs, and especially in that towards the south, where one is said to date back to 1540, and may have been removed from an older hall. The side windows are also full of heraldry. The arms of the Prince of Wales are in the middle window on the south side, and next to them those of the lamented Duke of Clarence, who, like his father, was a bencher of the Middle Temple. Under the windows are many shields of "readers," some of the best families in England being represented, and some very odd heraldry. One uxorious reader introduces his wife's arms with his own. Of the shields two or three are blank, out of more than three hundred. This means that the reader, having no arms, would not take out a grant. The first example of this exhibition of temper and taste was set by Mr. Charles Austin, in 1847; but it was imitated as lately as

1871. I wonder Thackeray did not embalm Austin among the interesting specimens described in his *Book of Snobs.* The earliest of this series is the coat of Richard Swaine, 1597. The hall used to contain busts, in imitation of bronze, of the twelve Cæsars. They have been "restored" away, and some armour replaces them. There are several interesting portraits, chiefly of royal personages, including a bust of the Prince of Wales.

In 1635, while the Elector Palatine was in London, a master of the revels, who bore the suggestive title of *Prince d'Amours*, gave a masque, which was attended by Queen Henrietta Maria. The Middle Templars had joined heartily in the grand masque which took place in 1633, but an account of it belongs strictly to Gray's Inn, from which the procession—of which Sir Francis Bacon, of that Inn, is said to have been the chief contriver—set out on its way to the Thames and Whitehall. I do not know who Sir Francis Bacon was. The great "Viscount St. Alban" died in 1626, so that there is probably a misprint in the account. The *Masque of Flowers*, a Seventeenth Century pageant, was revived in Gray's Inn in 1887, and was also played in the hall of the Inner Temple, but not in the Middle Temple, in the summer of last year. There are several references to the Temple in Shakespeare's plays. He in particular mentions a meeting in the Temple between Richard, Duke of York, the father of Edward IV. and Richard III., and the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick, when adjourning to the garden, as Suffolk suggested :—

"Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient."

This scene must be placed in the year 1430, or near it.

The "Plantagenet" of Shakespeare had been Duke of York for some fifteen years then. Somerset was Sir John Beaufort, K. G., who had succeeded to the earldom in 1418, and became a duke in 1443. Suffolk was Sir William de la Pole, also a Knight of the Garter, who had succeeded his brother in 1415, and was advanced to a dukedom in 1448. Warwick, the celebrated "king-maker," was Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury by descent, and of Warwick by creation after his marriage with the heiress of the Beauchamps. We can picture the four great nobles in their gay dresses stepping down into the green slopes of the garden, wearing perhaps great wide-brimmed hats such as Van Eyck has immortalized, or soft silken kerchiefs of some gorgeous colour, with dark purple or green or crimson gowns. York is little but handsome, and, for his size, compact and wiry. Of Warwick's appearance, we learn from one of Mr. Doyle's quotations that he was active and spirited, tall and strong, brave and handsome. Of Somerset's appearance we know little; of Suffolk's, nothing. Somerset and Suffolk side together; Warwick takes part with York, who has plucked a white rose. Warwick says:—

"I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet."

By "colours" Warwick means deceits or double dealing. We still speak of "a colourable pretext." Somerset chooses a red rose, and Suffolk follows him:—

"I pluck this red rose with young Somerset."

As to how far this scene is real, and as to the exact meaning of the roses which gave their names to the many years of war which ensued, it is not possible to be sure. Roses were already a common heraldic badge, and had appeared on the monument of Edmund Crouchback in Westminster Abbey. There is a tradition that they were first grown close to the Temple in the gardens of the Earls and Dukes of Lancaster at the Savoy; but so far as we can now ascertain, the old, single, white or pink "dog rose" was the only one known, and it may well have been indigenous. In a manuscript illuminated in northern France towards the end of the Fifteenth Century, and full of pictures of garden flowers, only single roses are represented.

Edmund Burke was of the "Middle Temple," and lived at the "Pope's Head," over the shop of Jacob Robinson, bookseller and publisher, just within the Inner Temple Gateway. He left the Temple in 1756 on his marriage, and went to live in Wimpole Street. He attained a small local fame as a debater while he was at Robinson's, for he used to air his eloquence at a club held in Essex Street in the Robin Hood Tavern, which has long disappeared. There are no memories of Thomas Moore in the Middle Temple, except that he entered his name as a student in 1799, but he did not live within the lawyers' precincts. Neither did Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was entered as a student in 1772. Among Middle Templars of minor literary eminence may be enumerated Sir John Davies, one of the poetical stars of the spacious times of great Elizabeth; Sir Thomas Overbury, whose tragical death by poison in the Tower made such a stir; John Ford, the dramatist; Wycherley, Shadwell, and Congreve; and Elias Ashmole, the antiquary.

At the foot of the slope south of the hall and the fountain is the new Library. It is in a Gothic—a very Gothic

—style, and was designed by H. R. Abraham. The Prince of Wales, who was called to the bar and admitted a bencher of Middle Temple, opened it on the same day, namely, 31st October, 1861. There are two storeys of offices and chambers underneath the storey in which the library itself is situated. This makes the building look so much out of proportion, that when a visitor ascends the very picturesque outside staircase to the door and enters, he is surprised at the beauty of a really fine apartment, eighty-six feet long, with an open hammer-beam roof, imitated rather closely from that of Westminster Hall. The roof is sixty-three feet to the apex, and the whole library is forty-two feet in width, the appearance of which is of course diminished by the lining of cupboards and bookcases. There is a fine oriel projecting ten feet at the upper end, and many other windows decorated with heraldic glass in a good style. Herbert, writing at the beginning of this century, says there are many valuable manuscripts. I have not been accorded permission to see them. The library is said to be in part outside the strict limits of the Middle Temple; but the successive embankments which have taken place here have added considerably to the narrow limits of the last century. To judge adequately of the exterior of the new library, the visitor should not confine himself to the view from the fountain terrace, but should proceed by a narrow passage, from which he can emerge on the south side and look back up the hill. On his left is the curious old arch, which appears in some very old views as the water-gate of Essex House. This now leads up a stairway to Essex Street. The green gardens stretch away to the right; two prominent buildings, before the eye reaches the city, crowned by St. Paul's, being the new Sion College and the City of

London School. On a fine day this view up or down the river is very striking. It is marred, no doubt, here and there by ugly and ill-proportioned buildings, but no view in London is without this defect.

The Temple Gardens are well known for the chrysanthemum shows held annually at the close of the Long Vacation. The two societies are supposed to be in rivalry in these exhibitions, and there are two separate tents or sheds; but they are close together, at the same corner of the gardens, near the Embankment, so that they are very accessible, and are largely visited while they remain open. The gardens in the summer months are full of children. I never pass a small family there without a thought of Charles Lamb, who sported on the same spot as a child and played tricks with the mechanism of the old fountain.

There are still two or three old sun-dials left. One is opposite the hall and bears the motto, "Pereunt et imputantur." In Brick Court there is another with this motto, "Time and tide tarry for no man." The dial in Pump Court is occasionally painted up. It bears an inscription in two lines in old-fashioned letters:—

"Shadows we are and
Like shadows depart."

The saddest of these mottoes is, or was, in Essex Court: "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." Its appropriateness to one of the most frequented entrances of the lawyers' domain may be doubted, unless it is intended as a warning to those who would rashly go to law: "The downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back."

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP

CHARLES DICKENS

OF the numerous receptacles for misery and distress with which the streets of London unhappily abound, there are, perhaps, none which present such striking scenes as the pawnbrokers' shops. The very nature and description of these places occasion their being but little known, except to the unfortunate beings whose profligacy or misfortune drives them to seek the temporary relief they offer. The subject may appear, at first sight, to be anything but an inviting one, but we venture on it nevertheless, in the hope that, as far as the limits of our present paper are concerned, it will present nothing to disgust, even the most fastidious reader.

There are some pawnbrokers' shops of a very superior description. There are grades in pawning as in everything else, and distinctions must be observed even in poverty. The aristocratic Spanish cloak and the plebeian calico shirt, the silver fork and the flat iron, the muslin cravat and the Belcher neckerchief, would but ill assort together; so, the better sort of pawnbroker calls himself a silversmith, and decorates his shop with handsome trinkets and expensive jewellery, while the more humble money-lender boldly advertises his calling, and invites observation. It is with pawnbrokers' shops of the latter class, that we have to do. We have selected one for our purpose, and will endeavour to describe it.

The pawnbroker's shop is situated near Drury Lane, at a corner of a court, which affords a side entrance for the accommodation of such customers as may be desirous of avoiding the observation of the passers-by, or the chance of recognition in the public street. It is a low, dirty-looking, dusty shop, the door of which stands always doubtfully, a little way open, half inviting, half repelling the hesitating visitor, who, if he be as yet uninitiated, examines one of the old garnet brooches in the window for a minute or two with affected eagerness, as if he contemplated making a purchase; and then looking cautiously round to ascertain that no one watches him, hastily slinks in; the door closing of itself after him, to just its former width. The shop front and the window panes bear evident marks of having been once painted; but what the colour was originally, or at what date it was probably laid on, are at this remote period questions which may be asked, but cannot be answered. Tradition states that the transparency in the front door which displays at night three red balls on a blue ground, once bore also, inscribed in graceful waves, the words "Money advanced on plate, jewels, wearing apparel, and every description of property," but a few illegible hieroglyphics are all that now remain to attest the fact. The plate and jewels would seem to have disappeared, together with the announcement, for the articles of stock which are displayed in some profusion in the window, do not include any very valuable luxuries of either kind. A few old china cups; some modern vases, adorned with paltry paintings of three Spanish cavaliers playing three Spanish guitars; or a party of boors carousing: each boor with one leg painfully elevated in the air, by way of expressing his perfect freedom and gaiety; several sets of chessmen, two or three flutes, a few fiddles, a round-eyed portrait staring in astonishment from a very dark ground; some gaudily-bound prayer-books and testaments, two rows of silver watches quite as clumsy and almost as large as Ferguson's first; numerous old-fashioned table and tea spoons, displayed, fan-like, in half-dozens; strings of coral with great broad gilt snaps; cards of rings and brooches, fastened and labelled separately, like the insects in the British Museum; cheap silver penholders and snuff-boxes, with a masonic star, complete the jewellery department; while five or six beds in smeary clouded ticks, strings of blankets and sheets, silk and cotton handkerchiefs, and wearing apparel of every description, form the more useful, though even less ornamental, part, of the articles exposed for sale. An extensive collection of planes, chisels, saws, and other carpenters' tools, which have been pledged, and never redeemed, form the foreground of the picture; while the large frames full of ticketed bundles, which are dimly seen through the dirty casement up-stairs—the squalid neighbourhood—the adjoining houses straggling, shrunken, and rotten, with one or two filthy, unwholesome-looking heads, thrust out of every window, and old red pans and stunted plants exposed on the tottering parapets, to the manifest hazard of the heads of the passers-by—the noisy men loitering under the archway at the corner of the court, or about the gin-shop next door—and their wives patiently standing on the curbstone, with large baskets of cheap vegetables slung round them for sale, are its immediate auxiliaries.

If the outside of the pawnbroker's shop be calculated to attract the attention, or excite the interest, of the speculative pedestrian, its interior cannot fail to produce the same effect in an increased degree. The front door, which we have before noticed, opens into the common shop, which is the resort of all those customers whose habitual acquaintance with such scenes renders them indifferent to the observation of their companions in poverty. The side-door opens into a small passage from which some half-dozen doors (which may be secured on the inside by bolts) open into a corresponding number of little dens or closets, which face the counter. Here the more timid or respectable portion of the crowd shroud themselves from the notice of the remainder, and patiently wait until the gentleman behind the counter, with the curly black hair, diamond ring, and double silver watch-guard shall feel disposed to favour them with his notice—a consummation which depends considerably on the temper of the aforesaid gentleman for the time being.

At the present moment, this elegantly-attired individual is in the act of entering the duplicate he has just made out, in a thick book; a process from which he is diverted occasionally, by a conversation he is carrying on with another young man similarly employed at a little distance from him, whose allusions to "that last bottle of soda-water last night," and "how regularly round my hat he felt himself when the young 'ooman gave 'em in charge," would appear to refer to the consequences of some stolen joviality of the preceding evening. The customers generally, however, seem unable to participate in the amusement derivable from this source, for an old sallow-looking woman, who has been leaning with both arms on the counter with a small bundle before her, for half an hour previously, suddenly interrupts the conversation by addressing the jewelled shopman—"Now, Mr. Henry, do make haste, there's a good soul, for my two grandchildren's locked up at home, and I'm afeer'd of the fire." The shopman slightly raises his head, with an air of deep abstraction, and resumes his entry with as much deliberation as if he were engraving. "You're in a hurry, Mrs. Tatham, this ev'nin', an't you?" is the only notice he deigns to take, after the lapse of five minutes or so. "Yes, I am indeed, Mr. Henry; now, do serve me next, there's a good creetur. I wouldn't worry you, only it's all along o' them botherin' children." "What have you got here?" inquires the shopman, unpinning the bundle—"old concern, I suppose—pair o' stays and a petticut. You must look up somethin' else, old 'ooman; I can't lend you anything more upon them, they're completely worn out by this time, if it's only by putting in, and taking out again, three times a week." "Oh! you're a rum un, you are," replies the old woman, laughing extremely, as in duty bound: "I wish I'd got the gift of the gab like you; see if I'd be up the spout so often then! No, no; it an't the petticut; it's a child's frock and a beautiful silk-ankecher as belongs to my husband. He gave four shillin' for it, the werry same blessed day as he broke his arm." "What do you want upon these?" inquires Mr. Henry, slightly glancing at the articles, which in all probability are old acquaintances. "What do you want upon these?"—"Eighteenpence."—"Lend you ninepence."—"Oh, make it a shillin'; there's a dear—do now!"—"Not another farden."—"Well, I suppose I must take it." The duplicate is made out, one ticket pinned on the parcel, the other given to the old woman; the parcel is flung carelessly down into a corner, and some other customer prefers his claim to be served without further delay.

The choice falls on an unshaven, dirty, sottish-looking fellow, whose tarnished paper-cap, stuck negligently over one eye, communicates an additionally repulsive expression to his very uninviting countenance. He was enjoying a little relaxation from his sedentary pursuits a quarter of an hour ago, in kicking his wife up the court. He has come to redeem some tools:—probably to complete a job with, on account of which he has already received some money, if his inflamed countenance and drunken stagger, may be taken as evidence of the fact. Having waited some little time, he makes his presence known by venting his ill-humour on a ragged urchin, who, being unable to bring his face on a level with the counter by any other process, has employed himself in climbing up, and then hooking himself on with his elbows—an uneasy perch, from which he has fallen at intervals, generally alighting on the toes of the person in his immediate vicinity. In the present case, the unfortunate little wretch has received a cuff which sends him reeling to the door; and the donor of the blow is immediately the object of general indignation.

"What do you strike the boy for, you brute?" exclaims a slip-shod woman, with two flat irons in a little basket. "Do you think he's your wife, you willin?"—"Go and hang yourself!" replies the gentleman addressed, with a drunken look of savage stupidity, aiming at the same time a blow at the woman which fortunately misses its object. "Go and hang yourself; and wait till I come and cut you down."—"Cut you down," rejoins the woman, "I wish I had the cutting of you up, you wagabond! (loud.) Oh! you precious wagabond! (rather louder.) Where's your wife, you willin? (louder still; women of this class are always sympathetic, and work themselves into a tremendous passion on the shortest notice.) Your poor dear wife as you uses worser nor a dog—strike a woman—you a man! (very shrill;) I wish I had you—I'd murder you, I would, if I died for it!"—"Now be civil," retorts the man fiercely. "Be civil, you wiper!" ejaculates the woman contemptuously, "An't it shocking?" she continues, turning round, and appealing to an old woman who is peeping out of one of the little closets we have before described, and who has not the slightest objection to join in the attack, possessing, as she does, the comfortable conviction that she is bolted in. "An't it shocking, ma'am? (Dreadful! says the old woman in a parenthesis, not exactly knowing what the question refers to.) He's got a wife, ma'am, as takes in mangling, and is as 'dustrious and hard-working a young 'ooman as can be, (very fast) as lives in the back-parlour of our 'ouse, which my husband and me lives in the front one (with great rapidity)—and we hears him a beaten' on her sometimes when he comes home drunk, the whole night through, and not only a beaten' her, but beaten' his own child too, to make her more miserable—ugh, you beast! and she, poor creetur, won't swear the peace agin him, nor do nothin', because she likes the wretch arter all—worse luck!" Here as the woman has completely run herself out of breath, the pawnbroker himself, who has just appeared behind the counter in a grey dressing-gown, embraces the favourable opportunity of putting in a word:—"Now I won't have none of this sort of thing on my premises!" he interposes with an air of authority. "Mrs. Mackin, keep yourself to yourself, or you don't get fourpence for a flat iron here; and Jinkins, you leave your ticket here till you're sober, and send your wife for them two planes, for I won't have you in my shop at no price; so make yourself scarce, before I make you scarcer."

This eloquent address produces anything but the effect desired; the women rail in concert; the man hits about him in all directions, and is in the act of establishing an indisputable claim to gratuitous lodgings for the night, when the entrance of his wife, a wretched worn-out woman, apparently in the last stage of consumption, whose face bears evident marks of recent ill-usage, and whose strength seems hardly equal to the burden—light enough God knows!—of the thin sickly child she carries in her arms, turns his cowardly rage in a safer direction. "Come home, dear," cries the miserable creature, in an imploring tone; *do* come home, there's a good fellow, and go to bed."—"Go home yourself," rejoins the furious ruffian. "Do come home quietly," repeats the wife, bursting into tears. "Go home yourself," retorts the husband again, enforcing his argument by a blow which sends the poor creature flying out of the shop. Her "natural protector" follows her up the court, alternately venting his rage in accelerating her progress, and in knocking the little scanty blue bonnet of the unfortunate child over its still more scanty and faded-looking face.

In the last box, which is situated in the darkest and most obscure corner of the shop, considerably removed from either of the gas-lights, are a young delicate girl of about twenty and an elderly female, evidently her mother from the resemblance between them, who stand at some distance back, as if to avoid the observation even of the shopman. It is not their first visit to a pawnbroker's shop, for they answer without a moment's hesitation the usual questions, put in a rather respectful manner, and in a much lower tone than usual, of "What name shall I say?—Your own property, of course?—Where do you live?—Housekeeper or lodger?" They bargain, too, for a higher loan than the shopman is at first inclined to offer, which a perfect stranger would be little disposed to do; and the elder female urges her daughter on, in scarcely audible whispers, to exert her utmost powers of persuasion to obtain an advance of the sum, and expatiate on the value of the articles they have brought to raise a present supply upon. They are a small gold chain and a "Forget me not" ring: the girl's property, for they are both too small for the mother; given her in better times; prized, perhaps, once, for the giver's sake, but parted with now without a struggle; for want has hardened the mother, and her example has hardened the girl, and the prospect of receiving money, coupled with the recollection of the misery they have both endured from the want of it—the coldness of old friends—the stern refusal of some, and the still more galling compassion of others—appears to have obliterated the consciousness of self-humiliation, which the idea of their present situation would once have aroused.

In the next box, is a young female, whose attire, miserably poor, but extremely gaudy, wretchedly cold, but extravagantly fine, too plainly bespeaks her station. The rich satin gown with its faded trimmings, the worn-out thin shoes, and pink silk stockings, the summer bonnet in winter, and the sunken face, where a daub of rouge only serves as an index to the ravages of squandered health never to be regained, and lost happiness never to be restored, and where the practised smile is a wretched mockery of the misery of the heart, cannot be mistaken. There is something in the glimpse she has just caught of her young neighbour, and in the sight of the little trinkets she has offered in pawn, that seems to have awakened in this woman's mind some slumbering recollection, and to have changed, for an instant, her whole demeanour. Her first hasty impulse was to bend forward as if to scan more minutely the appearance of her half-concealed companions; her next on seeing them involuntarily shrink from her, to retreat to the back of the box, cover her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

There are strange chords in the human heart which will lie dormant through years of depravity and wickedness, but which will vibrate at last to some slight circumstance apparently trivial in itself, but connected by some undefined and indistinct association, with past days that can never be recalled, and with bitter recollections from which the most degraded creature in existence cannot escape.

There has been another spectator, in the person of a woman in the common shop; the lowest of the low; dirty, unbonneted, flaunting and slovenly. Her curiosity was at first attracted by the little she could see of the group; then her attention. The half intoxicated leer changed to an expression of something like interest, and a feeling similar to that we have described, appeared for a moment, and only a moment, to extend itself even to her bosom.

Who shall say how soon these women may change places? The last has but two more stages—the hospital and the grave. How many females situated as her two companions are, and as she may have been once, have terminated the same wretched course, in the same wretched manner. One is already tracing her footsteps with frightful rapidity. How soon may the other follow her example! How many have done the same!

HYDE PARK

JOHN ASHTON

HYDE PARK was formerly part of the Manor of Eia, and, at the compilation of the Domesday book, it was in a high state of cultivation. This manor was afterwards split into three—Hyde, Ebury, and Neate. With the two latter we have nothing to do, but they all belonged to the great Monastery of St. Peter at Westminster. Hyde Park passed into royal hands by purchase and exchange, and was particularly used as a hunting-ground by Henry VIII., who reserved to himself the right of hunting from the king's palace at Westminster to Hampstead Heath.

That stranger who would know much of London's great park does well to begin his walk of exploration at Hamilton Place, the last street in Piccadilly. This was so called from James Hamilton, a Keeper of the park in 1660, who had the concession of a triangular piece of ground, in the extreme south-east corner of the park—on which had stood one of the forts erected by the Parliament for the defence of London. He also had a lease of fifty-five acres of the park wherein to grow apples in consideration of which he had to give the king half the produce of his orchard, in apples or cider at his Majesty's option. The two last of the noble mansions facing the road are respectively those of Lord Rothschild and the Duke of Wellington. The latter is Apsley House: and there is a little story told about the ground on which it stands. In the reign of George II.

a discharged soldier, named Allen, had an apple-stall here, close to the wooden gates which then formed the entrance into the park. He somehow attracted the attention of the King, who, upon learning that he had fought at Dettingen, asked what he could do for him. Allen asked for the grant of the bit of land on which his hut and apple-stall stood, and the boon was granted. In 1784, Allen's representative sold the ground to Henry, Lord Apsley, who was then Lord Chancellor, and who built a red house thereon. In 1820, it was purchased by the nation, and settled on the great Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his heirs for ever, but it had to be rebuilt. Many of my readers will remember the bullet-proof iron shutters to those windows facing Piccadilly, which were always closed from 1831 till 1856. In the former year the Duke was very unpopular, as he opposed the Reform Bill, and the mob smashed all his windows. Years afterwards, when entering his gate amid the cheers of the crowd, he pointed mockingly to his shutters and entered his house. Exactly opposite Apsley House is an equestrian statue of the duke, with figures of four Waterloo soldiers at the base by Boehm, which was unveiled by the Prince of Wales, December 21st, 1888. This took the place of one which weighed forty tons, and which surmounted the arch, now forming an entrance into the Green Park, but which then stood on Constitution Hill. This was set up in 1846, taken down in 1883, and immediately re-erected at Aldershot Camp.

The old wooden gates, which used to give entrance to the park at this spot, were, in 1827, replaced by the present handsome screen by Burton, and were it only finished as designed, with groups of statuary on the top, it would be very fine. Looking northward, past the newspaper kiosk (which with the other at Cumberland Gate have only been

HYDE PARK.

introduced within the last year[1]), we see the Achilles Statue, which was the first public nude statue in England. It is taken from a marble statue which formed part of a group on the Quirinal Hill at Rome—which has been christened Achilles for no particular reason, but that it seemed applicable to a monument from the ladies of England to the hero of the day—the Duke of Wellington. The Pope gave the casts, the Ordnance Office found the metal from captured French cannon, the Government gave the site, and yet the statue cost £10,000 before it was erected.

On entering the park at Hyde Park Corner, on the left hand thence are two roads. One "the Carriage Road," skirts the high road, the other is more in the park and called Rotten Row, but the destination of both is alike—Kensington Gardens. In Roque's map, 1741–1745, the first is called "The King's New Road" and the other "The King's Old Road." Soon after the accession of William III. and his purchase of Kensington Palace, his route from St. James's Palace to his residence lay through the Green Park and the King's Road in Hyde Park, and, finding it dark at night, he had it lit by three hundred lamps. The New Road was not made till 1737. There has been much dispute as to the etymology of Rotten Row, whether it came from *Route du Roi*, or King's Road, or from the Celtic *Rathad'n Righ*, which has the same meaning, and is in use in many towns in Scotland. Others say the loose and sandy nature of the road gave to it the name. The reader may well be left to take his choice.

Walking along the north side of the Row, so plentifully supplied with seats, we come to a charming little bit, almost too fairy-like for London; it is called "the Dell," and is formed by the overflow of the Serpentine. Here the pigeons (amongst them some wild wood-pigeons) resort, and the water-lilies grow in the little stream whose sloping banks are a mass of palms, bananas, and sub-tropical plants. Another, but totally different, view of it can be got from the bridge, near which is a stone commemorating one of the conduits, which used to supply the monastery of Westminster with water. At the foot of the dell is a monolith, which came from Moorswater, in the parish of Liskeard, Cornwall, where it was quarried on January 3d, 1862. It was simply placed there for ornamental purposes.

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[1] 1897.

Continuing our walk on the north side of the Row, we see to the south the new Cavalry Barracks at Knightsbridge, and between the New Ride and the Row is a *Champ de Mars*, on which was erected the great Exhibition of 1851.

Having now walked as far west as Hyde Park extends, let us look down Rotten Row, and, if it be in the season, and about 1 P. M., we shall see a sight unequalled in any country; the whole thronged with fair women and well-dressed men mounted on horses such as can be matched nowhere else. After luncheon time it is deserted, but if we go there early in the morning before breakfast, we shall find it fairly full of those who are riding solely for exercise sake—lawyers, statesmen, men of business, and not a few young ladies whose fresh colour shows that the London season and bicycling do not affect their health.

Turning sharply northward we come to the bridge which separates the Serpentine from the Long Water in Kensington Gardens. The Serpentine originally was fed by a small stream called the West Bourne, which came from Hampstead, ran through the park, which it left about Albert Gate, where was a bridge (whence the name Knightsbridge), and flowed thence by what are now William Street, Lowndes

Square, and Chesham Street, falling into the Thames near Ranelagh. For this lake in the park we are indebted to Queen Caroline, wife to George II., and it was supposed to be made to her own cost, but when she died, it was found that she had left the king to pay about £20,000 on account of it. The Serpentine was thoroughly cleaned out, its holes filled up, and its bed thoroughly levelled in September, 1855, at which time the West Bourne (which had become a common sewer) was diverted into a different channel, and the water is now provided by the Chelsea Water Company. The southern bank is used for bathing, and there are a few hardy persons who bathe there all the year round. This sheet of water, too, carries many pleasure boats, is a famous racing place for model yachts, and in winter there is occasionally good skating thereon. It was the scene of a mimic naval engagement, called a *Naumachia*, on the occasion of the "Jubilee," August 1st, 1814, to celebrate the conclusion of peace with France and the centenary of the accession of George I. The vessels were ships' boats rigged as mimic men-of-war, and the Battle of the Nile which took place on August 1st, 1798, was fought in miniature. On the Coronation of George IV. there was boat racing on the lake and a water pageant.

Crossing the bridge, we find the Powder Magazine, whence start in the early London season the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs. Let us follow the north bank of the Serpentine, down the road called the Ring and the Ladies' Mile, which was widened and much improved in 1852, and which, before noon, is, in the season, crowded with bicycle riders of both sexes. About the middle of the Serpentine is an island, which was made for the convenience of the waterfowl, and fronting it is the Receiving House of the Royal Humane Society, which stands nearly on the site of an old cottage called the Cheesecake House, where simple refreshments were sold—even as far back as Pepys' time. Behind this, and taking up a great portion of the park, is a large enclosure, which contains the deputy ranger's house and grounds, together with a store-yard; whilst north of it are a police station, military store office, and a guard-house with a small magazine. To the eastward of this are the remains of the old "Ring," which was the fashionable drive in the time of Charles II., especially on the first of May, when the carriages appeared newly gilt and varnished, the coachmen and footmen had new liveries, and the horses' manes and tails were adorned with coloured ribbons. Here, not only Cromwell's daughters used to show themselves, but so did Charles II. and Lady Castlemaine, and it was near here, that one day, after dinner, Cromwell, who would drive six spirited horses, and thrashed them so that they ran away, was thrown off the box, and hurt his ankle. It was also in Hyde Park that an attempt was made to shoot him. Now the Ring, where the *élite* of society go every afternoon to "eat the air," to see and to be seen, is round the park, or turning by the magazine, down by the north bank of the Serpentine.

Near the Royal Humane Society's Receiving House are two fine old pollard elms, beneath the shade of which tradition says was fought the famous duel between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, November 15th, 1712. Hyde Park was the scene of many duels; but I have never been able to find out when the last took place. The last *fracas* in Hyde Park that I can trace took place on July 12th, 1870, between Majors Gordon and Kane, retired officers in the Indian service, the combatants belabouring each other with their sticks, in retaliation for an affront alleged to have been offered at a private dinner table.

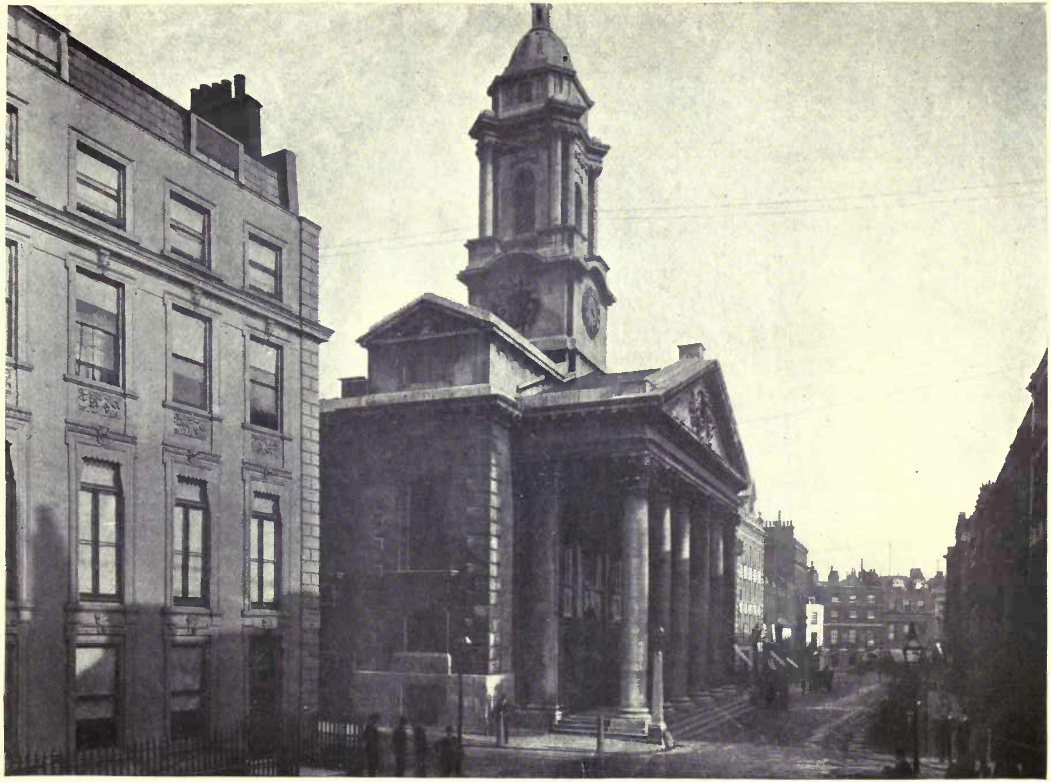
OLD LONDON SQUARES

PERCY FITZGERALD

THE old smaller squares in London are very interesting from their tranquil, retired air and antique pattern, and venerable trees. None is more characteristic than Queen Square in Bloomsbury, with its pleasant Queen Anne and Georgian houses running round. Most of these inclosures were laid out originally after the Dutch manner, which is still apparent. It must be a curious solitary sensation to live in one of these retreats, and they are affected by students and literary men. Old fashion, indeed, reigns in Queen Square, though now they have pulled down some of the houses to rear hospitals. The houses have a pleasant tranquil air, though within they are gloomy enough. Every one knows the curious half solemnity, half chill inspired by an old Queen Anne house, such as one has experienced in Church Row, Hampstead. Here you would think you were miles away from town, in some sleepy suburb. At the upper end lived Dr. Charles Burney—the father of the brilliant Fanny Burney—in a house which had been inhabited by Alderman Barber, and to which Swift was accustomed to resort. This house, I fancy, was one of those recently pulled down to give place to the hospital. In this worthy mansion one has the interest that one takes in all connected with Johnson.

Not far away is another antique square, very old-fashioned and with good houses, Red Lion Square. The inclosures of both these places have more the air of "grounds" than of the prim and trim modern square. There is a certain wildness and the grass grows carelessly. But it is now completely invaded by business, and every house is subdivided into offices. Curious little foot-alleys lead into it from various quarters.

Another interesting little square is one yclept Golden. Many a Londoner scarcely knows of its existence, and many more have never seen it; yet it is within a stone's throw of Regent Street. It is prettily proportioned, the grass flourishing with extraordinary greenness, and in the centre rises an effective statue. Not so many years ago private persons of high respectability lived here, among others Cardinal Wiseman. Now it is entirely given over to commercial offices, and has a busy air in consequence. It would seem strange now to look for any person of condition residing here. Some of the most forlorn and dismal places are those curious squares found in the long roads that lead out of London. There is one such near the Old Kent Road, built in a pretentious style and now utterly gone to seed and decay. All the doorways, of a curious pattern, are the same, so are all the windows. No one walks there, no custom appears to visit it. It seems one mass of abandonment and we hurry away depressed. Soho Square is really quaint and interesting; it is in a sound and flourishing condition; and so full of interest, that a small book has been written on its history. Nothing is more pleasing than the sudden glimpse that is obtained of it from Oxford Street, or from Dean Street, its fine old trees spreading out umbrageously. The old houses have a quaint, solid air, notably those at the corners. Still flourishes the old Soho Bazaar at one corner, a visit to which in days gone by was thought a treat and a wonder



ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

for children. The houses, with the streets surrounding, are valuable as suggesting how old London of a hundred and fifty years back must have looked. It can have been little altered, and though shops have been opened in many of the lower stories, these have in many instances retained their old parlour shape. One is struck by the handsome quality of the mansions, the sound, solid doors, and the "detached" character of each house; that is, each was finished by itself, and not built in "rows." A long blank wall pierced with windows, now a chapel, was formerly Mrs. Cornely's Ridotto Rooms. On the same side of Soho Square we may note a singularly handsome house, architectural in its bold pilasters and cornices, and the cheerful red of its brick, which suggests that famous old Inigo Jones's house in Great Queen Street. This imposing-looking edifice belongs to the flourishing firm of Crosse and Blackwell, who have taken pains to keep it in sound condition, and have fitted up one of the handsome old chambers as a sort of baronial hall, with oaken panellings and ornamental chimney. Wardour Street is suspiciously close at hand, but the spirit that prompted the work was good. Some of the houses display curious devices—faces, roses, and fleur-de-lys. Close by, in Oxford Street, we find the wine-famed Messrs. Gilbey in occupation of a rather stately building with a heavy porch and architectural front. It is long forgotten now that this was erst the Pantheon, originally one of the most beautiful buildings ever erected in London, as we can learn from the fine series of engraved plates published in its heyday. The interior was burnt early in the century, and it was reconstructed, but not with the same magnificence. It has a curious history therefore—being used as an opera house, and a place of entertainment for assemblies. A well-known man of fashion in Sheridan's days, Colonel Greville, was much concerned with its fortunes.

Indeed, a history of the London squares would have extraordinary interest and romance, and there are many odd details associated with them. Who knows, for instance, that the eminently grave and respectable mansions round Russell Square were actually built out of the square itself? —the bricks being obtained from an immense pit dug in the centre, which still lies in a hollow. The air of Portman Square used to have a reputation for extreme salubrity and mildness, and Mrs. Montagu—who lived in one of the corner houses and entertained her chimney sweeps there—used to declare that "it was the Montpelier of her England." One of the most genuine and truly old fashioned squares is Berkeley Square—where the trees are ancient, their branches spreading away close to the ground. The grass seems extra rich and green, as though long laid down. Of a sunny day there is a most picturesque effect from the shade cast on the grass by the branches. We seem to be straying in some old park, and there is a tranquil retired air. These little effects are overlooked by the incurious sojourners in town. Belgrave Square dates from only the year 1825, and was the work of the Messrs. Cubitt, the houses being designed by an Italian. Hanover Square and George Street adjoining, is certainly one of the most notable and characteristic portions of London, for its almost picturesque old houses. These are in fine condition, but so familiar is the locality that few will perhaps have taken note of them. The square and street date from the time of George I., and, it is stated, "exhibit many examples of the German style of architecture in private houses." Indeed we have only to pause before some of the houses at the upper end of George Street to see the truth of this.

Within there are fine specimens of staircases and panellings. "The view down George Street, from the upper end of the square is one of the most interesting in the whole city; the sides of the square, the area in the middle, the breaks of building that form the entrance of the vista, the vista itself, but above all, the beautiful projection of the portico of St. George's Church, are all circumstances that unite in beauty and render the scene perfect." Mr. Malton says: "This view has more the air of an Italian scene than any other in London." Harewood House, on the north side of the square, was built for the late Duke of Roxburghe, but purchased by Lord Harewood; it was designed, as can be seen at the first glance by the Adams. These tall houses of George Street, with their bright cheerful tint, their long windows, have within fine spacious staircases of infinite variety, walls handsomely panelled and richly decorated, and, above all, fine ceilings elaborately wrought in good old stucco work. In some of the houses the drawing-room walls are set off with medallions in low relief of the Wedgewood pattern. This old stucco work is now a lost and beautiful art. Mr. Aitcheson, the accomplished architect, has recently explained its true principles, which are totally at variance with the modern system. One of the most attractive of the houses here is the Arts Club—a fine, interesting specimen, with rather florid ceilings exhibiting a very delicate work, fine inlaid marble chimney-pieces, and a "flowing" staircase. Though a small mansion, it offers that curious air of spaciousness which arises from the sense of proportion being duly felt and carried out.

While wandering through the immediate district of Hanover Square, where the same school of architects seems to have inspired the work, I came on a house of pretension which many an explorer would overlook, and which has certainly escaped the notice of the careless wanderer. At the top of Old Burlington Street is a large mansion, a centre block and two wings, which now does duty as two or three distinct establishments. One wing forms the entrance and hall, with a circular stair built into a sort of rotunda, from which open richly-carved doors and doorways. The other wing is pierced by a long tunnel which leads by a kind of alley to St. George's Church. The centre block is given over to a house agent. Here too is abundance of mouldings and decorations, with a monumental fireplace, over which is a sort of panelled chimney-piece. This contrast with the practical uses for which the place serves is curious. Behind is a large building or hall which can be scarcely made out from the street, so built in is it. This is now known as the Burlington Hall, and used as a Young Men's Association. This place, with all its dependencies, must date from the middle of last century.

Portman and Cavendish Squares offer a great variety of mansions, well built and well designed—such specimens of the interiors as I have seen are remarkable for their noble stone staircases, florid ironwork railings, and heavily panelled walls. The beautiful solid work with which noblemen and gentlemen used to adorn their mansions can be well illustrated by a casual instance which lately came under my notice. A gentleman who was fitting up his West End House was informed by his builders that a mansion was being pulled down in Grosvenor Street, I think, and that some of the fittings could be secured for the usual "old song." Among these were a set of massive mahogany doors—*portes battantes*—of the finest description, the mouldings being set off with richly gilt brass.

St. James's Square has a cheerful dignity of its own: one of the most dramatic incidents of the century took place in one of the houses. When the issue of the battle of Waterloo was unknown, a wealthy Mrs. Boehm was giving a grand ball, at which the Regent was present. All the rank and fashion of London were there, the windows lit up and open, for the night was sultry; the crowd gathered thickly, looking up at the festivity and the clustered figures. It was after midnight, when a roar came from the distant streets, which increased and swelled, and was borne into the room. The dancing stopped, and those looking on witnessed an indescribable scene of tumult and joy. A chaise and four approached—flags projecting from the windows: an officer, Major Percy, leaped out, carrying his flags, rushed up-stairs, and coming up straight to the Prince, knelt on one knee and announced the great victory. Poor Mrs. Boehm's ball was ruined, for the Prince and everyone departed instantly. But the scene rises before us on some of the summer nights when festivity is going on in the square.

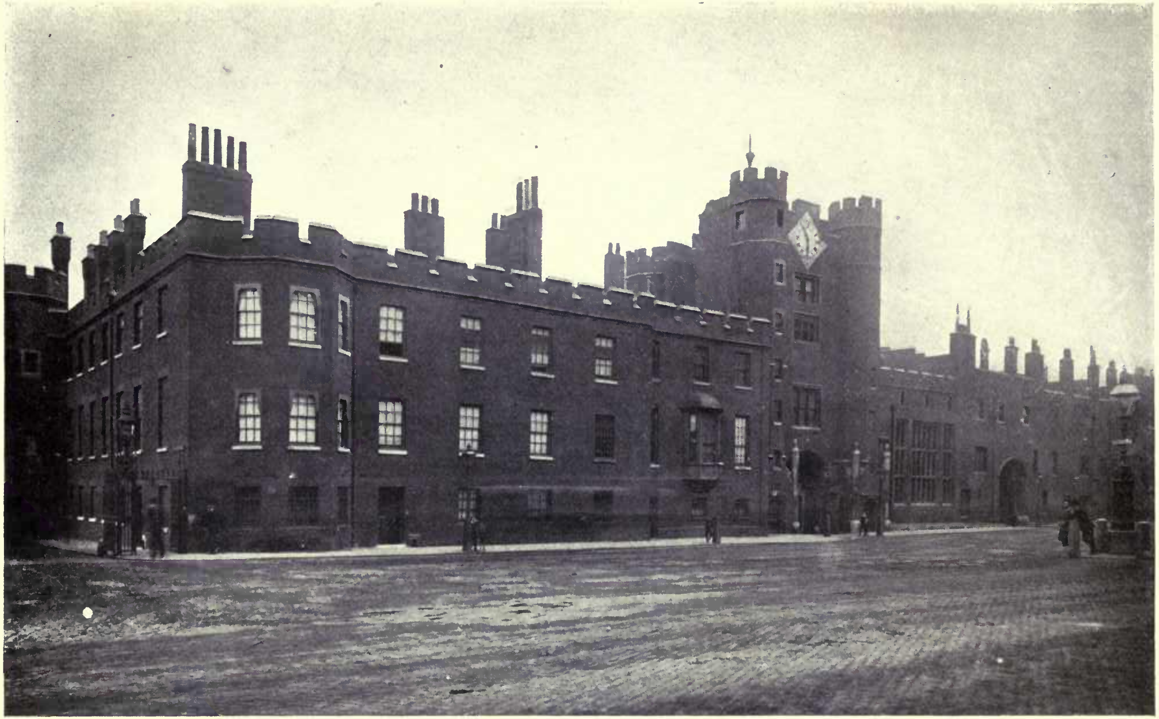
How very few "West-enders" have penetrated so far as Fitzroy Square, which, though close to Tottenham Court Road, is somewhat difficult to find. There is an attraction in its stately façades, one side of which is the work of the Brothers Adam, and has quite the flavour of Bath. Another side was designed by an inferior artist; while the remaining ones are in the ordinary style. Anyone who would wish to feel thoroughly "old-fashioned" should come and live here. Not many years ago, before the era of studio building set in, it was much affected as a haunt of artists; but now it offers a curious "running to seed air." It is, however, well worth a visit, and a person of taste, by contrasting the two sides, will see how skilfully a true architect can lay out a pile of buildings.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE

W. WEIR

THE Court of St. James is a phrase that has been heard far and wide, and has carried fear into stout hearts. In Mexico and Peru, in Hindustan, and possibly by this time even at Pekin, and in every capital of Europe, it has been known as the designation of a power not to be trifled with. A foreigner who had formed his notions of the local habitation of this talismanic word from its universal prevalence and might, must at all times have been struck with astonishment on seeing it. The dingy plainness of the structure itself—the suttling-shop bulging from its front—the utter absence of architectural pretensions in the surrounding houses, and the familiar manner in which they squeezed in upon it, were anything but calculated to harmonize with the high idea of the residence of the Kings of the "Kings of Inde," who occupied a house of much greater pretensions—in the east, in Leadenhall Street. If not exactly such a shock as might be supposed to be received upon finding a monkey-god enshrined in a sanctuary rich with gold and jewels, the effect on the imagination was at least that produced by finding some very plain and homely person the central object of attention to a gorgeous train of richly-apparelled attendants.

The phrase "Court of St. James's," if not, strictly speaking, one of the things we owe to our "glorious Revolution," may at least be said to have come in with it. The ground on which the palace stands was acquired by Henry



ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

VIII., who erected thereon a "goodly palace;" "St. James's Manor House," as it was long called, has ever since been part and parcel of the palatial establishment of the Kings of England. But it was not until the burning of Whitehall in the reign of William III., that it became the royal residence—the scene of levees and drawing-rooms—the recognized seat of royalty. William resided mostly at Hampton Court, though he occasionally held councils at St. James's, and it was regarded as his town house. But Anne constantly resided there when in town; Caroline, Queen of George II., died there; George IV. was born there. "The Court," technically speaking, was held at St. James's during the whole reign of George III. (it still continues to be held there), but the domestic town residence of that monarch was Buckingham House. St. James's is now merely the pavilion containing the apartments used on occasions of state solemnity. The period during which it was a palace of Kings—a palace to live in as well as to see company in—includes only the reigns of William, Anne, and the two first Georges. The Palace of St. James's—the Court of St. James's—are phrases which belong to the Revolution era—to the time when, with the exception of one female, our sovereigns were foreigners. It is an age not to be despised, for it is the age of Swift, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Addison—of Hogarth and Fielding—of old Colley Cibber and of young Horace Walpole—and of the "charming Lady Mary Montague." And though the nation could not well understand its sovereigns—either their language or their habits—and the sovereigns were but partially acclimatized, as gardeners or introducers of a new kind of farm-stock would phrase it—they had excellent sturdy qualities of their own—grotesque enough to move our laughter, and with enough of moral power and goodness to command our respect. But we must first trace the history of the palace previous to the days of its greatest exaltation.

The Hospital of St. James, founded for the reception of "fourteen sisters, maidens, that were *leprous*, living chastely and honestly in divine service," although a religious foundation, seems to have been honestly acquired by Henry VIII. In the year 1532 he gave Chattisham and other lands in Suffolk in exchange for the site of the Hospital; and when, having thus become master of the house, he turned the sisterhood out of doors, he had the grace to settle pensions upon them. The architect of St. James's Manor House is unknown, but it is understood to have been erected under the direction of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and Holbein is said to have furnished the plan, though this has been doubted. "Only a part," says Brayley in his Londiniana (1829), "of Henry's building now remains, and that is in a poorer style of architecture than any of the other designs of Holbein. In the filling in of the spandrils of some of the arches the Florentine (or rather the Flemish) manner is conspicuous, particularly in the chimney-piece of the Presence Chamber, the ornamented compartments over the arch of which contain Tudor badges and the initials H. A. united by a knot: from this latter circumstance we may infer that the palace was originally built for the reception of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn."

This association links the palace of St. James's with the culminating period of Henry's reputation. There was an ambition after good, or the appearance of it, that lent a certain degree of *éclat* to the first twenty years of his reign. His entering the lists of controversial theology with Luther bespoke intellectual taste, if not talent. His love of stately and gorgeous pageants, like the field of the cloth of gold, stimulated men's imaginations. His bluff, bold, somewhat homely deportment, so long as his self-will had not ripened into the terrible, won the hearts of the commonality.

The stream of events ran away from St. James's during the years of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, but with the prolific race of Stuarts it came to be used as a royal nursery. The Manor House, with all its appurtenances, except the Park and the Stables at the Mews, were granted in 1610, to Prince Henry, who occupied them till his premature death in 1612. He was succeeded by his brother, afterwards Charles I., who retained through life a partiality for the mansion. In it was deposited the collection of statues which, with the assistance of Sir Kenelm Digby, he began to form. Here most of his children were born. And in the Chapel Royal, which he had fitted up in it, he attended divine service before he "walked through the Park, guarded with a regiment of foot, to Whitehall," on the morning of the execution. This theme has been often enough harped on. Its interest is undeniable;—it is we confess a sad sign of human inconstancy—but there has been so much emphatic moralizing and sentimentalizing, that we turn from the story of the father to welcome, as a change, the less hackneyed story of one of his son's adventures.

The Duke of York was taken prisoner when Fairfax entered Oxford in 1646. On the 20th of April, 1648, being then in his fifteenth year, he effected his escape from St. James's, as is narrated in the Stuart Papers:

All things being in readiness on the night of the forementioned day, the Duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and when supper was ended they went to play at hide-and-seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and had used to hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly they were half an hour in searching for him, at the end of which time he came out of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him before he really intended his escape, "by which means, when he came to practice it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half-hour before they could reasonably suspect he was gone. His intention had all the effect he could desire; for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended according to his custom, to hide himself; but instead of so doing, he went first into his sister's chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then slipping down by a pair of back stairs which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back-door from the said garden into the Park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman who brought a cloak, which he threw over him, and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, where one Mr. Tripp was ready with a hackney-coach." It is needless to pursue the adventure further in detail: suffice it to say that the Duke in female attire, succeeded in reaching a Dutch vessel which was waiting for him below Gravesend.

After the Restoration James occupied this building, which must have continually recalled the gratifying recollection of his first successful exercise of that reserve which he afterwards indulged in to such an extent. It is spoken of by his contemporaries as splendidly furnished. One room was embellished with pictures of court beauties by

Sir Peter Lely. . . . We have now arrived at the period when the Palace of St. James's became the principal residence of the English sovereigns: not because the Revolution dynasty thought it necessary to have a new abode of their own, in which the memory of the old should not haunt them at every turning; but because, Whitehall having been accidentally burned soon after the accession of William, St. James's was at first occupied as a temporary arrangement, protracted it may have been at first from some doubts as to the permanence of the new order of things, and afterwards from the hurry of important business, which kept men from thinking of such a subordinate matter as the proper lodging of the sovereign. Until George III. the Revolution sovereigns (with the exception of Anne) never seem to have felt quite at home in England; and his reign was too busy a one to leave much leisure for palace building.

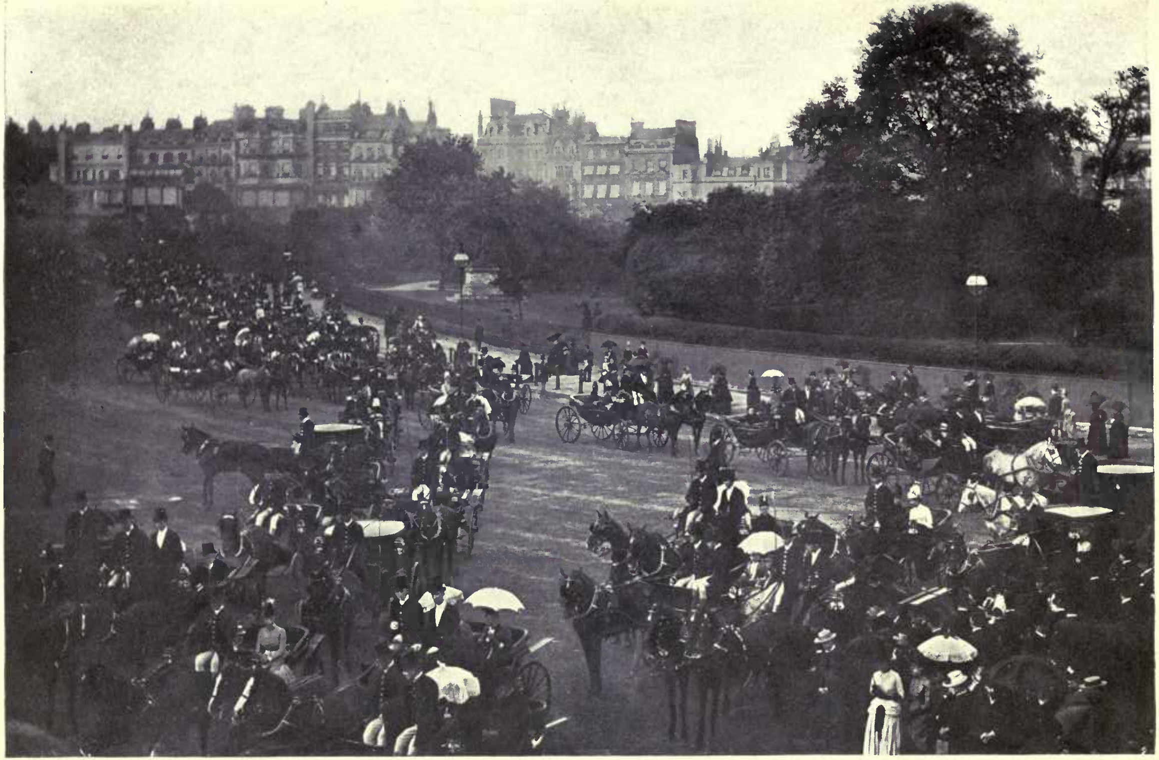
We have already observed that the presence chamber is understood to be part of the "Manor House" erected by Henry VIII. The north gateway also formed a part of that building. For many years after its erection it stood quite in the country.

By degrees, however, houses sprung up along the north side of Pall Mall, and on both sides of St. James's Street. After the Restoration, Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Alban's, contrived to obtain a grant of a large piece of ground, between Pall Mall and Piccadilly, on which he began to build St. James's Square and several streets. King Charles's grant of the site of a house on the south of Pall Mall to Nell Gwynn seems to have been the beginning of the row of houses on that side of the street.

PICCADILLY

FRANCIS WATT

"BREATHES there a man" who never heard of Piccadilly? Probably there breathe a good many, even in London, for the abyss of human ignorance—spite of the Board School—is wondrous deep. Yet everybody who counts knows his Piccadilly for better or worse, and only a desire for symmetry of treatment makes me begin at the beginning with a word of bald geographical description. Piccadilly is a street in the West End of London, running east and west with a considerable dip in the middle. In pre-historic times 'twas (one fancies) a pleasant green hill footed by a small lake succeeded by a stretch of meadow. It is "bounded," as school books say, on the north by Mayfair, on the south by St. James's and the Green Park, on the east by Piccadilly Circus, and on the west by Hyde Park Corner. It is a typical London street of the better class and yet of the older type. In place of such regularity as dominates the Paris boulevard, you have admired confusion, picturesque disarray. The houses are of every size, every style of architecture. Burlington House might serve for palace; Apsley House, the Rothschild mansion, and the like are fit abodes for great nobles. There are luxuriously fitted club-houses whereof the Junior Athenæum may serve as sample. And the other extreme? You have models (174 and 175, for instance), of those queer, narrow two-story houses of which our country towns are full. "An Englishman's house is his castle." What



HYDE PARK CORNER.

strange influence that quasi-legal maxim has had on English building!

A castle must be self-contained, and so our poor prefers to live in a house as small as may be, but altogether his own, to occupying a nook in some spacious mansion, as his like does in France, nay, even in Scotland. In modern London that sentiment is fading away, in witness whereof you shall presently discover next door to the quaint brick building some century or two old, a new structure that seeks the skies with a boldness which the loftiest "land" in the old town of Edinburgh could scarce emulate, rivalling that also in the number and variety of its tenants. Of the shops a word will be said presently. There is a church—St. James's to wit—of a very odd exterior. It is one of Wren's, and better visaged inside than out. Houses of entertainment—from gorgeous hotels to plebeian but not less gorgeous "pubs"—are only mentioned to be passed over.

And the architecture? Every style has been laid under contribution. Thebes and Athens are alike represented. The architects are debtors to the Goth and to the Greek. They have disdained neither Renaissance nor Queen Anne models, but the tendency is always towards greater size and magnificence. If the century found Piccadilly brick, it is leaving it marble. The diversity comes out in another way, the buildings have a fine English individuality about them. They strike the street at any angle, they refuse to toe the building line, as it were. Some, as Devonshire House, present to you (or did so the other day) but the blank wall of their court-yard. Others protect themselves by iron railings. Others are right on the pavement, and the sitter in some of their windows might, if he were so minded, pat the heads of the passers-by. I think all this positively delightful. The architects of the great avenues of other capitals, were sadly lacking in invention, or they forgot the deadly, the appalling effect of monotony. The first impression is brilliant, but it speedily passes away, and there is nothing to vary or renew the charm. Yet one must not rate the pleasure of diversity too high. Piccadilly Circus, for instance, spite its recent doing up, the poor Gilbert statue in the midst, and so forth, is but an incongruous jumble of buildings, and Hyde Park Corner is marred by the like muddle. The reason is plain—regularity and symmetry show better in a place or a square than in a street.

Each prominent London street has its own characteristics. The commercial air of Cheapside impresses the wayfaring man, though a fool. The least intelligent foreigner would spell out a connection between Fleet Street and journalism; Oxford Street breathes prosperous middle-class affluence, and Piccadilly in many a material sign, in the aspect of those who tread its footpaths day after day, or roll prosperously along its carriage ways, signifies at every turn wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, birth, distinction, and high breeding. How plainly the gigantic private residences, gigantic although the ground on which they stand is so precious that it might well seem paved with gold, show forth these things! You need scarce cross their thresholds to discover that each house is a museum of beautiful and costly things, furniture, plate, pictures, all that the highest civilization can contribute to gratify every material, nearly every spiritual, desire. The shops, too, plainly cater for a luxurious class of customers. They exist to satisfy not the grosser needs, but the finer tastes. Exotic fruits, prints and pictures, jewels, scents and such like are the staple commodities. The butcher and baker, you fancy, modestly seclude themselves in the side alleys. But in the street itself, you note a distinction or division. Taking St. James's Street as the boundary line, you discover that the part to the east is much more crowded and bustling, also it is more populous than the Western portion. In the evening the former is crowded by a gay cosmopolitan assemblage. You hear more languages than Babel's Tower could furnish, all sorts and conditions of men, on pleasure rather than business bent, jostle one another on the pavement. As to the western segment, one notes that the very best (socially speaking) folk in London inhabit the adjacent ways. You understand that the local man on the street is as like as not a noble, or baronet, or millionaire. Button-hole the chance passer-by, pluck your momentary *vis-à-vis* by the sleeve, and as like as not you have caught a celebrity. He may turn out a Tartar, and the experiment, though not devoid of fascination, cannot be recommended. But general rather than individual experience will best serve your turn. Take then your Piccadilly.

To see "this radiant and immortal street," as Mr. W. E. Henley hath it, at its best, choose some afternoon in May, when the sun is shining on the long, burnished, sumptuous array of carriages, the ever-moving throng of well-dressed men and gorgeously apparelled women on the pavement, glittering on the tall line of houses on the one side, and the trees and fresh verdure of the Park which through half its length lines the other, and you have a picture of England's wealth, strength, and beauty, such as ought to make any Englishman proud. Darker sides the picture may have, insolent parade, cruel scorn of poverty, selfish and foolish luxury, but the brighter is at least as true, and all in all you may fully accept the merry spectacle as good. But England is an historic country, Piccadilly is before all else an historic street. Great and distinguished as is the crowd that to-day treads its pavement, there is a company of shadows still greater and still more distinguished, for it includes all who have dwelt around this spot or moved over these stones. Let us look for a little into its past records, to see what amusement and instruction they can furnish for us to-day.

The learned are not at one with the origin of the name. A map, *temp.*, early Elizabethan, marks the place as the way to Reading. A century afterwards the district had its now well-known name, whereof several explanations were current. *Pickadil* was the skirt of a garment—the houses then rising in this part were the utmost verge of London; but the same word denoted a stiff collar worn by the bucks of the period. One Higgins, a tailor was lord of much land hereabout; he had made a fortune by a supply of this foppery, and his own fancy or popular wit so dubbed the district. Again in good King Charles's golden days a gaming house was opened there in 1634, and this was probably the place commemorated by Clarendon in 1641, "as a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walk with shade, and where were an upper and lower bowling green, whither very many nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversation." This was Piccadilly Hall, and some said the district was called after it, though that etymology like enough put the cart before the horse. Of the wits of the time who frequented the place, Sir John Suckling is far the most interesting. "He played at cards rarely well, and did use to practice by himselfe a-bed, and there studyed the best way of managing the cards. His sisters coming to the Péccadillo bowling green crying for fear he should lose all their portions." He himself had a curious contempt for those lively verses which raise him out of the "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and thus in artful words did he condemn his own art —

> "Who priz'd black eyes or a lofty hit
> As Bowls above all the triumphs of wit."

The district grew apace, but it was well into the last century before any house fronted the Green Park. Up till 1721 a sort of official stop was put on its growth by a turnpike which stood where Berkeley Street now runs into the main thoroughfare. Beyond that was the Great Western Road, unpavemented, haunted by the highwayman, as many an honest citizen venturing on the dark nights found to his cost. In that year the said turnpike was removed to Hyde Park Corner, and the intervening space soon filled in. Statuary shops then abounded, so that it was like the Euston Road, a sort of vulgar Athens, yet had it sufficient rusticity to attract citizens o' Sundays. A number of houses of entertainment were cause or effect of the weekly outings. One famous hostelry was the "Pillars of Hercules," which has a nook in our literature since Fielding makes his Squire Weston put up thereat. And now Piccadilly in outline at least stands complete. But one must remember that it had been for long previous a main thoroughfare.

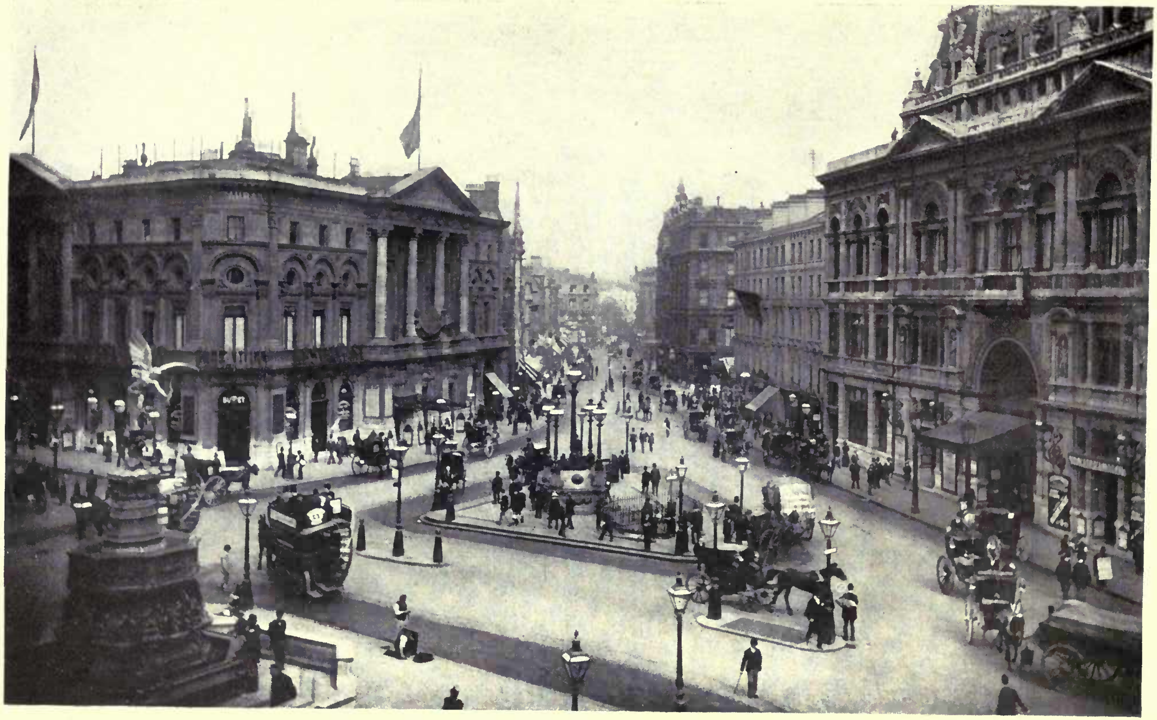
PICCADILLY

G. S. STREET

"Though I be fair as a powdered peruke,
And once was a gaping silly,
Your Whitechapel Countess will prove, Lord Duke,
She's a regular tiger lily:
She'll fight you with cold steel and she'll run you off your legs
Down the length of Piccadilly."

YES, there was a time when exciting things happened in Piccadilly, but one has to go for them, as Mr. Meredith has gone, at least to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Nowadays the eyes of the nation are not fixed on a handful of social heroes and heroines, so that even were a discarded wife to chase her false fleeting lord along the edge of the Green Park few people would hear of the event, in spite of our wonderful Press. But I doubt if anything of interest, reported or not, ever happens now in Piccadilly. If our manners are less elaborate than our ancestors' were, we are certainly more self-contained. Few people "let themselves go" anywhere, least of all in a public thoroughfare: the exceptions are controlled by the police. And I fancy the habit of interested sauntering has declined: we hurry from one stupid occasion to another in cabs and omnibuses, and we lose our acquaintances in the crowd. Our reminiscences will contain few remarkable encounters in the street.

All the same, there is still a significance in Piccadilly. That is to say, from Bond Street to Hyde Park Corner:



PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

from Bond Street eastwards to the Circus there is no significance at all, merely shops and an obstructive flow of vacuous humanity. But walk from Bond Street westwards on a fine day about half-past twelve in the morning, and as you go down the slope you feel that you are in the spacious middle of social London, in the part of it that means Town—as Mr. Kipling sings to his banjo—to men who have known Town, when they hear the word in Australia or on the Niger. And that is the part that attracts them when they return. Some house in the country is dearer, perhaps, but they feel that they are back in Town when they walk down the slope of Piccadilly. Their minds may contain little of the social memories of the place: they may not think of the Duke in his duck trousers or of "old Q" in his unrepentant age, but there, if anywhere, Town stirs in their blood.

I do not think it can be a merely personal and individual pleasure that comes to me when on a fine morning I look down Piccadilly from the top of the slope. I have observed it often in others, and I always fancy that people look brighter, with a blander eye on the world, here than elsewhere in London. For myself, I am conscious of a sort of ludicrous increase of importance, as though here one were less of an ant on an ant-hill and more of a necessary screw in the machine. I feel almost as one having a definite and not despicable place in the community, who can hold up his head and meet the world with a smile, not dodge it round a corner. Perhaps it is that one's mind unconsciously surveys its memories of those who have strolled down Piccadilly,—not only those whose achievements or fortune have been infinitely greater, but those who have come to infinitely worse grief; and it unconsciously reminds itself that the descent is not altogether completed.

Some have so walked down Piccadilly and continued their walking till they did it on tottering, but honoured feet; others have walked down Piccadilly and walked away into some unknown Inferno. I will not trouble you with the associations of this or that house: perhaps they too add to one's importance, as one feels solemn in a graveyard.

There are folks who have no right in Piccadilly of a morning. Those whose interests are comprised in their money gains and losses; those whose clothes, whether old or new, are worn uneasily; those who stare and scowl at their neighbours, and those who cannot dissimulate their success in life,—all these profane ones are requested to absent themselves. In the afternoon let them return: regretfully then I abandon Piccadilly to the plutocrat; by all means let him arrive there from the city and stare at his kith and kin in the crawling carriages. In the morning it is for amiable people, who saunter idly or march with a brisk swing, people affable with their eyes, who assume that those they meet are their brothers and enjoy, they also, a pleasant outlook on life, free from fret and snobbery and every baseness. Let them sniff the morning air and take the town as a natural place, and forget its gorging gold and suffocated millions.

All this of fine mornings in general, and especially of the early spring, before London is used up and all men's faces are grown pale with too effectual pleasures. In the afternoon, as I said, the place is different. Something fœtid has descended in the air, the red sheen is gone from the omnibuses, the idle saunter is exchanged for the painful crawl, and the brisk swing for the blatant swagger; the baser racial instincts have come atop.

In the evenings there is a new enchantment. But unless you be a triple-brass philosopher, to enjoy it you must drive; walking you find the national superiority in morals a little too insistent. But drive, drive up Piccadilly this time, not down, and observe the lines of lamps in the darkness, the one line by the seemly houses, the other by the black trees. Do they not suggest to you something vaguely but pervadingly romantic?

In the morning there was the feeling of what social charm and interest there may be in a town; at night there is the feeling of its possibilities of adventure. It is, of course, quite a different romance from that of grey moors and distant lights in old windows: this romance is gay in its quality, even feverish. You may be driving home from a quiet dinner-party, to go quietly to bed; but do you not find a romance in this line of lamps leading into the heart of the town, where life, you imagine for a moment, is at some heat of interest? There it lies before you, multitudes of human things with hearts and fancies, countless abodes of mystery. You lean back and continue your course, without a regret, to your peaceful and respectable dwelling-place, but for a moment there was the sense of romance, a faint wave against your brain of the blood that craves adventure. A fleeting fancy: as I write it is gone! words do but riddle it. As you draw into the closer traffic, romance has flown, the closer sight of your fellow-creatures, unless you be very young, has killed it. Perhaps it was not a very edifying thing while it was with you. But nowhere else in London, as in Piccadilly by night, shall you feel it. And for it, as for my morning's stroll down the slope, do I count Piccadilly precious beyond words.

PALL MALL

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

FROM Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, the handsomest street in London, leads to the west. Its name is a record of its having been the place where the game of Palle-malle was played—a game still popular in the deserted streets of old sleepy Italian cities, and deriving its name from *Palla*, a ball, and *Maglia* a mallet. It was already introduced into England in the reign of James I., who (in his *Basilicon Doron*) recommended his son Prince Henry to play at it. Charles II., who was passionately fond of the game, removed the site for it to St. James's Park.

It was across the ground afterwards set apart for Palle-malle, described by Le Serre as "near the avenues of the (St. James's) palace—a large meadow, always green, in which ladies walk in summer," that Sir Thomas Wyatt led his rebel troops into London in 1554, passing with little loss under the fire of the artillery planted on Hay Hill by the Earl of Pembroke, and forcing his way successfully through the guard drawn out to defend Charing Cross, but only to be deserted by his men and taken prisoner as he entered the City.

The street was not enclosed till about 1690, when it was at first called Catherine Street, in honour of Catherine of Braganza, and it still continued to be a fashionable promenade rather than a highway for carriage traffic. Thus Gay alludes to it: —

> "O bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall!
> Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
> At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
> Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
> No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
> The soft supports of laziness and pride;
> Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
> The mutual arms of ladies and the beau."
>
> *Trivia*, bk. II.

Club-houses are the characteristic of the street, though none of the existing buildings date beyond the present century. In the last century their place was filled by taverns where various literary and convivial societies had their meetings: Pepys in 1660 was frequently at one of these, "Wood's at the Pell-Mell." The first trial of street gas in London was made here in 1807, in a row of lamps, on the King's birthday, before the colonnade of Carlton House. Amid all the changes of the town, London-lovers have continued to give their best affections to Pall Mall, and how many there are who agree with the lines of Charles Morris[1] —

> "In town let me live, then, in town let me die;
> For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
> If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
> Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

Entering the street by Pall Mall East, we pass, just beyond the rooms of the Old Water Colour Society, the entrance to *Suffolk Street*, where Charles II. "furnished a house most richly"[2] for his beloved Moll Davis, and where

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[1] The genial wit, of whom Curran said, "Die when you will, Charles, you will die in your youth."

[2] Pepys, Jan. 14, 1667–8.

Pepys "did see her coach come for her to her door, a mighty pretty fine coach."[1] Here also lived Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, who has become, under the name of Vanessa, celebrated for her unhappy and ill-requited devotion to Dean Swift. On the right is the *Gallery of British Artists.* Suffolk Street existed as early as 1664, marking the site of a house of the Earls of Suffolk, but did not become important till the Restoration, when the residence of Secretary Coventry gave a name to the neighbouring Coventry Street.

On the left Cockspur Street falls into Pall Mall. At the end of *Warwick Street*,[2] which opens into it, stood Warwick House, where Princess Charlotte was compelled by her father to reside, and where " wearied out by a series of acts all proceeding from the spirit of petty tyranny, and each more vexatious than another, though none of them very important in itself," she determined to escape. She (July 16, 1814) " rushed out of her residence in Warwick House, unattended; hastily crossed Cockspur Street; flung herself into the first hackney-coach she could find; and drove to her mother's house in Connaught Place."[3]

A public-house at the entrance of Warwick Street still bears the sign of " The Two Chairmen," which recalls the habits of locomotion in the last century, when Defoe wrote —" I am lodged in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus:—we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as at Holland, go to tea-tables. About twelve, the *beau-monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate-houses; the best of which are the Cocoa-tree, and White's chocolate-houses; St. James's, the Smyrna, Mr. Rochford's, and the British coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than one hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in Sedan chairs, which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour; and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice."

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[1] Built 1681. Called after Sir Philip Warwick.

[2] Feb. 15, 1668–9.

[3] Lord Brougham.

Passing the equestrian statue of George III., by Matthew Cotes, 1837, we now reach the foot of the *Haymarket*, so called from the market for hay and straw which was held here in the reign of Elizabeth, and was not finally abolished till 1830. On the right is the Haymarket Theatre (opened Dec. 1720), on the left the Italian Opera House (built in 1790). It was between these, at the foot of the Haymarket, that Thomas Thynne of Longleat was murdered on Sunday, Feb. 12, 1681, by ruffians hired by Count Königsmarck, who hoped, when Thynne was out of the way, to ingratiate himself with his affianced bride, the rich young Lady Elizabeth Percy, already, in her sixteenth year, the widow of Lord Ogle. The assassins employed were Vratz, a German; Stern, a Swede; and Borotski, a Pole; but only the last of these fired, though no less than five of his bullets pierced his victim. The scene is represented on Thynne's monument in Westminster Abbey. The conspirators were taken, and tried at Hicks's Hall in Clerkenwell, where Königsmarck was acquitted, but the others sentenced to death, and hanged in the street which was the scene of their crime. They were attended by Bishop Burnet, who narrates that, in return for his religious admonitions, Vratz expressed his conviction that "God would consider a gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in; and that he would not take it ill if a soldier who lived by his sword avenged an affront offered him by another." Stern, on the scaffold, complained that "he died for a man's fortune whom he never spoke to, for a woman whom he never saw, and for a dead man whom he never had a sight of."

(Addison lived in the Haymarket, and wrote his *Campaign* there. On the right are *James Street*, where James II. used to play in the tennis court, and *Panton Street*, so called from Colonel Panton, the successful gamester, who died in 1681. At the corner of *Market Street*, (left) lived Hannah Lightfoot, the fair Quakeress, beloved by George III. Farther on the left is the entry of the little court called James's Market, where Richard Baxter preached.)

Proceeding down Pall Mall, and passing the *United Service Club*, by *Nash*, 1826, we reach the opening of Waterloo Place, which occupies the site of Carlton House, built for Henry Boyle, Lord Carlton, in 1709, and purchased by Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1732. His widow, Augusta of Saxe-Cobourg, lived here for many years, and died in 1772. The house was redecorated for the marriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Here his daughter Charlotte was born (January 7, 1796), and married to Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg (May 2, 1816). Here also, in 1811, George IV. gave his famous banquet as Prince Regent.

Horace Walpole was beyond measure ecstatic in his admiration of Carlton House, though where the money to pay for it was to come from he could not conceive; "all the mines in Cornwall could not pay a quarter." The redundancy of ornament induced Bonomi to write on the Ionic screen facing Pall Mall the epigram —

"'Care colonne, che fate quà?'
'Non sappiamo, in verità!'"

But all its magnificence came to an end in 1827, when the house was pulled down, its fittings taken to Buckingham Palace, and its columns used in building the portico of the National Gallery. Its site is marked by the *Column* (124 feet high) surmounted by a *Statue of Frederick*, *Duke of York*, second son of George III., by *Westmacott*, which faces Regent Street. On the left is a *Statue of Sir John Franklin* by *Noble*. The relief on its pedestal represents the funeral of Franklin, with Captain Crozier reading the burial service : it wonderfully appeals to human sympathies, and there is scarcely a moment in the day when passers-by are not lingering to examine it.

We now enter upon a perfect succession of the buildings erected for the clubs, originally defined by Dr. Johnson as "assemblies of goodfellows, meeting under certain conditions."

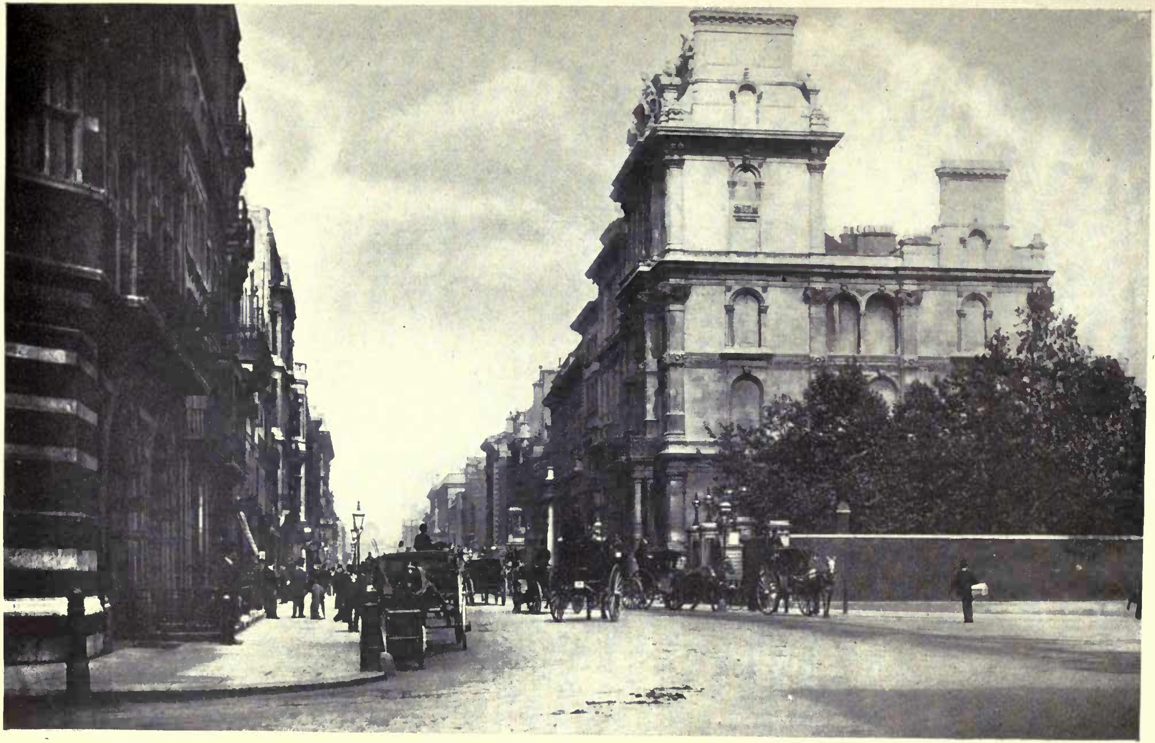
CLUBS

JOSEPH HATTON

"I STARED to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty new stone houses," wrote Horace Walpole, in 1759. What would be his sensations if, revisiting "the glimpses of the moon" he could see the Piccadilly of to-day and the adjacent regions of club-land, St. James's Street and Pall Mall? Of all the busy scenes at these head-quarters of the clubs, so full of historic associations with his name and his time, the one landmark that would catch his puzzled gaze would be St. James's Palace. It stands in the very heart of the club country, and its story is the history of England.

Since the roystering days of club life in London, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street have been rebuilt. St. James's street is redeemed, from an antiquarian point of view, by the dingy towers of the Palace, and the quaint suggestions of age in the Queen Anne façade of the Cocoa-tree Club. Otherwise the architectural picturesqueness of the days of Anne and of Walpole have disappeared. You can only find it in the prints that hang in the local shop-windows, or, to go farther afield in modern revivals of old brick houses that nowadays one comes upon everywhere.

There is a singular fascination about these print-shops. As you walk down St. James's Street, and turn round into Pall Mall, note how the pictorial reminiscences of old London attract people. It is not only the collector, the



GUARDS' CLUB, PALL MALL.

man of taste, whom you will find gazing at engravings of streets with sedan chairs in them, Birdcage Walk in the days of Charles, scenes at Vauxhall assembly and gardens, cock-pit encounters, portraits of racing squires, and illustrations of ancient sports; but the commoner folk contemplate these things with an effort, in their dull way, to realize the changes that have come over this world of London. A reformer who has worked all his life in extending the franchise, because he believes the working-classes are to a man against wars, should note the kind of persons who block the pavements where the shop windows contain military pictures. The bright uniforms of the household troops, the gallant charges in the battle tableaux, these collect audiences of working-men. So long as writers, poets, and women make a hero of the warrior, so long will there be wars; and so long as gold is the key to all doors, so long will men gamble for it.

The famous old clubs of this famous region of club-land were originally taverns and gaming-houses. To-day St. James's Street looks so snug and respectable, Pall Mall so like a region of palaces, that you might fairly think we had indeed got far beyond those wild days of gaming when whist and piquet, hazard and faro, were the chief amusements of the time; when the palate of a gentleman required the constant titillation of strong wines, and the rattle of the dice-box was music to his soul. These days are past, it is true, but the spirit of gambling is with us still busy as ever, inspiring its votaries with as keen a relish for speculation as that which ruled in 1770, when Walpole wrote "The gaming at Almack's, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our empire, or commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Staverdale, not one-and-twenty lost £11,000 there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard." We gamble in a more general and scientific way in these days, and every class engages in the excitement all over the country. The modern phase of gambling is well represented in the old street where Sheridan and Fox, and the Prince of Wales and Brummell, and the rest, drank and gamed and fought, and, according to the tenets of the day, proved themselves gentlemen. At the top of the street, on the west corner, with an entrance to Piccadilly, there is a West-End Stock Exchange, Limited; and another kindred institution on the east side, near the bottom. You will find in the windows the opening prices of consols, rentes, Eries, Midlands, Egyptians, etc., with their varying quotations during the day and their closing prices at night. You can go in and speculate and gamble, at a rate never dreamt of by those wild, tearing, duelling gamesters of Walpole's time: you can do it in cold blood in your morning coat, then take a ride in the park, lunch calmly at your club, go home unruffled to dinner, and escort your wife to the Opera in the evening, or to a meeting at Exeter Hall with the mild air of a bishop. These topers and gamblers of old, they had sport in company over their speculations; they dined and wined, and fired off ribald jests; they made the welkin ring; they troubled the watch, sometimes shot each other and made a noise. I suppose our modern system is best.

Do you think streets and houses have a physiognomy? Then note the clean self-conscious air of respectability and wealth of St. James's Street. The houses have both a city and a country manner. Even the Stock Exchanges have a West-End expression in their windows, as much as to infer that they only deal or associate with county men, with officers and gentlemen. The one at the Piccadilly end has the air of a rich broker, well dressed with a rose in his button-hole, a fifty guinea chronometer in his watch fob, and in his mind the consciousness of his little place at Richmond of Twickenham. Then there is White's, on the other side of the street, a solid stone building, with its thick iron railings and balcony, painted white, its two heavy lamps at the entrance, its mahogany swinging doors, and its aristocratic bow window. It looks its history: it is modern, but with an expression of "long descent," even in its blinds. Tory, it looks as if its foundations were deep in the soil, as if they were on the rock; as if the cellarage was grouted with concrete; as if, in its modern dress and manner (the present house was built by Wyatt in 1851), it retained its old port wine constitution, and accepted the luxuries of the present only as supplementary to those of the past. Compared with the stock-broker at the corner, it is lord-lieutenant of its county, chairman of quarter sessions, and has sat in Parliament all its life. Idealizing these inanimate things in a physiognomical spirit, such are the characteristics that strike one in a general way. I am not straining the idea either, nor is the thought original, since Theodore Hook likened a once well known bow window, at the other end of St. James's Street, to an obese old gentleman in a white waistcoat.

It is an eminently aristocratic street, St. James's. Even the club waiters and the tradesmen feel it. They live up to this ideal. The tradesmen are of "a superior cut." Their manners are courtly compared, for example, with Strand manners, and they have cultivated, if not a higher order of intelligence, certainly a show of it. They charge for both in their bills, and rightly. The hall porters at the clubs have the hauteur of the most upper of upper servants. They have even some of the repose that belongs to their masters of the Vere de Veres. It would be an education in social tone for an ignorant person to live in St. James's Street. How much more so might this have been said when St. James's was in fact, as well as in name, the metropolis of the Court! How well the Palace carries on its calm, time-worn features, the grand old story of its life! It takes us back beyond the Norman conquest, for it occupies the site of a hospital founded before the Conqueror set his foot on these shores; it has associations with Edward I. and with three Henrys, in whose reigns it was built and rebuilt; and to-day it is still the palace that the eighth Henry built, that the first Charles enlarged, and in which most of the latter monarch's children were born—including his "merry" son, Charles II. Palace, prison, council house, it can bear witness to the greatness and the littleness of royal life, and it characteristically represents the idea that whether our forefathers were less moral in their habits and customs than we are to-day, at least their vices, like their dress, were more picturesque.

The best known among the old existing clubs are in St. James's Street—Brooks's, White's, Boodle's, Arthur's, and the Cocoa-tree. There are other important, and even more palatial club-houses here than these, such as the New University, the Conservative, and the Devonshire. The loftly front and fine semi-ecclesiastical portal of the New University is in striking contrast with the old Cocoa-tree house, and the characteristic courtyard of the adjoining hotel; as is also the entrance-hall of the Junior Army and Navy, with the unpretentious portals of White's. From a modern point of view, the handsomest club-house in St. James's Street is the Conservative, which occupies the site of the old Thatched House Tavern. It was built in 1845, from designs by Sydney Smith and George Baseivi.

But touching Walpole's amazement at some changes in Piccadilly, it is worth while to dwell upon the pictures of the past and present of a street that is the home of the most ancient and aristocratic of the London clubs. Take White's of to-day, the original White's, and the house and its tenant preceding White's as it is. To-day you shall see the successors of the beaux of Walpole's day at their bow window. If the opportunity offers, as it sometimes does, of ogling a pretty woman as she passes it is quite possible these county gentlemen would be nothing loth. In the old days the members stood at the window to ogle, and the fine ladies went by on both sides of the street to be ogled. In the early days of Walpole and Addison, White's was close to St. James's Palace, and the life of the street is well shown in the pictures of the time. Contrasted with the modern street the change is startling. There were notable clubs before Brooks's, Boodle's, White's, and Arthur's, and if one professing to write a history of clubs they would have to be mentioned. White's has a curious history. It is the outcome of White's Chocolate House, 1698, which stood a few doors from the bottom of the west side of St. James's Street. There was a small garden attached to the house, Doran says "that there more than one highwayman took his chocolate, or threw his main, before he quietly mounted his horse and rode down Piccadilly towards Bagshot." The house was burnt down in 1733. The King and Prince of Wales were present and encouraged the firemen by words and guineas in their efforts to subdue the flames. Cunningham says, "The incident of the fire was made use of by Hogarth in Plate VI. of the *Rake's Progress*, representing a room at White's. The total abstraction of the gamblers is well expressed by their utter inattention to the alarm of the fire given by watchmen who are bursting open the doors." In the first number of *The Tatler* it is promised that "all accounts of gallantry, pleasure and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House."

Originally the house was public. It became a private club in 1736. Among the members were the Earls of Cholmondeley, Chesterfield, and Rockingham; Sir John Cope, Major-General Churchill, Bubb Doddington, and Colley Cibber.

A gambling-house at first, White's for many years had a bad reputation. Pope in the *Dunciad*, has a shot at it —

> "Or chaired at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
> Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit."

If Brooks's is, as Mark Lemon, in his *Up and Down the London Streets* says, "probably the most aristocratic of London clubs," time was when White's was the fashionable club of the town; and it still holds a distinct and enviable position, though some of its members think the Turf and the Marlborough more amusing. "The men at White's," an old *habitué* tells me, "still belong to the higher ranks of club men, and it is a pleasant thing in the season, before dinner, to listen to the veterans who occupy the two arm-chairs in the window, talk sports and pastimes, wars and rumours of wars and discuss current gossip." Dinner at White's is a ceremonial business, wax-candles, stately waiters, carefully decanted wine, courses that come on with procession-like solemnity, a long sitting over the wine, and with the older men a "white wash" of sherry before your coffee and cigar. The old "bet-book" is still preserved and used. Walpole mentions it in a letter of 1748, and in no very complimentary terms. "There is a man about town, Sir William Burdett, a man of very good family, but most infamous character. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's that the first baronet that will be hung is this Sir William Burdett."

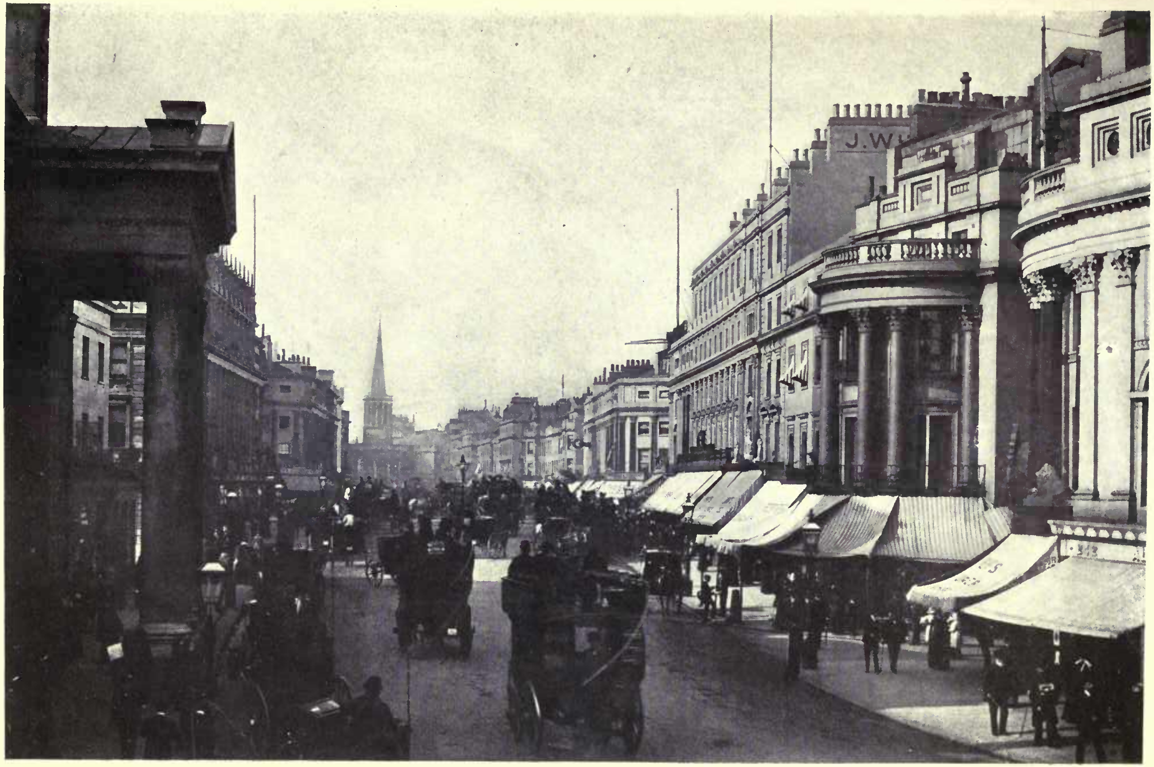
STREET ARCHITECTURE

G. LAURENCE GOMME

THE early years of the Queen were marked by the gloom and incompetence in matters of art which characterized the Georgian period of history. There were the remains of the older buildings, but no new inspiration to add picturesque details to the bricks and mortar which took the place of green fields and trees.

All round London were noble examples of interesting houses—houses standing within a large area of garden and meadow space, generally possessing fine hammered-iron gateways, and frequently containing a picturesque cedar-tree or a mulberry-tree. North, east, south and west was this the case. In Fulham and Hammersmith there were many examples of Jacobean architecture; in Wandsworth, and other places in the south, they are not all gone even now; while in the east, in Bow, Poplar, and Bromley, there were quite a large number of the old dwellings of wealthy London citizens or Middlesex residents. Anyone caring for examples of such interesting work should visit the manor-house at Poplar, Bromley Hall, or others of this nature.

In the centre of London there were also numerous buildings of interest. Northumberland House, the most westerly of the ancient Strand palaces, had not then been needlessly destroyed for the street improvement of Northumberland Avenue, the ancient inns of Southwark



REGENT STREET.

and of Holborn were still in their picturesque if somewhat battered condition; the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, from which the old coaches started at least as early as 1750; Winchester House, Old Broad Street; Earl's Court House, the residence of Dr. John Hunter from 1764 to 1795; bits of the ancient villages of London at Hampstead, Hackney, Bromley, and elsewhere; squalid but picturesque remnants of old Westminster; Fairfax House at Putney, and the so-called Cromwell's House at Shepherd's Bush, were all in existence, though, alas! the drawings published by the London Topographical Society and the descriptive notes by the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings are all that is left to remind the Londoner of these interesting relics of the past.

Of spots sanctified by memories that belong to the Queen's London almost as much as to their antiquarian value is surely the Charterhouse. There is no talk yet of destroying this piece of ancient London and of Thackeray's London. The great writer was, as is well known, educated there, and he has left us memoires of the place in the heroes of his stories, for they were all Charterhouse boys. Charterhouse School has now migrated to Godalming, but the Merchant Taylor's School has taken its place, and it is to be hoped will help to keep intact the whole of this interesting site.

The great squares of London remain much the same as when they were built, though some have been destroyed. Leicester Square, once the home of many famous men, has become the home of music-hall amusement, and Russell Square is doomed to destruction. But nearly all the others retain their sombreness and their charm, including here and there, perhaps most notably in St. James's Square and Portman Square, the iron link-holders on the railing in front of the houses, which mark the time before gas was used for the lighting of the streets.

One cannot help being struck by the beauty of street architecture where, as in our oldest cities, Chester, Salisbury, Ipswich, and others, Elizabeth and Jacobean buildings are still extant. The houses of Staple Inn facing Holborn, opposite Gray's Inn Lane, are of this character, and they have been preserved by the public spirit of their owners, the Prudential Fire Insurance Company. But why were houses of this description destroyed so largely, and why was their architecture not copied? They were, at all events, works of art, and helped to make pleasing the surroundings of dwellers in towns. They have been replaced by the hideous monstrosities of Harley Street, Gower Street, and so on in the west of London, and by long rows of unshapen cottages or hovels in the poorer parts. The Georgian spirit of architecture was against art, and declared for so-called utilitarianism, as if utility could exist without the element of art.

London in the eighteenth century contained many specimens of this picturesque architecture, but they rapidly disappeared, and in searching for the cause (for it has never been properly ascertained), I think the most likely is to be found in the preamble to many of the local acts of Parliament. Examples occur in the acts of Clerkenwell and Aldgate, where the disadvantages of the gable houses are curiously set forth.

The preamble to an act of 11 George III. cap. 23, 1771, recites that certain streets in the parish of Aldgate, in the county of Middlesex, "are very ill paved, and the passage through the same greatly obstructed by posts, projections, and other nuisances, and annoyed by spouts, signs, and gutters," and then proceeds to enact "that all houses and buildings hereafter to be built or new fronted shall, for the effectual and absolute prevention of all manner of projections, annoyances, and inconveniences thereby, rise perpendicularly from the foundation; and if any person shall at any time hereafter presume to build or new front any house otherwise than perpendicularly" the commissioners shall cause the same to be pulled down and removed. In this way were the projecting house fronts of picturesque London destroyed; they did not suit the new requirements, and so they had to give way. Necessarily, and not so unreasonably, the projecting shop-signs and house-marks, which belonged to an age when sign-reading was more generally understood than letters, were also condemned, and I will quote an act of 1834 as an example of the spirit with which these things were condemned. The act makes all signs, sign-irons, sign-posts, barbers' poles, dyers' poles, stalls, blocks, bulks, show-boards, butchers' hooks, spouts, water-pipes, and other projections in front of the houses in Bermondsey to be liable to removal at the demand of the local commissioners, and at the same time authorizes the impounding of cattle straying in the streets.

It seems remarkable that the only remedy for deficient rain-water drainage should be the destruction of the buildings and the introduction of a totally different style of street architecture. Street signs no doubt had to go, picturesque though they were, and yet it is noticeable that there is a revival of the practice occasionally to be met with, as, for instance, the "Gainsborough Head" which graces one of the business premises in South Molton Street, Oxford Street. But in the meantime a new method of using signs has been developed. Any one who travels through the streets of London, or indeed any modern city, must be struck with the enormous extent of street advertisements. The sky signs, without one single element of artistic construction, lime-light and electric light letterings, posters covering hoardings sometimes for considerable distances, all combine to render as hideous as possible the modern street. And yet the modern street might be made so picturesque, nay, is so picturesque. Lord Beaconsfield once said that the Strand was the most picturesque street in Europe, and in a sense this is so. A ride on the top of an omnibus through any of the great routes traversing all parts of London reveals to those who have the feeling for the picturesque beauties in London streets which are wholly local in character. The variety of architecture, the change of scene from shops brilliantly fitted up and at night brilliantly lighted, to private houses bright with flowers, and very often bright with the lights of some festive gathering, then to patches of green which mark a square-garden, or the grounds of an old-fashioned house, still preserved in the midst of newer surroundings, and finally the long vistas opened up by the great western roads at the time of early morning or sun setting, and by the eastern, northern, and southern roads at other times of the day or night, all combine to make up the peculiar charm of London scenery. The pity of it is that it is not appreciated by those who can utilize it to make London what it could easily be, the most beautiful city in the world.

One means of doing this is to preserve what little is left of historic interest, a house sanctified as the residence of a great man, or as the place where a great event has happened, or as a relic of a past condition of life, even a street name; all help to create an interest in London which it is of the utmost benefit to foster and keep alive. It makes people the happier to know when they tread on historic ground. Some years ago my old friend Mr. W. J. Thoms (through some assistance of my own) saved the name of Tothill Street to Westminster, a name full of the most ancient memories, a guerdon to Westminster of a whole system of institutions belonging to the earliest times of Saxon England. And so it is with other street names. They take us back along the stream of time.

It is pleasing therefore to record that the London County Council has set an excellent example of public influence in the preservation of historic buildings by obtaining parliamentary sanction to spend money for the purpose. By this means it is to be hoped that what little still exists will be allowed to remain, and particularly that the economies of preservation may be carefully considered before destruction is decided upon.

Of course it will be asked by the stern utilitarian of the time what is to be gained by keeping up old buildings and ancient memories, which are not in accord with our present requirements and surroundings; of course it will be objected by those who desire to use the magnificent site of London for squeezing out the largest possible amount of annual rent, that the preservation of such buildings has no justification; of course there will be a thousand arguments in favour of destruction against the one or two voices raised for preservation. And yet on strict grounds of utilitarianism there is much to be said in favour of keeping these places. They are better for the moral well being of the community than the hideous rows of ghastly cottage or villa residences which disgrace all but the immediately central portions of London.

What a tremendous meaning there is in the fact that when Queen Victoria first began her reign there were living in London two great Londoners—two of the greatest Londoners, Thackeray and Dickens. Thackeray was married in 1837, and then lived in Great Coram Street, close to the Foundling Hospital. Later on he had chambers at 10 Crown Office Row, Temple, and at 88 St. James's Street, both which houses have since been demolished. From 1847 to 1853 he lived at No. 13 (now 16) Young Street, Kensington, and wrote there *Vanity Fair*, *Esmond*, and *Pendennis.* From 1853 to 1861 he lived in Onslow Square, Brompton, and from 1861 until his death in 1863 he occupied a house in Palace Gardens. Who would not think pleasingly, if not tenderly, of a city which contains such memorials as these? They are not manufactured, nor are they even developed, by the aid of anything that a city, however great, can do. And yet it is memorials such as these that London most neglects. A few tablets here and there, put up by the liberality and public spirit of the Society of Arts, the purchase of one house hallowed by the memories of a great man, namely Carlyle's house in Cheyne Walk, and Londoners think no more of these things.

I think of London where Thackeray's masterpieces were written as a place glorified. And then, too, there is the London which is to be found in the pages of Charles Dickens. The late Mr. Sala gives us a picture of what London meant when Dickens was one of its denizens. He was encountered in the oddest places and in the most inclement weather: in Ratcliff Highway, in Haverstock Hill, in Camberwell Green, in Gray's Inn Lane, in the Wandsworth Road, at Hammersmith Broadway, in Norton Folgate, and at Kensal New Town. A hansom whisked you by the Bell and Horses at Brompton, and there was Charles Dickens striding as with seven-leagued boots seemingly in the direction of North End, Fulham. The Metropolitan Railway disgorged you at Lisson Grove, and you met

Charles Dickens plodding steadily towards the Yorkshire Stingo. He was to be met rapidly skirting the grim back wall of the prison in Coldbath Fields, or trudging along the Seven Sisters Road at Holloway, or bearing under a steady press of sail through Highgate Archway or pursuing the even tenor of his way up the Vauxhall Bridge Road.

This is delightful word-picturing. Hansom cabs and metropolitan railways that did not exist at the beginning of the Queen's London have the sanctity of a great personality brought to them while London was yet the Queen's London.

Furnival's Inn was the residence of Dickens in his bachelor days when he was a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle.* It is now pulled down. In 1837 he removed to 48 Doughty Street, where he wrote *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and some sketches. In 1840 he went to 1 Devonshire Terrace in the Marylebone Road, which has recently been altered, and in 1851 to Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, where he wrote *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Great Expectations.* At Devonshire Terrace he wrote *Master Humphrey's Clock*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, and *David Copperfield.*

These two of the long roll of distinguished Londoners are known to the present generation, and it seemed worth while to illustrate the interest of London when it is viewed from the personal interest derived from such writers as these. The interest could be extended in many directions though the chances are disappearing all too rapidly.

In the central and more wealthy districts of London there is a vast improvement in street architecture. Any one acquainted with the rebuilding of Lord Cadogan's estate at Chelsea, and of the Grosvenor estate in St. George's will concede this. The shop property and private houses built within the last few years in Mount Street, Audley Street, and the neighbourhood are of the most interesting types, while in all the great centres, Oxford Street, Bond Street, the Strand, rebuilding is proceeding at an astonishing pace. And fortunately rebuilding means, as a rule, improvement in style. There seems at least a hope that London may be made more worthy of her position than has hitherto been the case.

The filling up of London with buildings has not been accomplished without regard to the essentials of health in one particular. Open spaces, very aptly termed the lungs of the great city, have been extended, and are being extended in all directions. Hyde Park, St. James's Park, and Regent's Park called forth the enthusiastic admiration of foreign visitors at the beginning of the Queen's reign, and they are still the subject of the same degree of admiration. To the royal parks, however, have been added the municipal parks, and these have become of service to the people in a sense that was not contemplated a few years ago. Anyone who can remember the London Sunday in the summer say twenty years ago, and will compare it with that of to-day, will think that London has changed her old reputation of spending Sunday for an approach to the continental method. The gaiety of Hyde Park on a July Sunday evening is indescribable. It is equal to anything to be seen in Paris for brightness of colour and attractiveness; it surpasses anything to be seen in Paris or elsewhere for a sense of real comfort and enjoyment. And in the other parks and open spaces there are the same elements, if differently expressed. Battersea Park particularly is a happy expression of a people's holy day, while Wormwood Scrubs, Hampstead Heath, Victoria Park, and Greenwich Park complete the circle of open-air enjoyment all round London, with numerous additional examples intervening in different localities. London indeed is beginning to assume a more domestic appearance, a more residential look, than it did in the sixties, and this is chiefly due to the increase of the parks and their superior administration.

THE UNSTABLE RICH

G. W. STEEVENS

A WET afternoon in the season—and what could be more disconsolate? Through the weeping glass of the hansom there was no prospect, save soot-blackened, mud-streaming, empty streets. No city looks gay on such a day, but none ever looks so forlornly gloomy as London. In Paris there would be bright colours of advertisement and sheets of looking-glass to relieve the monotone of road and pavement, wall and window. In London, on such a day even gold and scarlet look grey, and mirrors find no light to reflect withal. In Paris or Berlin or Vienna you would have seen café-fronts, under verandahs, alive with people sipping and puffing the storm away; in London there is a drowned rat of an errand-boy plashing across the street, a well-dressed couple swimming through the closed and cascading window of a brougham—for the rest, nothing. The place might be asleep or dead. In London we are civilized enough to fear a wetting, and barbarous enough to have no other way of keeping dry but to stay at home.

Presently two cabs appeared together, then three; and under the cheerless face of the Albert Hall huddled a whole tail of them. Through puddles I went in—and behold! an Empire ballet in full swing! Up above were the boxes and circles, familiarly dusky, and the dish-cover roof. But below, the stalls had all disappeared, under a stage floor of yielding planks. All round the floor, and in the middle of it, were little kiosques, bowers of drapery, arbours of drooping silk and muslin in every soft and tender colour known beneath the sun. National ensigns surmounted them, and they were filled and lined and festooned with fabrics and china and bonnets and books and table-napkins and every abstruse kind of bric-à-brac. In and among the kiosques, mostly carrying bric-à-brac also, were scores of beautiful ladies. Only ! why at the Albert Hall instead of in Leicester Square ? Well: it was, as you have guessed, a bazaar in aid of a hospital.

At the first sight of it, who so proud as the Londoner ? What other city on earth could show such women ? Well-grown, well-nourished, well-groomed, well-dressed, and supremely beautiful, they made such a show as could be seen nowhere else out of dreams. Paris could not approach it; Vienna perhaps would come nearest. But if the ladies of Vienna are as well-nourished, well-groomed, well-dressed, they are less divinely tall and, to the British eye at least, less fair. The surprise, almost the shock, of the spectacle was the height of the wealthy young women of London. Everybody knows some very tall young women; but here there seemed no short ones. They seemed not merely far taller than their mothers, but much taller than their brothers also. I had always persuaded myself that five-foot-nine was a convenient and seemly middle-height for a man, but among these sweeping goddesses I was a dwarf. To be tall nowadays a girl must fall hardly short of six feet. I suppose it comes of more exercise in the open air, together with good food; certainly the poorer classes, whether in town or country, do not show the same phenomenon. Unless samplers and walks with a governess should come in again, we shall be overrun in a generation with a breed of giantesses, and what will man do then, poor thing?

As for beauty, everybody has his own standard: and faultless profiles, fine eyes, brilliant hair are happily not so uncommon. But in the last perfection of colouring and texture of skin these beauties were supreme. Paint and powder may be the vogue, especially among those whose complexions these very things have ruined; yet most showed cheeks like rose-petals. An eye greedy for faults might find them in the perchance over-straight lines of the modern figure; the faces were beyond criticism.

A little cold-blooded, you will be thinking, this appraisement of gracious ladies at a work of charity, as if they were horses at a show. But that was just the distressing point of view that ten minutes in the place forced you to take. It was—you distressfully perceived—it was a rank-and-beauty-and-fashion show, and little else. You did not come to help the great hospital; a cheque would have done that more conveniently. You paid a guinea (or whatever it was) to look at the most beautiful women in London, and, if you had guineas enough, it was well worth it. If you wanted more for your money there was a duke upstairs in the white linen jacket of a bar-tender, selling American drinks. A duke in a white linen jacket selling cocktails—and they talk of abolishing the House of Lords! And I wonder what his grandfather would say if he could hear of it.

The public paid to see the show; the assistants—there were at least twice as many assistants this afternoon as there were public—came apparently to amuse themselves. Playing at being a waitress, a shop-girl, a flower-girl, picnicking a couple of days at the Albert Hall—it was immense fun. It must be said that they did the business quite as well as their prototypes. They hawked up and down, hauled the doubtful purchaser to their stalls, pressed baby linen irresistibly on the bachelor. They were never still and never silent. They met refusal with insistence, excuse with repartee. They were never at a loss, never disconcerted, and for an extra guinea would fasten your carnation into your buttonhole themselves. And I wonder what their grandmothers would have said to that.

At one stall I saw two natives of India, brown, bottomless-eyed creatures, with a sort of self-contained pride in their most obeisant demeanour. And, ye gods, what were they thinking of it all? I tried to imagine a Maharajah selling attar and betelnut or a Begum hawking lotuses. I moved away from the neighbourhood, and wished that whoever had brought those natives of a dignified country had left them at home.

Rank and beauty auctioning itself to impertinent curiosity—but in the cause of charity. Still you could not expect the Indians to take count of that. Indeed, once that is said, could you expect the inhabitants of any well-ordered city to take count of it? Consider. Here are the hospitals of London—an absolute necessity to a civilized city. On them depends the education of our physicians and surgeons; we cannot possibly do without them. The hospitals afford the only relief in grave sickness to the very poor, the best relief to everybody. And not a single patient in most of them ever pays a fee, and all of them but two are dependent for their existence on charity.

If you told these things to an intelligent stranger from India he would laugh at you. This the greatest city in the world, and it leaves its greatest need to chance? Are the patients grateful? he would ask. No, you would have to reply; they look on the care they get as their right. Is it good for them to do that? No, you would have to say; it would be better for them to pay, if only a penny a-week. Are the hospitals very rich? On the contrary, they are nearly all nearly always in debt. Then they are starved? They are starved, and yet, relying on outbursts of charity, they sometimes launch out into reckless and unnecessary expenditure. Then your hospital system, the intelligent Indian might be moved to remark, is a combination of pauperism and mendicancy. It is a combination of pauperism and mendicancy, you would have to reply, but it is not a system. Is it worthy of the greatest city in the world? It certainly would not be found anywhere else.

The dialogue would leave you humiliated, but it would help the Indian to understand the Albert Hall. He would enjoy himself vastly, observing our way of maintaining hospitals. He would reflect that the preparation of the floor alone cost £1,000, without mentioning the decorations and the band and the value of the time of the singers and actors, and of the assistants, which perhaps is the lightest item. He might overhear one beauty asking another the price of a glove-box, and the reply, "It's marked one pound five, but you can have it for the five without the pound." He might notice towards the end of the evening towels of the finest quality selling for ten shillings a dozen, and hats from Paris going for half-a-crown, because the purchaser had not three shillings.

His philosophic mind might arrive at the conclusion that the hospital would have benefited more if everybody had given cash instead of goods or time or decorations. "But then," he would soliloquize, "I should have missed the pleasure of seeing how idle and indecorous is this thing they call London Society."

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